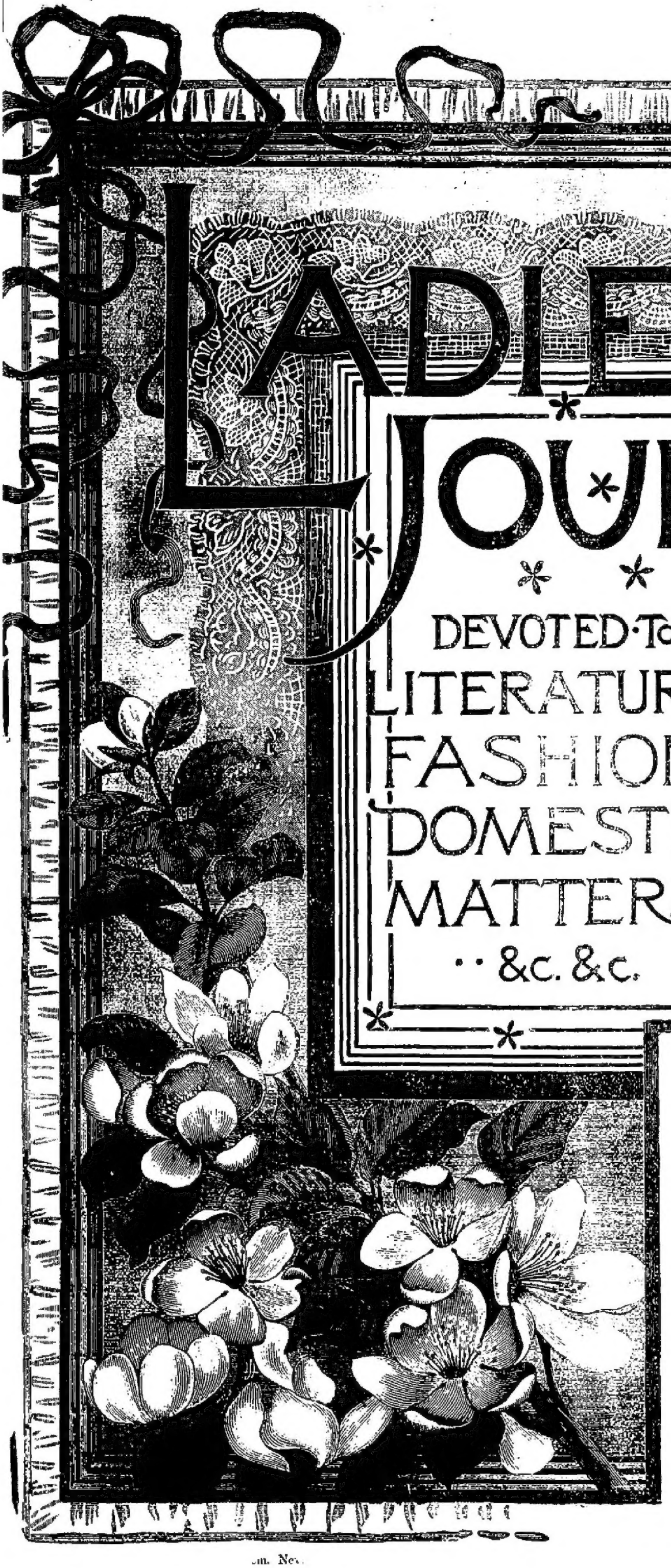

LADIES' JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO
LITERATURE,
FASHION,
DOMESTIC
MATTERS,
&c. &c.

AUGUST, 1891.

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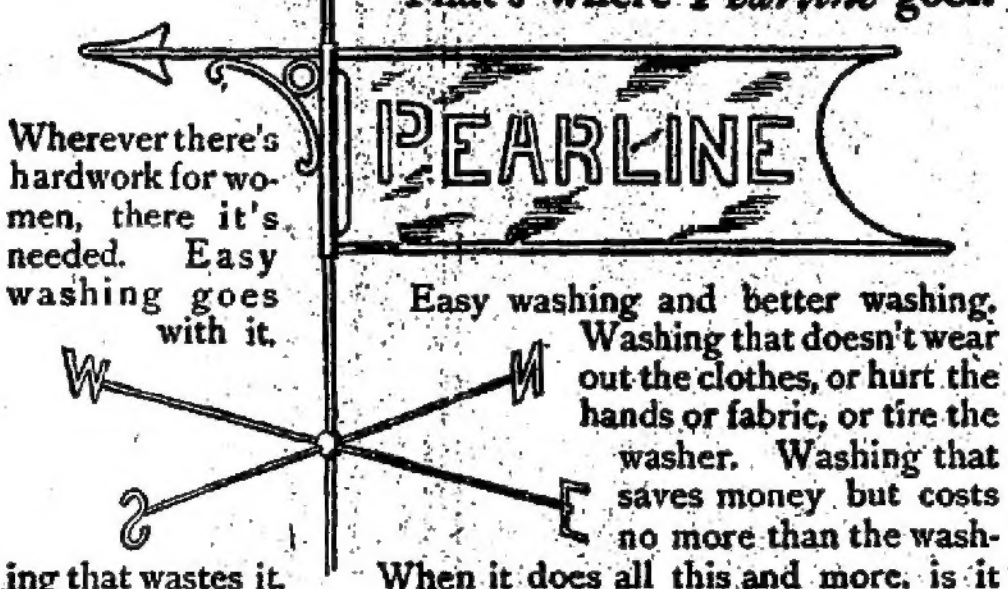

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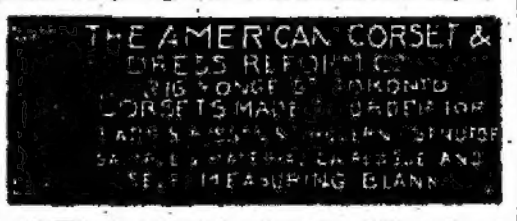
Literary Notes.



Mrs. H. Lovett Cameron, author of "In a Grass Country," "A Lost Wife," "The Wicked World," etc., contributes the complete novel to the August number of *Lippincott's Magazine*. It is an exceedingly well told love-story, with a very exciting climax. Mrs. Cameron's great popularity ensures a wide circulation for this new tale. "Walt Whitman's Birthday," by Horace L. Traubel, which also appears in this number, is an account, taken from stenographic notes, of a dinner which was tendered to the poet by friends in honor of his seventy-second birthday. Whitman presided at the feast, and kept up a running conversation, in which he said many interesting things. The poet's talk has been preserved almost in its entirety. The texts of letters of greeting and congratulation are embodied in the article,—from Alfred Tennyson, John Addington Symonds, Moncure Conway, Roden Noel, Charles Dana, and others.

Scribner's Magazine for August is a "Fiction Number," and contains five complete short stories by Thomas Nelson Page, T. R. Sullivan, A. A. Hayes, Annie Eliot, and John J. a'Becket. Four of the stories are illustrated, each by an artist chosen for his skill in delineating the special characters and incidents which are the features of the tale. Albert Lynch, the famous French illustrator, W. L. Metcalf, Charles Broughton, and W. L. Taylor, are the artists whose work adorns these stories, producing a variety and delicacy of illustration seldom seen in a single issue of a magazine. This number also contains a long opening instalment of the new serial, "The Wrecker," by Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne. The action of the story takes place, for the most part, in San Francisco, and in the South Sea Islands, among which the authors have been cruising for several years. The leading character is an American, and the story is one in which scene and action will strongly appeal to American readers. This instalment and each of the following will contain a single full-page illustration by William Hole, who illustrated "The Master of Ballantrae."

The failure of a young lady to enter Yale, after signally proving her intellectual capacity to cope with the most brilliant young men with whom she would come in contact, has called general attention to the essentially conservative character of our great educational institutions. Where about all places we should find progress [illegible] day. As if in answer to the hostility of conservative thought to woman's progress in the intellectual or educational sphere, *The Arena* for August presents no less than eight leading papers from representative thinkers among women of America and Europe, discussing political, educational, social, sociological, economic, and scientific themes, together with two literary papers, by Miss Amelia B. Edwards, the famed Egyptologist and novelist, who in a most delightful paper writes of her own home life. An excellent portrait of Miss Edwards accompanies this paper.

Good things in August *Wide Awake*: the three poems—the ballad by Harriet Prescott Spofford, "Pope's Mother at Twickenham," the "Rain Song," by Eli Shepperd, and "The Burglar Bee," by Richard Burton the three stories—"Peg's Little Chair," by Sarah Orne Jewett, "The Bride's Bouquet," by Grace W. Soper, and "The Silent Lie" by Francis E. Leupp; the three articles—"How the Cossacks Play Polo," by Madame de Meissner, "An Odd Set," by Eleanor Lewis, and "Mr. Brown's Playfellow," by J. Loxley Rhees; the Margaret-Patty Letter, by Mrs. William Claflin; "An Unanimous Opinion," by Helen Sweet; the three serials by Margaret Sidney, Elizabeth Cumings and Marietta Ambrosi, and the four pages of original anecdotes in "Men and Things." *Wide Awake* is $2.40 a year. D. Lothrop Company, Boston.

The police of Paris have searched the offices of the Panama Canal Company, and seized all the documents relating to the company's affairs.

While the western amateur athletes are determined to hold their sports on Sundays the horse racing authorities at South Side park, St. Louis, Mo., have determined that six days in the week will suffice for their purpose and that, therefore, there shall be no more races on the Sabbath. It will be seen that there is some good yet left in the ungodly horsemen.

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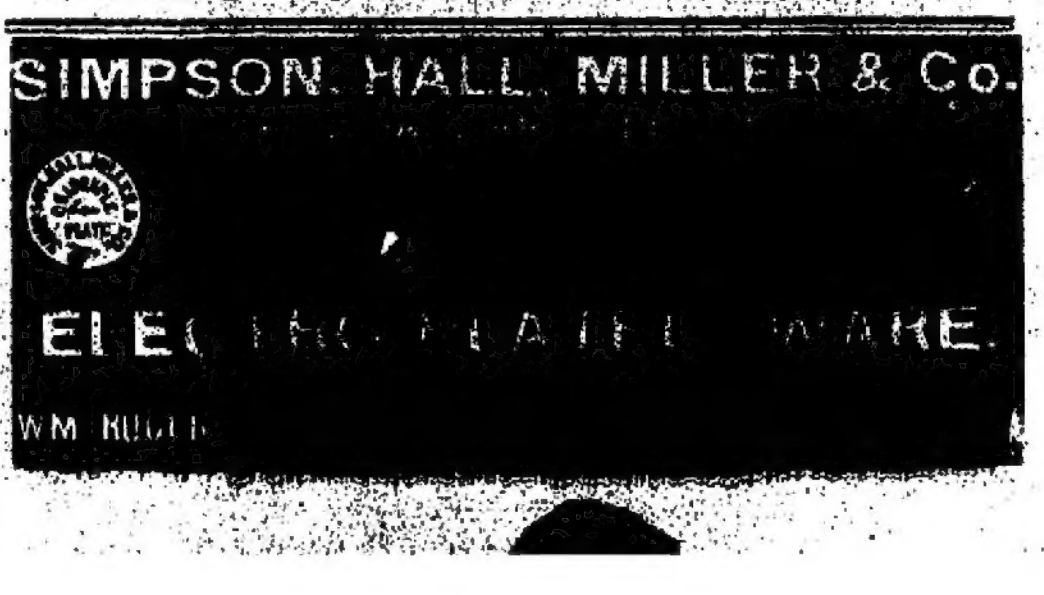

THE LADIES' JOURNAL

VOL. XI. No. 8.—NEW SERIES. TORONTO, AUGUST. 1891. $1.00 PER YEAR.

Hints on Etiquette.

CONVERSATION.

In conversation avoid gesticulation, and cultivate an agreeable tone of voice; do not talk too much, and when you are addressed listen attentively and pleasantly. Never talk to a gentleman about his profession, unless he first refers to it. Never remind anyone of a time when their circumstances were less affluent then at present; neither is it in good taste to set forth the comparative obscurity of your own origin.

If any one is praised, even if you deem it to be unjustly, permit it to pass. Nothing is ever gained by trying to lower even the worst of humanity. If you cannot agree with the speaker, you may at least be silent. When a person begins to relate a circumstance or an anecdote, never cut it short by saying you have heard it before. Do not interrupt a person who is telling a story, even if you know him to be relating it incorrectly. Avoid all slang expressions; they are essentially vulgar.

Do not speak of absent persons, who are not relatives or intimate friends, by their christian or surnames only, but always as Mr. Allan, Miss Smith, or Mrs. Brown. Above all, never name any one by the first letter of his name, as Mr. A.

Suppression of undue emotion, whether of laughter, or anger, or mortification, or disappointment, or of selfishness in any form, is a sure mark of good training, as is also the avoidance of saying anything that may hurt another's feelings. Always look at the person you address, not necessarily with an unblinking stare, but easily and in a straightforward manner.

Interruption of the speech of others is against good-breeding. Some one has aptly said that if you interrupt a speaker in the middle of a sentence, you act almost as rudely as if, when walking with a companion, you were to thurst yourself before him and stop his progress.

In addressing persons with titles, always add the name as: "Were you present Doctor Howard?" "What do you think of it, General Grantham?" A Frenchman is always addressed as Monsieur, and you never omit the word Madam, whether addressing a duchess or a dressmaker, only the former is "Madame la Duchess," the latter plain "Madame." Always give a foreigner his title.

When one hears an indelicate word or expression, which allows of no possibly harmless interpretation, not the shadow of a smile should flit across the lips. Either complete silence should be observed in return, or the words, "I do not understand you," be spoken A lady will always fail to hear that which she should not hear, or having unmistakably heard she will not understand.

Never ask impertinent or strictly personal questions. Never try to force yourself into the confidence of others; but if they confide in you of their own free will, let nothing induce you to betray it. Never pry into a secret, and never divulge one. Never attack the character of others in their absence, and if you hear others attacked say what you can consistently to defend them. To speak to one person in a company in ambiguous terms, understood by him alone, is as rude as if you had whispered in his ear.

"The Dickens!" "Mercy!" "My Goodness!" etc. are said to be feminine expressions of profanity. At all events they are very distasteful expressions, and as such should not be indulged in. No one has a right to "speak his mind," unless he is quite certain it will prove agreeable to his listeners. Cultivated people are not in the habit of resorting to such weapons as satire and ridicule.

It is ill-bred to touch people when you have occasion to address them. Never speak to one person across another. Don't be witty at another's expense, and never broach topics of questionable propriety. Downright contradiction is unpardonable; if obliged to differ, do so modestly and pleasantly. It is almost insulting to respond to remarks made to you, with mere monosyllables.

If you are not sure that you speak grammatically and pronounce correctly, study books of grammar, consult a dictionary, and listen carefully to the conversation of cultivated people. Young people should be taught to say, "Yes, mama" (accent on the last syllable), "Yes, Aunt etc., instead of "Yes, ma'am", as one occasionally hears. Never say ma'am at all. "Sir" is right towards superiors, but even in this case should be sparingly used.

If you wish to be popular, talk to people about what interests them, not about what interests you. In conversation, all provincialisms, affectations of foreign accents, mannerisms, and exaggerations are detestable. It is not in good taste to speak of your birth, your travels, or of personal matters. You may be misunderstood and thought a boaster. Puns and proverbs are to be shunned; the latter are considered vulgar, and the former tiresome, unless they can be classed as wittioisms. Tales and anecdotes bore most listeners; when introduced they should always be to the point and told in as few words as possible.

In conlusion: The most certain means of becoming a good conversationalist is to possess yourself of a knowledge of the world, and a knowledge of books, and acquire the facility of imparting that knowledge. Adhere strictly to the rule of doing as you would be done by, firmly resisting all temptation to the contrary. This will, in time, impart that firmness and confidence, which, when allied to grace, invariably bestow tact and practical wisdom. In this age of cheap literature there are wide avenues of knowledge open to all.

The House-Fly.

The common house fly does not, in the ordinary sense of the word, migrate, though of course, individuals of the species frequently travel long distances. The remarkable fecundity of the fly is quite sufficient to account for its numbers during the early summer. A few individuals, in the torpio state, survive even the coldest winter, and with the first warm days of summer lay their eggs. When deposited under favourable conditions these are hatched in from twelve to twenty-four hours, and in twelve days the worm changes into a nymph, and in ten days more into a perfect fly. A fly will lay four times during the summer, about eighty eggs each time, and careful calculations have demonstrated that the descendents of a single insect may, from the 1st of June to the end of September, exceed 2,000,000. Were it not for bats, insect-eating birds and the innumerable microscopic parasites with which the fly is particularly afflicted, there would be no worse pests in the world than a fly.

He removes the greatest ornament of friendship who takes away from it respect. —[Cicero.

It is by presence of mind in untried emergencies that the native metal of a man is tested.—[Lowell.

To judge human character rightly, a man may sometimes have very small experience provided he has a very large heart.—[Bulwer Lytton.

Equality is the life of conversation; and he is as much out who assumes to himself any part above another, as he who considers himself below the rest of the society. —[Steele.

The Family Helper.

Every housekeeper knows, from sad experience, how hard it is to find a thoroughly satisfactory dressmaker, especially if she lives in a small country town. There are many good, respectable women who are well equipped in the solid part of their trade, the plain sewing, working button-holes, and such necessary things, and there are a few who perhaps have the taste and the artistic fancy that leads one to know what is really beautiful and fitting, but they cannot do the needed foundation work, and their most charming designs fall to pieces on the first wearing.

Surely, here is a wide field for young girls who are looking about for occupation. A French girl who expects to be a dressmaker begins by the time she is twelve years old, and works hard to learn every detail of her future vocation. She begins at the very foundation, picks out threads, rips seams, presses open seams, overhands, hems; in short, makes herself mistress of every possible contingency, so that she is as well qualified for future success as the youth who has finished his years of apprenticeship.

How different the custom in our country. A girl who gives six months to learning the trade is considered well prepared, and will cut into the most expensive dress goods with a nonchalance refreshing to behold—save in the eyes of the unfortunate owner of the dress-pattern. Of course, there is a medium ground between the two, but it is better to be too careful than too careless. To become a good dress-maker is to give time and thought, as well as practice, and the wide-awake girl will begin at the bottom and become mistress of every branch of her chosen trade.

To be an artistic dress-maker, one must have an eye for form and color almost equal to that of a painter or sculptor.

Our Canadian girls have in their hands the power and opportunity to lift this essentially womanly profession up from the pit of disrepute into which it has fallen through long years of neglect, and to make needlework honorable, as it was when queens and their court ladies fashioned garments for their loved ones, To be a good seamstress of course demands less outlay of time and patience in the preparation, and one has the advantage of being able to begin money-earning a little sooner. It is not quite so lucrative as dressmaking, but perhaps it is more to be recommended, since there is much less outlay of nerve force and less responsibility.

To patch neatly, to darn well, to sew on missing buttons, to cut and make plain garments—these are the principal varieties of work that fall to the share of the seamstress.

There are industrial schools where any girl may learn these elementary branches, and any young girl whose education in plain sewing has been neglected would do well to obtain their printed course of instruction and study it well, even if she does intend to sew for any one but herself.

There is never a lack of employment for a good seamstress. All mothers of families need the help of one who can do plain sewing without needing constant oversight, and a young woman may be a genuine missionary who brings comfort to her tired sisters who are sinking beneath the burden of making and mending. Such a girl, if she be refined and conscientious, will find a welcome wherever she goes.

The first proof of a man's incapacity for anything is his endeavouring to fix the stigma of failure upon others.—[B. R. Haydon

SUGAR COOKIES.—One cup butter, two cups of sugar, and three eggs; flour enough to make a soft dough; flavor with cinnamon or nutmeg and bake in a moderate oven.

Some Table Dishes.

Apple tapioca pudding is a deliciously dainty dish when served properly; it is best when served a few hours after it has been cooked. Soak half a cupful of tapioca over night in three cupfuls of cold water. Cook the tapioca in this same water the next morning for an hour, and then stir into it half a teaspoonful of salt, half a cupful of sugar, a tablespoonful of lemon juice, and full quart of pared, sliced, and cored tart apples.

We herewith give the recipe of American cream, which has been requested several times: Dissolve half a boxful of gelatine in a quart of milk or cream, and boil over a hot fire when dissolved. Stir in the yolks of four eggs when this has boiled and four tablespoonfuls of white sugar; then take from the stove and stir into this whites of four eggs beaten stiff, with four tablespoonfuls of confectionery sugar. Flavor to taste with vanilla or a little oil of almond. Keep for a few hours before using.

MOLDED CALF'S HEAD—Cut thin slices from a previously cooked calf's head; also from a good cut of cooked ham. Boil half a dozen eggs for twelve minutes; break the shells and cut the yolks into halves, the white into rings. Season the meat with pepper, salt, and nutmeg, and a pinch of mace. Spread over it a tablespoonful of finely chopped parseley. Lay the yolks and whites of the eggs round a thickly buttered tin mold in a pattern. Then put in the veal and ham in alternate layers, with egg between, here and there; continue this until the mold is full. Pour in half a pint of melted meat jelly.

A dish which is liked by the hungry and the hearty is made in this way: Take some thin slices of cold roast beef, brown them in butter, warm some cold boiled potatoes which you have chopped fine and seasoned well. Heat also cold boiled cabbage, chopped fine. When these are all hot place a layer of meat in a warm vegetable dish, then a layer of potato, then of the beef, then of the cabbage, and so on until the dish is full. Do this as speedily as possible, so as to send it hot to the table.

FRIED ONIONS.—Have frying pan hot, put in a good-sized piece of butter (or meat frying after frying meat), put in the onions sliced; sprinkle with pepper and salt and pour in just a little hot water, cover closely, let cook twenty minutes; add a teaspoonful of flour in a little milk, and when it boils it is ready to serve.

TAPIOCA CREAM.—Soak one-half cup of pearl tapioca in water over night, put a quart of milk in a saucepan to heat, beat the yolks of three eggs and two-thirds cup of sugar with the tapioca. When the milk is hot, stir in and boil two minutes, stirring constantly. Set on the ice, and just before serving beat in the whites of three eggs beaten stiff, and season with lemon and vanilla.

FRUIT CAKE.—The yolks of ten eggs ten ounces butter, one pound sugar, one pound flour, one pound citron, one pound raisins, two pounds currants, one teaspoonful cinnamon, cloves, mace, nutmeg.

A compote of red bananas served with whipped cream is a nice luncheon dish. Make a sirup with a large cup of sugar and a scant pint of water. Let the sirup come to the boiling point and boil rapidly for ten minutes, and then add a gill of maraschino. Pour the hot sirup over as many red bananas, cut in thin slices, as it will cover. When the sirup is cold serve the bananas with whipped cream. Many fresh fruits are much more delicious sweetened with a cooked sirup like this than with raw sugar. Oranges are especially nice cut up and served in this way. Omit the maraschino, however, for oranges, but flavor the sirup, if you wish, with a little grated orange peel.

A TALE OF JULY ICE.

CHAPTER I.

An American girl, Kate Penfield, had been reared and educated in the home of her uncle, William R. Penfield, at Albany, in the State of New York. A month before the opening of this story, Mr. Penfield, wishing to go to Chili, had embarked at San Francisco for the ocean part of the journey aboard the merchant vessel Severn, commanded by Capt. John F. Turner. Kate was taken along in the hope that her delicate health might be strengthened by travel. The Severn was a staunch ship, and well outfitted for the voyage—save in one highly important particular. The eight sailors of the crew were desperadoes of the most murderous sort, and, when they were nine days out, they murdered the captain, the second mate, and Mr. Penfield, and took possession of the ship, which they meant to devote to the slave trade, then still existent in South America. Only two persons escaped the crew's butchery; these were Frank Evans, the first mate, and Kate Penfield, who had fallen in love with each other.

"At least spare this young lady," Evans said to Hance Walston, the leader of the mutineers, "you have nothing to fear from her."

"We will spare her, and you, too—on one condition," was Walston's reply. "It is that you navigate the Severn for us until we touch some foreign port."

Evans had no reason to rely upon the compact being kept, but to agree seemed to be the only chance of saving the girl he loved.

The massacre took place 200 miles from the Chilian coast. Evans was compelled to lay the course thence towards Cape Horn, with a view to crossing the Atlantic to the west coast of Africa. The Severn had sailed a few days only when a fire broke out on board, and it could not be quenched. The ten imperilled persons hastily launched the long boat, put a few provisions and weapons into her, and had only time enough to sheer off before the burning vessel foundered. The survivors were in a critical position, and soon their peril was increased greatly by a violent storm which drove the boat on an island.

The month was July, but the place was far south of the equator where the northern summer is reversed into a southern winter. Nobody can realize this antipodal division of the earth, if he has grown up a reader of literature in which July is described invariably as vernal, and has experienced only hot weather in that month, until he journies down into the southern hemisphere. Walston and his companions suffered so much from cold and fatigue that they were almost dead when the boat broke on the reef. Five of them were swept out of it by a wave, and a moment later two others were flung on the sand, while Kate fell on the opposite side of the wreck.

The two men remained senseless for some time, and Kate did, too; and even after she regained a sort of consciousness she remained quiet and dazed—in a kind of trance, to which abnormal state she had since childhood been subject on rare occasions. It was a condition in which she was conscious yet immovable. About three o'clock in the morning, she heard footsteps near the boat, and, with a mighty effort, she broke the spell that bound her, and took refuge behind a tree.

Hance Walston and a companion came close by, and Kate overheard their conversation unseen by them.

"Where are we?" asked Walston's fellow, named Rock.

"I don't know," said Walston. "It doesn't matter much. We mustn't stop here; we must go further in. When daylight comes we can look about us!"

"Have you got the firearms?"

"Yes, and ammunition all right," said Walston, who took out of the locker five guns and several packets of cartridges.

"That is not much," said Rock, "in a wild country like this. Where is Frank Evans?"

"Over there, watched by Cope Brandt and Cook. He'll have to settle with us, whether he likes it or not; and if he resists I'll settle him."

"What has become of Kate?"

"Kate? There is nothing to fear from her. I saw her go overboard before the boat ran ashore, and she is at the bottom of the sea now."

"That's a good job. She knew rather too much about us."

"She wouldn't have known it long."

Kate, who had heard all this, made up her mind to escape as soon as the men went away. And a few minutes afterwards Walston and his companions carried off the arms and ammunition and what remained of the provisions in the long-boat's locker—that is to say, a few pounds of salt meat, a little tobacco, and two or three bottles of gin.

The girl was an invalid at best. The sufferings and terrors of the mutiny and shipwreck had rendered her weak and ill. She had no more than overheard the conversation quoted when a deathly faintness overcome her. She staggered a few paces in the direction that the two men had taken, yielding to a vague hope of being helped, even by those murderous ruffians.

It was at that moment that she was joined by Frank Evans, who had contrived to slip away from his captors, and in whose strong arms she found what seemed, for the moment, a safe refuge. But the sense of security could not last under the circumstances.

"Can't we escape from them? she asked. "They mean to murder me. I heard them say so."

Instead of a reassuring reply from her lover, or any coherent answer at all, she saw that his eyes stared in vacancy, and his hands went to his head, as though he were bewildered.

"This is July, Kate—isn't it?" he muttered.

"Yes," she answered. "What is the matter, Frank

"I don't know. Here is snow and ice in July."

"We're in the southern hemisphere—don't you remember?—and so it is winter here. O, don't give way, Frank—don't go mad!"

The appeal seemed to dispel the irrational haze from Evans's mind for the time being, and he said: "We must hide from them. Even if we starve or freeze in doing so, it will be better to have taken the meagre chance of eluding these cut-throats. Come."

He threw one arm around her, and together they made their way over a sand-blown hummock, then across a level space of ground, and thus reached a lake, the fresh waters of which had begun to freeze in the fast lowering temperature. The edge of the lake was iced solidly to a distance of a hundred feet out from the shore. The pair did not see that they were on this ice until they came to its very limit, and felt it cracking under their feet. They looked down, and saw the clear, sharp reflections of themselves in the dark water.

Then a strange phenomenon took place! A psychological marvel! A physical wonder! Frank Evans' condition had, some way, been brought into abnormality. We cannot explain it. We only know that it was so, and we tell it as it happened. At the instant that he gazed down upon his inverted self in the water, his soul quitted his corporeal body, and transformed itself into the incorporeal image beneath!

It may be that the reversal of the seasons, upon which he had just commented, worked the singular migration of his soul from his substance to his shadow. It may be something in the atmosphere of this island but there is no use in conjecture.

The certain thing to narrate is that Evans' consciousness went down into the water, and that he believed himself to be submerged; but at the same time he retained a control of the physical faculties of the figure by Kate's side. This soulless Frank Evans strode away, like an automaton, utterly heedless of her, and leaving her amazed by the desertion.

"Frank—Frank!" she cried; "don't leave me!"

But he disappeared in the gloom, for it was still night, without looking back at the abandoned girl, or slackening his rapid sliding pace over the ice. We know now that his soul separated from his body by the layer of ice, kept right along underneath, and doubtless guided his physical movements; but all his consciousness, all his mentality, was down there in the water.

Impossible! Those may conclude to who disbelieve all that they cannot understand. Yet a phenomenal thing, as to the reasonableness of which there will be no dispute (simply because states of trance are well attested by physicians), occurred to Kate Penfield. For a minute after the disappearance of Evans she stood dumfounded and motionless. Then a faintness began to overcome her, and the symptoms of a cataleptic attack, such as she had experienced several times already in her life, became unmistakable. She lost consciousness, and fell to the ground lifeless, though not dead. Not the faintest breath did she draw. Not a pulse flickered. Every function of animate life was suspended utterly.

She lay thus seemingly dead when, an hour later, Walston and his companion found her. They believed her lifeless, and, with characteristic brutality, they dragged her body to the edge of the ice, and slid it off into the water.

CHAPTER II.

The island upon which the mutineers and their two honest companions had been cast away was not wholly uninhabited. A party of young men, numbering five, had been blown to its shore in a disabled and foundering yacht, and for months had dwelt in a half cave, half hut, subsisting on wild game, and anxiously waiting for a rescue. Their place of temporary refuge was across the lake from the point where the survivors of the Severn had reached that body of water. It was on the ensuing day that the five islanders, headed by their leader, a young fellow named August Briant, started out as skaters on the ice, which had frozen completely and solidly over the lake during the bitterly cold night. Their skates had been cut out of wood, even to the blades, but they served the purposes of exercise and exploration very well. Two of these castaways, Donagan and Cross, had taken their guns with them so as to be ready for any shooting that might turn up. Before giving the signal to be off, Briant had called his comrades together, and said:

"I hope you will not be tempted into rashness. If there is little fear of the ice breaking up, there is always a risk of your breaking an arm or a leg. So be careful. Do not go out of sight. If any of you get far away remember that Gordon and I will wait for you here. And when I give the signal, mind you all come back."

But very soon Donegan and Cross were half a mile away in pursuit of the flock of ducks that were flying across the lake, and in their rapid rush became merely two points on the horizon of the lake. Even if they had time to return, for the day would last a few hours longer, it was unwise to go away so far. At this time of the year a sudden change of weather was always to be feared. A shift in the wind might at any moment mean a gale or a fog. About two o'clock Briant saw with dismay that the horizon had disappeared in a thick bank of mist. Cross and Donagan had not reappeared, and the mist, growing thicker at each moment, came up over the ice and hid the western shore.

"That is what I feared," said Briant. "And now how will they know their way back?"

"Blow the horn! Give them a blast on the horn," said one of the party named Gordon.

Three times the horn sounded, and the brazen note rang out over the ice. Perhaps it would be replied to by a report from the guns—the only means Donagan and Cross had of making their position known. Briant and Gordon listened. No report reached their ears. The fog had now increased, and was within a quarter of a mile of where they stood. The lake would soon be entirely hidden by it. Briant called to those within sight, and a few minutes afterwards they were all safe on the bank.

"What is to be done?" asked Gordon.

"Try all we can to find Cross and Donagan before they are lost in the fog. Let one of us be off in the direction they have gone, and try to signal them back with the horn."

"I'll go," said Jack Baxter, a resolute fellow.

"That will do," said Briant. "Be off, Jack, and listen for the report of the guns. Take the horn and that will tell them where you are."

A moment afterwards Jack was invisible in the fog, which had become denser than ever. The others listened attentively to the notes of the horn, which soon died away in the distance. Half an hour elapsed. There was no news of the absent, neither of Donagan and Cross, unable to find their bearings on the lake, nor of Jack who had gone to help them. What would become of all of them if night fell before they returned!

"If we had firearms," said one, "we might——"

"Firearms!" exclaimed Briant, "there are some at the quarters. Let us fetch them! Don't lose a moment!"

In about half an hour Briant and the other loaded two muskets and fired them. There was no reply, nor the sound of gun or horn. It was now half past three o'clock. The fog grew thicker as the sun sank behind a hill. The surface of the lake was invisible.

For an hour a gun was fired every ten minutes. That Donagan, Cross, and Jack could misunderstand the meaning of this firing was impossible. The discharges could be heard over the whole surface of the lake, for in fog sound travels farther than in fine weather, and the denser the fog the better it travels. A few more shots were fired. Evidently if Jack were near he would have heard them, and replied. But not a sound came in answer. Night was closing in and darkness would soon settle down on the island.

One good thing happened. The fog showed a tendency to disappear. The breeze, rising as the sun set, began to blow the mist back. With the glass at his eyes, Briant was looking attentively.

"I think I see something," he said, "something that moves. Heaven be praised, it is Jack! I see him!"

They shouted their loudest as if they could make themselves heard at what must have been at least a mile away. But the distance was lessening visibly. Jack with the skates on his feet came gliding on with the speed of an arrow towards them. In a few minutes he would be home.

"I don't think he is alone!" said one, with a gesture of surprise.

The boys looked, and two other moving things could be seen behind Jack a few hundred yards away from him.

"What is that?"

"Men?"

"No! Beasts!"

"Wild beasts, probably," said Briant.

He was not mistaken, and without a moment's hesitation he rushed on the lake towards Jack. In a minute he had reached the skater, and fired at the two pursuers, who turned tail and fled.

They were two bears. But Jack was saved, and great was the general rejoicing at his return. He had been several miles away when he heard the guns, and at once he set off full speed towards the point from which the report proceeded. Suddenly as the fog began to clear he saw the two bears rushing in pursuit of him. He did not, however, lose his presence of mind, and his progress was swift enough to keep the animals at a distance, but if he had fallen he would have been lost.

"But the bears were not the strangest part of my experience," he continued. "When I first saw the beasts, they were in pursuit of a man, and would have very soon overtaken him, for they were not a hundred yards behind him. The amazing thing was that he did not look back at them, nor show by any sign that he was aware of them at all. He walked fast, but wasn't running. I shouted to him, but he didn't seem to hear me. The bears got closer and closer to him. I skated right across his course, just in front of him, and I shall never forget the vacant, unknowing, deathly look in his face. He acted like a somnambulist, and so he must have been, or else some very unusual kind of maniac. Sure I am that he didn't know what he was doing. He strode and slid along the ice like an automaton, with no soul in his body."

Jack had observed and reported well, for the reader knows that he had seen the figure of Frank Evans, alive but unconscious, yet somehow controlled in its movements by its separated soul down under the ice.

"I knew that the bears would be upon the poor fellow immediately if I didn't divert them from him," Jack continued, "so I skated around them in a way to draw their attention to me. They followed me rather too vigorously, too, as you know, for I hadn't another half mile in me when you drove the beasts off."

"And the queer stranger?" one asked.

"The last I saw of him he was gliding away across the lake."

"We must go to the rescue of Donagan and Cross."

"And of this mysterious stranger, too."

The three castaways saw that night was falling fast, and that it would be suicidal folly to go out on the mission before morning. So they built a bonfire on the shore, and sat down by it to keep as warm as possible during the night.

However, the reader need not wait to know what the two missing members of the party were doing. They found themselves on the further side of the lake when the fog lifted. They had lost their bearings completely. Beyond the edge of the trees that fringed the lake was a beach a quarter of a mile wide, and on this the waves were rolling white with foam after being churned among the breakers. Suddenly Cross, who was a little in advance, came to a halt, and pointed to a dark mass on the edge of the shore. Was it a marine animal, some huge cetacean such as a whale, wrecked on the sound? Was it not rather a boat, which had been thrown ashore after drifting through the breakers? It was a boat thrown on its starboard side. Was there any land near by from which a boat could come? Was there a ship that had foundered in the storm? All the hypotheses were admissible, and during the few lulls in the storm the two young men discussed them.

The night seemed interminable. It seemed as though the dawn would never come. If they could only take some note of the time by consulting their watches. But it was impossible to light a match. Cross tried to do so, but had to give it up. Then Donagan hit upon another plan for finding out the time. It took twelve turns of the key to wind his watch up every twenty-four hours. As he had wound it up at eight o'clock in the evening, he had only to count the number of turns to ascertain the hours that had elapsed. This is what he did, and having only four turns to make, he concluded that eight hours had gone by, and that it was now four o'clock in the morning. The day would soon break.

Soon afterwards the first streak of dawn appeared in the east. The storm continued, and as the clouds were low over the sea, rain was to be feared before they could get back to quarters. But before they started they must search for survivors of the wreck which had occurred. As soon as the early morning light had penetrated the thick mists in the offing, they went out on the beach, struggling not without difficulty against the blasts of the storm. Often they had to hold each other up to save themselves from being blown over. The boat had been left near a low ridge of sand, and they could see by the line of weed that the tide had risen and passed it. No trace of its former occupants was visible.

"Where are they?" asked Cross.

"Where are they?" answered Donagan, pointing to the sea, which was rolling in angrily. "There, where the outgoing tide has taken them."

Donagan crept along to the ridge of rocks and swept his glass over the waves. Not a corpse did he see! He rejoined his companion, who had remained near the boat. Perhaps a survivor of the catastrophe would be found inside her. The boat was empty. She was the long-boat of some merchantman, decked forward, and about 30 feet on the keel. She was no longer seaworthy; her starboard side had been stove in below the water line when she was cast on the beach. A stump of the mast broken off at the step, a few tatters of sail caught on to the cleats at the gunwale, and a few ropes' ends were all that remained of her rigging. Provisions, utensils, weapons, there were none either in the lockers or in the little cabin in the bow. On the stern two names showed the ship to which she belonged, and the port of register: "Severn—San Francisco."

Donagan and Cross knew, by daylight, that they were clear across the lake from their quarters, and they at once started to skate "home," as they called their island refuge. They had not gone far when they saw a strange and horrifying sight.

Imbedded in the clear ice under their feet was the body of a girl.

She was Kate Penfield, lying where the murderous mutineers had thrown her but the water had frozen over and around, her, and so it was that she was solidly encased in the ice.

CHAPTER III

We must now go back a little, in point of time, in order to tell that the five pioneer castaways, headed by Briant, had made all possible endeavors to ascertain the exact geographical location of the island but without avail. They did not know whether it was hundreds of miles from the South American continent, or merely far enough distant from a mainland to be out of sight from them. They had discussed plans for getting a higher point of observation than the flat ground afforded. Briant then had a very hazardous idea—a mad idea it may be though—that he would have nothing to do with at first. But it haunted him with such persistency that he eventually adopted it. It was nothing less than an ascent by means of a big kite. That is what seized on Briant's imagination. That there was a certain danger in the attempt mattered little. The risk would be nothing compared to the result which might be obtained. If all precautions were taken that prudence required was there not a chance that the operation would succeed? He could be lifted a few hundred feet in the air, and perhaps detect the existence of continental land to the eastward.

And then Briant, not without some uneasiness, lest his plans should be received unfavorably, unfolded it in a few words. His comrades did not laugh. Gordon asked if he was speaking seriously, and the others seemed to approve of the notion. They saw nothing impossible in an ascent of such a character. If everything was done that could be done to insure safety, they were willing to try it.

"All depends," he concluded, "on the size of the kite and the force of the wind at the time of the ascent."

"What height are you going up to?" asked Baxter.

"I think we should get up about 700 feet," answered Briant.

So an enormous kite was built. It was strengthened very much by means of cords fastened to a central knot in the same way as an umbrella frame is held, by the radial bars. The surface was made of canvas. Had Briant been stronger in mechanics, they would have taken into consideration the principal "elements," the weight, the plane surface, the center of the wind's pressure, which is the same as the center of the figure, and the point to which the cord should be attached, and when these had been worked out, they could have arrived at the ascensional power of the kite and the height it would attain. And the calculation would also have told them what should be the breaking strength of the cord—a condition of the utmost importance for the safety of the observer.

Fortunately, the wrecked schooner's log-line, which was nearly 2,000 feet long, came in capitally. But a kite does not pull so very much when the angle at which it is flown is properly chosen. To be used as it was going to be, the kite did not require a tail. There would be no occasion for it, as the weight it would have to lift would be quite enough to keep it steady.

After several trials, Briant found it best to attach the weight to a cross-bar fixed a third of the way up the center. Two cords, one at each end of this, were arranged so that the weight hung some 20 feet below the kite. Twelve hundred feet of string were wound off, and this, allowing for the slope, would let the kite fly seven or eight hundred feet above the ground.

When the kite was finished it presented a surface of about 80 square yards in the form of an octagon four feet on the side with a radial length of about 15. With its strong ribs, and its impermeable covering, it could easily lift a weight of 120 pounds. The car in which the observer was to take up his position was one of those wicker baskets that serve so many purposes on board a yacht. It was deep enough to reach up to the armpits, large enough to give him full liberty of movement, and open enough for him to get out of easily, if he wanted to do so.

But how was the aeronaut to let them know below when he wished to come down? There was a string as long as the cord, one end of which would remain on the ground and the other be fixed to the car: on the string was a lump of lead with a hole in the middle so that it slid up and down. The lead was to go up in the car, and whoever went up was to let it slip along the string when he wanted to come down.

Everything being ready the preliminary ascent was begun. The yacht's winch had been fixed firmly in the ground on the terrace. The long line had been carefully wound on so as to run out easily with the signal string. In the car Briant had put a bag of mould weighing 120 pounds. Donagan, Baxter, Cross, and Gordon took up their position near the kite, which lay on the ground 100 yards from the winch. When Briant gave the word, they would raise the kite by means of cords tied to the ribs, and as soon as the wind caught it the others would manage the winch so as to let out the cord as required.

All this preparation was completed a few days before the skating party, and nothing but a favorable wind was awaited for the important ascension.

Early in the morning after the absence of Donagan and Cross, a favorable wind arose and Briant said:

"There is a special and urgent reason for making the trial now. We may, by means of it, discover our lost companions."

The final preparations were rapid, yet careful. Soon Briant was in the car, and as soon as he had fixed himself comfortably, he gave the order to let the kite go. The kite rose gently at first; then Baxter and Gordon at the winch let the string run out quickly, while one allowed the signal cord to run smoothly through his fingers.

Regularly rose the kite. The steady breeze assured perfect stability. Briant experienced none of those oscillations which might have made his position more perilous. He remained motionless, with his hands grasping the cords that held up the car, which swayed gently as if it were a swing. He had a strange feeling at first, when suspended in space from this huge inclined plane which rustled in the wind. It seemed as though he were being lifted by some fantastic bird of prey, or rather, an enormous black bat. But, thanks to the energy of his character, he was able to keep as cool as the adventure required.

Ten minutes after the kite had left the ground a slight shock indicated that its ascensional movement was about to cease. Arriving at the end of the string, it began to rise, not without a few jerks. Briant coolly caught hold of the string run through the ball, and began his observations. Holding on with one hand to the suspension cord, with the other he held his field-glass. Below him the frozen lake, the forests, the cliff, formed a panorama. But the purpose of distant observation was not to be achieved. The sky suddenly became too misty for him to see well; but a bright light, reflecting on to the lower banks of cloud, attracted his attention. It was a mile away only, and among the trees.

Briant concluded naturally, that the fire had been kindled by Donagan and Cross, and that by it they had spent the night. But he was mistaken. What he saw was the camp-fire of Walston and his mutineers of the Severn.

Sweeping the frozen lake with his glass, Briant soon discovered Donagan and Cross. That was at the moment when they had discovered Kate Penfield frozen in the ice. Briant could not see what they were about, nor did he wait long to try.

Making sure that the signal cord was clear, he let go the ball, which in a few seconds slipped down to the ground. Immediately the winch began to wind. It can be imagined with what extreme impatience the others had waited for the signal for descent. The 20 minutes Briant had passed in the air seemed to them interminable. They now worked away vigorously at the winch. The wind had gained strength, and blew more unsteadily. They could feel the jerks on the string and began to fear with keen anxiety that Briant would come to grief.

The winch spun round as hard as they could drive it, but to get in 1,200 feet of cord took much time. The wind kept rising, and three-quarters of an hour after the signal had been given it was blowing quite fresh.

The kite at the time was more than a hundred feet above the lake. Suddenly there was a violent jerk. The men at the winch found resistance gone and fell forward on to the ground.

The string had broken.

Briant would have been killed instantly if he had fallen on solid ground. But the ice on which he struck was thin at that point, for it chanced that the eddy of a spring had prevented it freezing to the same depth as had been the case where the water was still. His weight broke through it readily, and he found himself stunned, but afloat in the icy lake.

Briant was clear-headed enough to realize that he could not save himself. But he doubted if he would be able to keep his head above water until his friends could reach him. So he nerved himself to wait.

Before he had more than formed that resolution, he saw a stranger come stalking over the ice—a man of fine physical proportions and handsome features, but with a singularly expressionless face.

The reader knows that this strange figure was Frank Evans!

All night the soul and body of Evans had been kept separate by the ice. The soul had guided the movements of the body, but the man's intellect had been bewildered and—as he afterwards explained—he had not comprehended his abnormal condition. He felt as if submerged, and he wondered vaguely why he did not drown. We have already said that we must relegate to the scientists the solution of this case's mystery. We tell the story.

Briant saw the body of Frank Evans walk directly toward him, with the void and vacant visage of an idiot or somnambulist. Nor did it stop on reaching the edge of the broken ice. It stepped right into the water.

At the plunge, Briant discovered that the face of the stranger became illumined like a flash with expressive mentality.

The soul and the body of Frank Evans were no longer kept apart by the ice. He was himself again, with all his mental and physical faculties in full operation. He employed them instantly for the rescue of the weakening Braint, and, when Baxter and Gordon arrived on the spot, they found the two wet and chilled men safe out of the water. The rescued couple were hurried to quarters, where Evans narrated his adventures as his heats dried, warmed and fed him.

An hour later, Frank Evans had a heroic opportunity to prove his restored strength of soul and body. Naturally, no time was wasted in setting out in search of Kate Penfield—as to whose fate he was in ignorance. Even before the three others were ready, Evans went out a little way into the woods to look around. There he came suddenly face to face with Hance Walston.

That scoundrel had seen the smoke from the hut of the colonists, and was approaching it when he met the only man alive who could expose the truth of the mutiny of the Severn. Walston's bloodthirsty instinct impelled him to draw a knife and set upon Evans. But he found an opponent armed similarly and a short but desperate fight ensued. At the end of it, Walston lay on the ice justly punished to death.

Only one more event on this island of wonders remains to be told. Evans, Briant, Baxter, and Gordon were ready once more to go to the inquest of Kate Penfield, when the missing Donagan and Cross returned to tell what they had discovered in the ice across the lake. Evans was well nigh prostrated by the news of his sweetheart's fate. But, with the sentiment usual to mourners, he was impatient to reclaim the loved one.

So it was very quickly that the six men started across the ice. On reaching the place of Kate's singular burial it was resolved to cut out a block of ice in the transparant congealment of which the girl lay, and then drag the frozen sarcophagus to the shore. That plan seemed to best conserve a loving and respectful treatment of the body.

The work required several hours, but at length an oblong block of ice, containing the poor girl was raised out. The grief-stricken Evans threw himself on it and kissed the cold surface over his sweetheart's face, which was but thinly covered by the ice. His warm breath melted the surface, and then his gentle yet eager hands removed the film of ice until her visage was bare.

Then came the marvel:

Kate Penfield's eyes opened, her lips parted, and she began to breathe.

She awakened from a cataleptic suspension of animation, such as we already know her to have been subject, and the ice had not inclosed her fatally. The block was dragged to the quarters as fast as the men could run. Then brandy was given to her while the ice which bound her rapidly broken away. She was not frozen. The condition of catalepsy, or temporary lifelessness, had served as a protection against the frigidity of her inclosure. After a week of illness she was fully recovered.

Deadly to the remant of Walston's band, however, was the ice of July in the Antipodes. They were found frozen to death in the woods.

The other castaways repaired the Severn's boat, and, aided by the skill of Frank Evans as a navigator, made a safe voyage to to the coast of South America, where among other comforts of civilization, a priest was found to marry Evans nd Kate.

Girls of the Future.

It is very fortunate for the woman suffrage cause that Mr. Grant Allen has been so notoriously recognized as an opponent, for had it been a friend of course who had advocated such license in the marriage relation as has Mr. Allen we should never have heard the last of it. In the May issue of the *Universal Review*, of London, Mr. Allen has an article on "The Girl of the Future." He sees her well educated in a varied curriculum, able to earn her own living without a husband, and consequently emancipated from the established moral order. This condition is to result in their regarding maternity as a religious act and the choice of the best father for each of their children a sacred duty; a system of polyanydry being established. Mr. Allen does not tell us why, given the same education, financial independence, religious conception of the sacred duties of maternity, the woman might not exercise the same discriminating choice as to the prospective father of her children without breaking up the present system of monogamy, but rather carrying it toward perfection. Heretofore, owing to our unfortunate system of education, women have chosen husbands for themselves, ignoring their qualities as fathers for their prospective children. The educated, sensible woman of the future will take a comprehensive survey of the relationship, and the fact that the choice is for life will ensure more careful selection and consequently more harmonious marriages. Mr. Allen is exceedingly unfortunate, but evidences his accustomed style of reasoning in arguing polyandry for the educated "Girl of the Future" from the polyandry of the the negresses of Jamaica simply because the fact of financial independence is, or will be, common to both.

The French decree rescinding the prohibition of American pork, which takes immediate effect, simply enacts that the duty on American salt pork, hams and bacon, which paid eleven francs before the prohibition, will now be twenty francs per 100 kilos, or 250 lbs. In accordance with the new tariff all the prohibition will be abolished.

Ladies' Journal,

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, FASHION, ETC.

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Electric Light v. Scaffold.

Whether the scaffold or the electric battery is the best instrument of death for the murderer is a very much argued point. Across the sea, "electrocution," as the new system of capital punishment is called, is very severely condemned. That eminent medical authority the London *Lancet*, remarks: "A word of barbarous sound has this week been added to our language, a word as barbarous as the deed it expressed. It means taking human life by violence through the action of electricity. Salmoneus, with his brazen thunder, is now outheroded. His thunder was a mere terror. This is fatal. Four human beings have been "electrocuted" in New York on the 7th day of July, in this year of what is ironically called human redemption. About some of the reports of this deed of horror there is a sound of actual exultation, as if some wonderful discovery had been made or some great triumph of human skill had been perfected." It is difficult to understand why all this hubbub should be made about the execution of criminals who have neither pity nor consideration for their miserable victims. The scaffold was in every way good enough and quite as humane. If swiftness and painlessness are the sole aims of those who advocate a change from the ancient cross-tree, why not give the condemned five cents worth of some deadly poison and be done with it? Such a drug as the apothecary in Romeo and Juliet speaks of when he says:

> Put this in any liquid thing you will,
> And drink it off: and if you had the strength
> Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.

If it is worth while to be so tender, as these philanthropists and scientists pretend to be, about a foul murderer, it is surely worth the while to count the cost to the unoffending tax-payer. And poison is to be had equally as swift and deadly in effect as electricity, for a two hundred thousandth part of what the latter would cost, and with this additional advantage that the apparently desired secrecy could be better observed and there need be no pother or bother at all.

The Month of Battles.

The distinctive appellation as the month of battles has been given to June, because some of the most important battles have been fought during this month. On the 1st we have a record of Van Tromp's defeat in 1666, and overthrow of the French fleet in 1794. On the 2nd, 1653, Van Tromp was defeated, while in 1780 the civil wars and riots connected with Lord George Gordon took place. On the 3rd there was the defeat of the Dutch fleet in 1655, and on the 10th of the same month, twelve years later, the Dutch entered the Medway and destroyed some of the English vessels. Going back to before the Christian era, it was the 11th of June, 1184 that Troy was assaulted and taken by the Greeks, after the historical ten years' siege. On the 12th, 1381 (A. D.) Wat Tyler commenced his rebellious movement; on the 14th, Cromwell conquered the Royal forces at Naseby, and on the 17th, 1775 the battle of Bunker's Hill was fought, while the following day, 1815, the ever-memorable battle of Waterloo decided the fortunes of Nepoleon the Great. It was on the 22nd of June, 1476, that the famous battle of Morat was fought, in which the heroic Swiss all but annihilated the army of Charles the Bold, of Burgundy. Eward III. fought his victorious battle of Sluys against the French, on the 24th of June, 1340, taking 230 vessels and killing 30,000 of the enemy, including the two admirals. It was on the 25th, twenty-six years before, that the English, under Edward II., suffered defeat with heavy loss, from the hands of Bruce of Scotland, at Bannockburn. There have also been many other smaller conflicts and skirmishes during the same month.

Though truthful utterance is worthy of the highest commendation, it cannot be denied that a lying tongue would be better still.

Ways of Salmon.

During my annual salmon fishing excursion last summer to the rivers on the Labrador coast flowing into the Gulf of St Lawrence, says Alexander Dennistoun in the *Field*, a discovery was made by me which seems to be an important contribution to the natural history of salmon frequenting these waters. Notwithstanding my having made some twenty fishing excursions to these magnificent rivers, landing on an average not less than five clean fish for every day's fishing during these years, I only last summer accidentally learned a very interesting fact, which I record for the information of all who are interested in the subject.

In the first week of last July we left the River Mingan, my fishing headquaters for the season, to examine and explore a small river named Tupitagan, and to test its fly-fishing capabilities. The Indians at the Hudson Bay Company post of Mingan had informed me that this never was frequented by salmon. On it were a number of good looking pools. From its small size and rather out-of-the-way situation fly-fishing there had never been tried, though all the larger and better known rivers of the coast had been successfully fished for many seasons. The weather during the previous fortnight having been dry and hot, we found the water low and warm. Under these circumstances it was only tried for one day, without success.

The government lessee of the net fishing for salmon in the tidal waters near the mouth of the river was a very intelligent French Canadian named Girard, who came to my tent near his house to have the usual chat about fishing matters. During our discussion as to the fact whether salmon which had once entered the fresh water of the river often returned to the salt water again before making their final ascent to their spawning grounds, he asserted that such was undoubtedly the case; that he had completely proved the correctness of this statement, judging not only by the color and general appearance of the fish, but by a far more efficient test. He stated that as soon as they entered fresh water they began to loose their teeth, and when they had been some time in it, they had lost all of them. He said if he had fifty salmon handed to him in a dark room, some from the river and some from the sea, he could easily separate them into two lots—those without teeth from the river, and those with teeth from the sea, and that the color and general look of the fish when examined by daylight, would confirm his selection.

Having caught with the fly more than 2,000 salmon on that coast; having previously known or met most of the gentlemen who for the last twenty years had fished various rivers of that territory; having come in contact with many lessees for net fishing salmon, and read most of the books on the natural history of this fish, without hearing or reading any statement to this effect, I thought the man was chaffing me, and probably intimated as much to him. He then good naturedly called one of his children from the adjacent house and told them to bring from his salmon store-house the two fish they had that morning taken from his nets. This was done, and, when examined, one, bright as silver, evidently from the sea, had a formidable mouth full of sharp teeth; the other, which had lost much of its brightness and had all the signs of having been in the river, had scarcely a tooth in its head—a few quite loose odd teeth being all that were visible.

My next question to him was, naturally, "How did you make this discovery?" His answer was curious, showing in how simple a manner such problems are often found out. His statement was this:

"One Saturday afternoon, some three years ago, I went to tie up my nets for the weekly close time, and found in them two salmon, just such as are lying there before us. I gave one of them to my ten-year-old girl, who had accompanied me, to carry to the fish house. Presently she remarked, 'Dad, this fish has no teeth!' This led me to examine it carefully; it was evidently, by the color, a fish that it had been some time in the river, and it was toothless. Since that time I have carefully examined all fish caught in my nets, and found the result always the same."

The following day we left the river for the mouth of the St. John, and after a delay of two days, ascended it in canoes some twenty miles to its noted pools. We had at this time twenty-four hours of welcome heavy rain, which raised the river two feet and brought down the temperature of the water, giving us a splendid chance for the next ten days, during which my nephew and self landed 160 fish and hooked and lost some forty or fifty additional ones. All of these were most carefully examined, with the result that nearly all were quite toothless. A few of them, evidently later from the sea, had some straggling loose teeth.

These pools we fished were between twenty-five and thirty miles from the sea, and salmon had begun to reach them five or six weeks before the date of our visit. Some of those we caught had therefore been a long time out of the sea. We then returned to the Mingan River and caught some forty more fish. A careful examination of them gave the same result as on the St. John. Before leaving Mingan for the Tapitagan we had caught there some fifty fish, in addition to some half-dozen kelts, but being then ignorant of the toothless problem, the mouths of none of them were examined, and as we were at that latter season unable to obtain any kelts, could get no evidence as to the regrowth of their teeth.

At the Mingan post of the Hudson Bay Company there was an opportunity of examining a number of the hunters of the Montagnois Indian tribe, who all confirmed the statement that salmon lose their teeth soon after entering fresh water. When cross-questioned on the subject they answered: "It is just the same as deer lose their horns bears, martens, and other animals their fur, and lobsters change their shells every year." It seems almost incredible that this fact, of which we obtained such ample evidence, and which a slight amount of observation would have easily detected, has been overlooked by so many experienced professional and amateur fishermen I have conversed with many of both classes on the coast and since my return, but none were aware of this peculiarity. This in the case of fly fishermen may in some measure be accounted for; when a fish has been gaffed or landed by a net they leave the detaching of the hook to the gaffer, and, therefore, do not see the mouth of the fish.

My visits to Labrador during the summers of 1889 and 1890 proved that there is a great diversity during a whole season in the freedom with which salmon will take an artificial fly. In both these years the salmon in all these rivers seemed to be equally numerous, but the season of 1889 was probably the worst on record, while 1890 was one of the best. Take the three following rivers as examples: The Godbout was fished by the same three rods both seasons and for about twenty days on each occasion; the first-named year the score was about 230 fish, the last year 503. I partially fished the Mingan River both years, and certainly three fish could have been taken in 1890 for one in 1889. The river Romaine gave a still more marked difference. In 1889 it was fished by two gentlemen from the north of England; both were skillful, experienced, and enthusiastic fishermen. Their score only reached some forty-five fish. Several, however, weighed over forty pounds.

Last summer the river was leased and fished by an American gentleman—the only rod on it, except for two days, when he was absent. His score for some fifteen days' fishing was 103 fish landed, and many large salmon lost. During his two days' absence two friends of his caught forty fish. The report made to me by the guardian of the river was that during 1889, time after time, five, ten, or fifteen rises would be made at the fly without one fish being hooked, while in 1890, during all the season, they took the fly freely.

The Romaine is a large, noble stream, probably the most sporting river in the world. Upon it I have had many red letter days in years gone by, the score on one of which I may here mention. I landed at the river about noon on one of the early days of July some eight years ago. No one had finished in that season, and before dark I had landed one of thirty-six pounds, one of twenty-six pounds, two of twenty-four pounds, and four of twelve pounds. On that day every fish that rose was hooked and landed—a wonderful piece of luck. There was not a minute's rest from almost the first cast till the last fish was landed, when nearly dark; then I was obliged to return to our steam yacht, quite exhausted, and very sad at having to leave the river.

Remains of Roman London are continually being turned up in the city. For a month or so men have been employed at a site in Cornhill, which is to be the headquarters of a bank; and here, some eighteen feet below the surface, portions of Roman pavement have been found, though not of sufficient beauty to preserve. At a depth of about twenty-five feet two distinct portions of Roman wall were discovered, joining in a V-shaped angle, and some Roman pottery was unearthed. Perhaps, the most curious find was traces of the bed of a stream, though a good many centuries have passed since water actually flowed there.

An Adjutant's Monument.

In a field on the outskirts of New Haven, Conn., the remains of a young British officer have, for more than 112 years, reposed in a lonely grave unmarked except by a small stone erected about fifty years ago, which had long since succumbed to the relic hunters, combined with the elements. The young officer was Adjutant William Campbell of his Majesty's forces, and unless he had possessed noble characteristics, which have commanded the respect and admiration of men in all generations, his bones even now would probably lie unmarked.

About 10 o'clock on Sunday evening, July 4, 1779, the booming of a signal gun startled the inhabitants of the village, and the alarming tidings that the British fleet was off the harbor soon spread. The news that the fleet was bound eastward had previously been communicated by Gen. Wooster. Mr. N. G. Pond of Milford has in his collection the original paper conveying the information. Beacon Hill was soon ablaze with its warning signals, and all was bustle and excitement. Old flintlocks were taken down and examined, jewels were hidden away, and every preparation was made to resist attack. The British fleet numbered about forty vessels, which were soon anchored in the lower bay, and in the early dawn the boats were manned and the redcoats landed on the western shore of the harbor. About 1,400 men, commanded by Gen. Garth, began the march to the West Haven Green, where they were halted for about two hours. After the forces under Gen. Tryon had been landed on the eastern shore, the march to the town was begun. The troops under Gen. Garth were soon met by a small company under command of Capt. Hillhouse, that had marched out over West River bridge, but the latter, after a brief skirmish, took to their heels. An intermittent fire was kept up from behind fences and stone walls, and by a small force gathered on Milford Hill, where Adjt. Campbell rescued the Rev. Noah Williston, the village rector of West Haven. The latter, in hurrying over a stone wall, fell and was unable to rise. He was immediately surrounded by some Hessians, when young Campbell ordered the drawn bayonets lifted and Williston's life was saved. After learning that the rector's leg was broken Campbell ordered the limb set by the regimental surgeon. During the halt at West Haven some Hessians began the destruction of valuable furniture in one of the houses on the green, but they were promptly ordered by Campbell to desist.

The march into New Haven was by way of Westville, as the West River bridge was partly destroyed, and the troops were met by small detachments. Among those gathered to oppose the march into the town were three men, named Beecher, Alling, and Johnson, and, when near the Milford turnpike, the latter found himself unable to proceed further. When he was approached by an officer from the enemy's column, he raised his musket and fired at the British officer, who fell mortally wounded. It was ascertained afterward that the officer was Adjutant Campbell. He was tenderly carcarried to the nearest house, where he died. His last moments were marked by kind words to those about him, who although enemies, were admirers of his noble conduct.

Late at night the body was wrapped in a blanket and laid in a grave which had been dug near the edge of the woods. It is said that a poor colored woman kept the mound in shape for many years and often placed flowers on it. Campbell's dressing case is an object of interest in the building of the Historical Society.

The land on which the handsome monument was recently erected was donated by Dr. I. Mitchell Prudden of New York and Thomas P. Prudden of Chicago, and Miss Mary E. Alling of this city gave the plot containing the grave. The monument was erected through the efforts of the Historical Society, and the donors are Americans and Englishmen, members of the British-American Association, the Caledonian Club, the Clan McLeod, and the Sons of St. George.

When the royal family of England received their royal relatives, the Emperor and Empress of Germany, they kissed as affectionately as if they were ordinary people. Kissing is a noticeable feature of the reign of Victoria the Good. And the custom is marked by a sad fact—the death of the Princess Alice, daughter of the queen, who could not deny the request of her child dying of diphtheria and kissed him, inhaling the poison and dying herself in a few days.

Satan is busiest when other people are resting.

TO KEEP HEALTHY THIS SUMMER.

BY DR. ANDREW GRAYDON.

A pleasant and healthy summer is within the power of each and every one of us. There is nothing which so successfully counteracts heat as common sense. We complain too much of the sun's rays, and as we complain we worry. Let me give you a few hints for a healthy, pleasant summer.

Do not fret and fume about the heat; it is unavoidable. You must meet it, and the more you worry the more will you suffer from it. In every sense of the word, take things coolly. A calm mind and demeanor will aid you greatly to bear summer heat. Excitement of any kind brings increased heat of the body, even that of the tongue. Do not walk rapidly on a hot day; do not rush along at your winter's speed. Divide your usual amount of walking into several days. Your physical powers are more relaxed in warm weather, and they will not endure strains that are as nothing in cooler weather.

Dress for the season. Of course you put on your light colors, but see also that the texture is of the thinnest. Dress for comfort rather than appearance. Always wear delicate, thin underwear; it will save you from sudden chilling. Change it frequently, daily, and always at night. Did it ever strike you that the corset was a very warm article of dress, and, withal, not a very clean one, after a few days wear in summer time? Starched goods are very warm for dresses, etc., stiffened, and with the interstices closed up they are anything but cool and pleasant. Soft, thin goods are more healthful.

Do not eat too much. A little meat will go a great way in hot weather. In the extreme heat you are decidedly better off with a very modest quantity. Nature is prodigal with her fruit and vegetables, and they are not grown for adornment, or even for canning, but they are peculiarly adapted to the season in which they grow. Eat them and plentifully. See, however, that they are fresh and fully ripe. Too much of our early fruit is not fit for eating; it is a rushed quality, and the demand that brings it is an artificial one. Let such few meats as you eat be prepared in a nutritious manner. Let the fancy alone; also, highly-seasoned dishes; leave these for cold weather if you must eat them. It makes a great difference in your comfort and health what you eat, and if you want to do something toward keeping yourselves cool, just remember not to pile on too much combustible matter for your physical powers to evolve in heat. Eat simply, plainly and slowly—do everything slowly in hot weather.

Rest through long hours of sleep. There is a loss of snap and energy in your bodies that calls for more rest. Rise early and do your tasks while the day is cool, but during the middle of it take off the pressure.

A word about summer resorts. They are for resting—or ought to be—and are not placed simply to transfer the seat of war—society's. Seek out those that are quiet. If you are thinking of spending your summer months at some fashionable place in ceaseless whirl day and night, you had better by far remain at home and lounge about. Whatever of exertion you are called upon to perform—excursions, tramps and the like—do it in the cool hours; enjoy the cool and quiet of the evening in rest.

As to drinking water. Only a few words: You need a certain amount daily to replace the waste of the system, but do not gulp it down in quantities. The sense of thirst is not located in the stomach, and large amounts of water are not needed to quench it. This desire is in the throat, and water sipped slowly will reach and satisfy it.

As you are moving about through various sections of the country and world, much distress and trouble will be avoided if you make it your rule to drink a mineral water of some sort. Fruit juices are refreshing—lemonade, etc.—but not at night.

Bathe judiciously and every morning—either a full bath or sponge. Be fastidious about this, if ever in your life, in hot weather. Your health depends upon it far more than you imagine. Bathing does not mean the exhibition of a lovely suit which a drop of water would ruin; nor is it a prolonged battle with the surf followed by exhaustion; nor will the two weeks bathing at the shore be enough to carry you through the season away from the sea. If the bath, however applied, does not leave a healthful reaction, it is not doing you good service, and needs modifying somehow. In excessive weather, the use of your bath twice daily will not hurt you, if there be no peculiar contra-indication. There are times when women should not think of bathing.

See to it that the functions of your body are kept regular. Generally fresh fruit and vegetables will be all that is required, supplemented, if necessary, by a glass of laxative mineral water before breakfast.

The Girl Who is Bashful.

This is what one of my girls has written to me: "I wish and pray you could tell me how to cure bashfulness. People say not to think of yourself, but of others. I have tried that, but I cannot succeed. I cannot take my mind off myself. I am always asking myself if my hair is out of curl, if my clothes look pretty, and a thousand other such questions. I cannot help it. I have tried and tried, but I am continually thinking whether I am acting right, speaking right or looking right." First, to this girl must be said, that when one is eighteen years old one should not say I "*cannot*" do anything. She can if she will. Suppose she thinks this. She says she is considered pretty. What is mere prettiness? She is not beautiful; for a beautiful woman, an absolutely beautiful woman, is seldom vain. Very few people care whether a girl's bangs are out of curl or not, if her manners are pleasing and she shows a desire to make others enjoy themselves. Very few people care if a girl's clothes are pretty or not, if the girl is self-conscious and stupid. I like a girl to want to look pretty: that is part of her duty in life. But I want her just to remember this; that beauty is the easiest thing lost in the world; vanity will make it offensive; illness will cause it to vanish, and it goes with old age, unless the mind and the heart have been cultivated that the woman herself is a joy forever. When this is so the good God lets her keep her beauty.

Try, my inquiring little girl, and obliterate self. When you are among people look out for the one who is shy and bashful like yourself; go to her, talk to her, and after a few times you will find that it will become very easy. Stop thinking that people are looking at you. There are millions of beautiful things in the world, and it is not in the least likely that you are the one selected by everybody to be stared at and admired. Just learn to think a little less of your own appearance. The women who have been famous in the world have not always been beautiful women. A woman, who to-day is very popular among a large circle, is never spoken of as a beauty; but whenever anything is gotten up, whenever any pleasure is to the fore, whenever anybody is in sorrow, whenever anybody wants a confidante, it is Kate who is called for. I had sufficient curiosity to ask a man why this was, and he thought a minute and then he said: "It is because she always has a pleasant word for everybody; it is because she always is courteous and considerate; it is because she always looks ladylike and refined, as she is a lady; and, really, I think it is because she is what a woman would call a thoroughly nice girl."

You know how in the fairy book the prince always comes and finds the princess. Well, just after I had written this, a letter was handed me in which I read that Kate "the *really* nice girl"—had married one of the richest men in the country, a man who it was supposed would choose a great beauty, but who, instead, selected his wife as one does a coat—to wear well. There's a moral and a real one. It is given as an encouragement to the bashful girl who says she cannot, but who I am sure can; and to whom I say "be of good cheer."

Sleeping Well in Summer.

Comfortable sleep in summer is made more probable if the last meal of the day be of light, easily digested food. It is a great mistake to go to bed hungry. A glass of milk, or koumiss, with thin bread and butter, or delicate crackers or even something more substantial when it can be borne, will prevent wakefulness. The digestion should not be taxed to dispose of rich made dishes.

Before going to bed take a sponge bath in tepid water. Sponge lightly and quickly, and dry the skin without unnecessary friction. If this is impossible, at least bathe the feet. Avoid standing in a draught.

If the sleeping-room is warm, it may be cooled for a time by ringing large pieces of cotton out of water and hanging them before the open windows. Leave the door open, and as the air comes through the wet cotton it will be cooled. This is a good device for cooling a sick-room; the cloths can then be wet again and again. Keep the gas turned low during the process of undressing, and sleep without a light unless it is a tiny night lamp.

The ideal bed is, of course, a woven wire mattress, with a thin hair mattress on it. Folded blankets make a good substitute for the latter. If the sleeper is restless, the corners of the under sheet can be turned under and firmly pinned to the lower side of the mattress to prevent it from maliciously wrinkling itself into creases as the occupant tosses about. In a midsummer night no covering is needed but a sheet, and even that sometimes seems too oppressive. A blanket, however, should always be at hand in case a cool breeze springs up before morning, as it does in many localities. Fold it evenly, tuck one end under the mattress and turn the rest over the foot board not to interfere with the feet.

In summer, as in winter, a quiet mind it essential to repose. Leave the cares and worries of the day to be taken up on the morrow. They will not look as large or as black as if they had been carried all night.

The Story of a Back Window.

BY ANNA P. PAYNE.

In a city where many of the homes of the rich touch the abiding places of the poor, lives a sweet and beautiful woman whose home is all that the word implies. Here is elegance, comfort, and a degree of luxury together with cheerfulness, love and true kindliness. The furnishings in this home are rich, the flowers are rare and the library is composed of the choicest selections.

On a morning when trees were bare and snow was piled about the fences, the husband of the mistress—who had never ceased to be her lover—ordered sent home a quantity of beautiful flowers. Coming in later, he looked in the front windows expecting to see them, but was disappointed; and finding his wife said, "The flowers I ordered hav'nt come, I see." She smiled most charmingly, and leading him to a back window, pointed to the beauties. In a tone of vexation this husband-lover said. "But why here?"

Silently taking his hand, and as silently wiping from her eyes the tears, she led him nearer to the window and pointed to another and smaller window in the poor house back of their own. There sat a bent old woman, holding the hand of a gray-bearded old man, and both were looking eagerly, like children, at the bright blossoms. The mistress of the beautiful home smiled through her tears and waved her hand to the old people, and they both arose and bowed, the gray-haired man in a stately manner, while the little old woman threw numberless kisses.

The husband was touched by the thoughtfulness of his wife, and said, "As ever, you have done well. While I looked for my flowers where they would make the greatest display, you have put them where they will cheer two lonely, poor old people. Now tell your thoughtless husband what prompted you to do this."

The charming mistress colored very much at this delicate compliment, for she was extremely modest; but she sat by his side and told how one day she had seen the little old woman weeping and the stately old man sitting with bowed head, and how, until evening, they had seemed very miserable. The next morning the mistress had brought from the conservatory and put in the window an azalea in full bloom. Not long after she saw the aged couple standing in their window and looking at the plant. They were smiling, and seemed to have forgotten their sorrow of the previous day; but the mistress of the beautiful home was not satisfied to do this little, cheering deed. She went to them in all her kindness of heart, and asked them what she could do to lighten their sorrow.

Then it was that she learned their story, and then they told her that the only brightness that came to them in their miserable lodgings was through her back windows. They also told how the crippled boy in the next room and the feeble mother in the room above, were moved each day so that they might see whatever brightness the beautiful home and its mistress had for them.

It is needless to say that from that time the lives of the two old people were made pleasanter by frequent visits from the husband of the dear mistress, neither of whom were satisfied to confine themselves to window kindness. So, in our every-day lives, our best opportunities do not always lie near our front windows. The hurried passer-by may not appreciate the richness and brightness so freely shown, but many weary lives may be cheered by the flowers placed in our back windows.

The Children at Play.

If it is true that a man is known by the company he keeps, it is equally true that his character may be judged by the kind of recreations he enjoys. The games of the nursery are as much a part of the child's education as are the daily tasks he learns in the school-room. It is not accidental that Master Rupert chooses to harness up the chairs to drive with a grand flourish his "four-in-hand" about the room, or mounts a broomstick or cane to gallop away over an imaginary race course; while his little sister Bess sits quietly in the corner and busies herself with needle and scissors, fashioning costumes for her dear doll.

Mark with what energy the lad lashes his fiery steeds, and with what tension he grips bridle or reins; then note how tenderly his sister trundles her doll carriage over the rough places lest her pet should suffer harm. They are both at play; meanwhile, the lad trains his muscles to become the strong, stalwart man that is going to be "just like my papa"; while his sister is developing by her loving ministrations in behalf of her doll, those gentle, womanly qualities that will enrich the home that she is going to keep "as nice as mamma's."

The lessons go on through childhood and youth. We call it play; but, if the play is of the right kind, it is one of the most vital forces in the educative work that is carrying the boy and girl forward to a successful manhood and womanhood. Men and women are but children of larger growth. The wisest and best, because they have grown older in the right way, still remain the sweetness and simplicity of their child nature and love to play.

No one but a hypocrite or a churlish prig pretends that he never relaxes his dignity. Plato once said, while indulging in a frolic with some of his friends: "Let us be wise, I see a fool coming." Agesilaus used to amuse his children by riding a stick witch fashion. Socrates would sing and dance with the merriest. Even the studious Plutarch indulged in "feasts, jests and toys, as we do sauce for our meats." Facetious Lucian, and sober, serious Scaliger used to engage in games and musical diversions as a respite from over-much study. Virgil and Horace delighted in sports and games, and Shakespeare whiled away many an hour playing upon the bass viol. The great Scipio was often found rollicking in the sand on the beach, where he was wont to search for curious shells: and the witty Swift frequently amused himself playing "tag" with his two friends, the Sheridans, running and shouting through the deanery.

The wisest, the most cultured, the noblest among men, live very close to the heart of nature, and their recreations are always marked by simplicity and childlikeness. Young people who find themselves more and more inclined to seek after exciting and unhealthy amusements, may be quite sure that there is something wrong in their character—a something that ought to be righted at once.

In the home-life of to-day, the mother is most successful who devises new and interesting ways of entertaining her children in their home, then joins them in their games and sports; and the father, be he student, judge, clergyman, president, or even king, can ill afford, both for the enrichment of his home, to miss the play hours with his children, which will bind, with bands more precious than gold, their young lives to him and to their home.

There is little danger that children will wander in forbidden paths so long as home offers to them the pleasantest kinds of entertainment.

A Mother's Privileges.

If you allow your duties to run you like a machine you will soon break down in body and mind, with no chance to recuperate. It is the constant succession that wears your patience and strength, especially if you have a large family.

If you are pressed for funds, the closest economy is necessary and right; if not, a jacket or a shoe is of little value compared to your health and happiness. Every woman has tastes, wishes and preference. She should require them to be respected. If you choose to omit a small duty for a pleasure that is more valuable to you, take the liberty to do so. You owe your family a bright face and well informed mind, as well as buttons and patches. Just as you accustom them in this respect will their demands be. So many mothers are draining their lives away in little steps and stitches.

If you have a distaste for any special work, there is some way out of it without neglecting or hurting anybody. Teach a servant to do it, or exchange with a friend who likes it. For several years one of my friends did my plain sewing, while I did fancy work for her. Each set a price on her work and kept an account of it, but no money was paid; we only balanced accounts occasionally. If you claim your privileges they will be granted you, and *vice versa*.

Every man has his price, but brides are given away

TWO TESTS.

BY ADA E. FERRIS.

"Busy, Flossie?" asked Virginia Thorne, coming into her cousin's room. "Why, what is this? In trouble, dear?"

She took the childish, sensitive face between her hands and turned it towards her. Flossie tried to smile, but the red eyes and quivering lips could not be disguised. Virginia drew her gently down on the lounge.

"Tell Cousin all about it, pet. Maybe she can reduce your mountain to a mole hill. Is it Lyle Richmond?"

Virginia was seven years the elder of the two and regarded Flossie, still a timid and sensitive child at seventeen, with an almost motherly affection and care. Her stronger nature, cool, sensible, yet tender, was Flossie's refuge when crushed with shame or sorrow over some trifling blunder or sharp word. So now, though the younger girl only nodded and burst into tears, she had no idea of withholding her confidence. Virginia smiled a little, then frowned, but Flossie's eyes were hidden on her breast.

"Poor little girl! Does it make her neck ache to stretch up to his ideal height?" she asked, a hint of irritation even in the loving mischief of her tone. "What has he said or done now?"

She knew Lyle Richmond, his fastidious taste, and critical judgment. To love him might indeed be a good education, to paraphrase the old compliment, but it was by no means likely to be a pleasure for one of Flossie's sensative nature. She had been sorry from the first that her little cousin's fancy had taken this turn, natural as it was Lyle Richmond was a prince in appearance, education, manner, not lacking in wealth, nor even the lesser matter of morality. Oh, yes, a prince among men, but a prince very well aware of his own attractions, and determined to accept nothing less than a prince of sweetness, purity, and wisdom for his bride.

Flossie was sweet and pure enough for any man, Virginia thought, knitting her brows, but it is scarcely fair to expect a girl to be a paragon of wisdom at seventeen. In her secret heart she doubted whether even Lyle Richmond at seven and twenty was quite capable of judging every one accurately. She admired him of course. Who could help it? But Flossie's distress rather warped her judgment.

"Come, pet, tell Cousin. What has he said now?"

"Nothing," Flossie sobbed. "He is a gentleman, and of course he won't say anything. Oh, Virginia, I would give anything if only he weren't,—just for one half hour—so I could find out what he really does think."

"My dear, gentleman and hypocrite are not necessarily synonyms," Virginia protested, laughingly.

"I didn't mean that," Flossie sighed. "But I do think it is awful to go among folks that are always the same, whether you please them or offend them. You never know whether you are hurting their feelings or not, for they keep smiling right along. You may have shocked them fearfully, and not know it till weeks after."

"Be comforted, dear," her cousin answered dryly. "Such models of de ortment are rare in this world, outside of the etiquette books. Moreover, a true lady or gentleman never takes offence where none was meant, and isn't easily shocked by a trifling mistake. I think you are making yourself miserable about nothing, again."

"Virginia," suddenly sitting up and looking at her cousin with questioning eyes, "Was I a perfect simpleton? Didn't he act as if he—liked me?"

"Everybody thought so," Virginia answered.

"And I haven't been presuming enough to disgust him, have I?" she asked, piteously.

"Certainly not, dear," and Virginia smiled a little. As if shy, tender-hearted, little Flossie could disgust any one—even Sir Oracle himself!

"Then I don't know what is the matter?" the girl sighed. "Perhaps I don't know enough. Anyway he hasn't spoken to me for almost two weeks."

"'Hasn't spoken to you?'" Virginia echoed in dismay. "That is serious."

"Oh, he has been polite, of course," Flossie said drearily. "But it is just because he is a gentleman, and don't count. I mean he hasn't spoken to me on purpose as if he wanted to, not once."

"That does look odd," Virginia admitted, knitting her brows again. Of course, the most plausible explanation was that Lyle Richmond had not returned Flossie's fancy, and discovering that gossips were coupling their names was quietly avoiding any farther cause for such talk. A less honorable man might have showed all the partiality he had, without meaning anything, but she had thought Lyle Richmond more scrupulous.

"I don't understand it, dear," she said frankly. "But there might be half a dozen satisfactory explanations. Cheer up, and I'll soon find out what the matter is!"

"You can't make me any better," Flossie answered hopelesely, "nor smarter either. And I believe he has found somebody more suitable to him."

"Perhaps he has," Virginia admitted. "But there's time enough to cry over spilt milk when you are sure it is spilt. I wouldn't worry yet."

"He never said anything definite," the younger girl sighed. "Perhaps I was a goose to feel so but—Virginia, wouldn't you think it meant something if a gentleman put his arm around you, and kissed you?"

"Depends on the man. With Lyle Richmond, yes. Did he?"

Flossie nodded. "That moonlight night we were all out in the rose-garden. Hadn't I a right to think he meant something?"

"You shouldn't have allowed it," said Virginia gravely.

"I know, and I wouldn't if it had been anybody else. But Lyle Richmond—I couldn't insult him by as good as saying to him, 'You aren't behaving like a gentleman,' could I?"

It was so manifest an impossibility for timid little Flossie, that Virginia did not argue the point, only asked, "What did he say?"

"Only a compliment. I thought perhaps he might have said something more, but the others were so near, just beyond the rose-hedge, and so—"

She broke down in confusion.

Virginia bent and kissed her, a little anxiously. "Then, dear, it all hinges on one question. 'Is Lyle Richmond capable of trifling with a girl's heart or not?' If he is the prince you think him, you are distressing yourself for nothing. If not, you are well rid of him even at the cost of a few weeks of heartache. Cousin will find out just as soon as she can, pet."

But it wasn't easy. Lyle Richmond's perfect politeness and complete self-possession were an armor of proof, which even Virginia, bold as she was in Flossie's cause, had not courage to attack outright. He was as pleasant and thoughtful as ever of Flossie when they met. True, there was something missing from his voice and manner, but it was a vague, intangible something, hard to name or define. So more than a fortnight passed, and Virginia was forced to conclude that there never had been anything on his part, that the caress of which Flossie thought so much was merely a passing gallantry, born of the roses, the moonlight, and Flossie's childish loveliness. Wrong, no doubt, but hardly singular, and perhaps even princes were not always faultless.

Flossie had recovered her spirits in a great measure. "He only thought me a child," she concluded at last. "I don't care—much. Of course there's nobody like him, but then it was hard work to be always trying to come up to his ideals. It's easier to be with other folks who like me just as I am. I suppose Harry Nelson isn't as fine a gentleman, but—" Her unfinished sentence was more significant than any words she could have added.

"Harry Nelson has the very essence of a gentleman," Virginia answered decidedly.

"He has the faculty of setting every one at ease and drawing out the best side of the company."

Truth to tell, she thought Flossie would be far happier with Harry Nelson than Lyle Richmond. He was far less princely in appearance and manner, with less money, and less classic education, but every whit as true and honorable, and what he lacked in fastidious taste and critical judgment was made up in quick sympathy and unfailing generosity. The shy, sensitive girl, who had never dared forget her demeanor for a moment in the presence of her fastidious prince, was perfectly at ease when with Harry Nelson.

So, though Richmond was as attentive as ever to the cousins, Flossie generally slipped away, leaving her elder and more self-possessed cousin to enjoy his society.

Thus relieved from anxiety, Virginia had almost forgotten the matter when the explanation came. They were standing in the moonlight together, listening to the mellow music floating up from a band on the river below. "Love's Young Dream" thrilled through the balmy summer air till the whole scene and hour seemed enchanted, when Virginia felt her companion's arm steal around her waist and lifted startled eyes to meet a gaze that set her heart bounding. Was this the secret? Was it only as her cousin he had petted little Flossie? Was this princely gentleman her lover?

In that bewildering thrill it cost an effort, even for the stately Virginia to disengage herself from the encircling arm and say gently, "That is rather a liberty, Mr. Richmond, even considering the moonlight and the music. No offence, you know, but we ladies have to observe the proprieties."

She was almost frightened at her own audacity. As Flossie said, it was very hard to even imply that this perfect gentleman could be guilty of improper conduct. But to her relief he showed no sign of veration.

"So far as being offended, I am greatly pleased to find a lady who respects herself too much to allow the slightest liberty. Believe me, Miss Thorne, I honor you all the more for that delicacy of feeling."

His tone was eager and earnest, but Virginia felt as if suddenly drenched by a cold wave. She remembered Flossie's tearful plea, and her eyes seemed rudely opened to something much less pleasant than the bewildering fancy of a moment ago. The words broke out involuntarily.

"So, then, you intentionally took a liberty which you believed any woman of self-respect—without any delicacy of feeling—would not permit. I am infinitely obliged to you."

"Miss Thorne!" in extreme surprise, "I beg you not to consider it in that light. I meant no offense."

"No," Virginia answered coldly. "You simply meant to treat me as you admit no lady who respects herself would allow herself to be treated. Decidedly, I have no right to be offended."

"Miss Thorne; pray don't look at the matter so. Permit me to explain," Richmond pleaded eagerly. "It was not that I doubted you, or for one moment imagined you lacking in self-respect or delicacy—no more than the examiner doubts the ability of the promising applicant to answer his questions. It was simply giving you an opportunity to display your character—a test, as it were, to prove your delicate sense of honor."

"A test, perhaps, which you are in the habit of applying to your young lady friends?" she asked slowly.

"I have often used it. You surely could not imagine I wished to test you especially, Miss Thorne?"

"May I inquire if the results are generally satisfactory?" Virgina asked, keeping her voice steady with an effort. Her cheeks were burning. What a goose she had been to harbor that fancy even for a moment! This then was the secret that had cost poor little Flossie so many tears.

"Not uniformly, I am sorry to say," Richmond answered with some embarrassment. "I have so often been painfully surprised to find such liberties permitted if not absolutely encouraged that it is with the greatest of pleasure I recognise one who is so thoroughly my ideal lady."

"I think I must say good-night It is growing quite chilly," was the brief answer.

"But surely you are not offended now that you understand?—now that I have explained my motives?" he urged.

"Mr. Richmond, I must think it over before deciding whether I have or have not just grounds of offence. At present it seems to me that your course has been suspicious and disrespectful, to say the least.

"But I assure you my respect for you is increased tenfold."

"I am sorry, because that simply proves that your respect for me, until to-night, has been of the smallest. Pray excuse me, I would rather say no more without time for thorough consideration. Good night.

And she swept away, leaving Lyle Richmond bewildered, mortified and confused. Her standpoint was so utterly new to him he was at a loss even to understand it. Fastidious to a fault, it had seemed to him only prudent to make sure of the delicacy and discretion of any lady who began to interest him, and never before had one taken it as Virginia did. Only two or three, even of the half-score or so who bore the test successfully, had ever required any explanation, and they had been completely satisfied, serenely content in his increased respect, and agreeing that a man must be on his guard against indelicacy or folly. Virginia's novel view of the subject dismayed and troubled him. Could it be possible that his test had been discourteous or ungentlemanly?

At the earliest hour allowable he called upon her, eager to have the matter settled. The sitting room was deserted at his entrance, though scattered needlework gave token of hasty departure and an embroidered portmonnaie left open upon the table amid a shower of small change, while both silver and bills peeped from its depths. Richmond smiled, but with a trace of vexation.

"She seems very confident of the servant's honesty, I would not have thought her so careless," he muttered.

Virginia came in soon, smiling pleasantly, but with a mischievous light in her gray eyes, and greeted him as if last night's misunderstanding had never occurred. Almost immediately, she picked up her portemonnaie and counted over its contents with every appearance of anxiety. Richmond smiled, remarking: "Rather imprudent to throw temptation around like that, isn't it?"

Virginia seemed not to hear. She satisfied herself the money was all there; then threw it aside and turned to him with beaming eyes and outstretched hands: "I am so pleased—so delighted. You have passed the test gloriously. My respect for you has increased tenfold."

Richmond stared at her, uncomprehending. "I don't understand you at all, Miss Thorne."

"It is a world so full of dishonesty—incorruptible integrity is so rare," sighed Virginia, the downcast lids concealing the sparkle in her eyes, "that a lady is forced to be cautious, to apply a delicate test to her friends—give them an opportunity to display their character, prove their sense of honor as it were. I am so pleased to find a gentleman who respects himself too much to stoop——"

She stopped short in real alarm. Lyle Richmond's brow was thunderous in its wrath. Not trusting himself to speak, he turned and strode toward the door. Virginia recovered herself and sprang before him with laughing eyes, and detaining hand:

"Mr. Richmond, pray don't look at it so. I meant no offense"——then with a total change of tone as she saw he was too indignant to recognize his own words, "Lyle Richmond, I did think you were smart enough to see through a millstone when there was a hole in it?"

He stopped and stared at her then as her meaning flashed upon him, coloured perceptibly.

"Miss Thorne! Surely it didn't sound like that!"

"That!" Virginia answered with an imperious smile. "Why not?" Are not dishonest men as plenty as immodest women, and quite a liable to impose on the unwary? Why is my test less justifiable or more insulting than yours?"

"But, good heavens!——a thief——"

"'But good heavens!—a courtesan—'" she parodied mockingly. "Mr. Richmond, I think we are coming to deep water in that direction. Now, if you please, I want to suppose a case. Suppose a gust of wind had scattered my bills over the floor, and you in all friendliness, not dreaming you could be suspected, should hasten to gather them up—to save me vexation and trouble. Suppose I come in and find you with your hands full of bills, and that I was as suspicious as—as I pretended. What conclusion would I naturally draw? And would that conclusion be justice?"

One fierce mental struggle and then—for his was a brave, princely nature, that could conquer even its own angry mortification—the answer came earnestly. "Gross injustice surely. I humbly beg your pardon, Miss Thorne, but upon my honor I never dreamed I was insulting any one. I give you my word I never shall use that test again."

Virginia's hand was extended in quick cordiality. "Now you are yourself again. Only in all justice you must reverse some of your hasty judgments, for your test was hardly fair. The more thoroughly honorable the gentleman, the more innocent and pure the girl, the less likely she is to suspect any thing wrong. And besides, girls are often very unwilling to hurt their friends' feelings. As one told me, speaking of some liberty you had taken—your test, probably—'I couldn't insult him by as good as saying, You aren't behaving like a gentleman.'"

"Miss Thorne, have mercy! I am overwhelmed," pleaded Richmond.

"Very well, let the subject drop, for I see Flossie coming. Keep my secret," she added with a merry glance. "Who knows but I may want to use my test again? Anyhow, I don't care to have it made public."

"Rely on my silence," Richmond answered with much gravity, more relieved by the implied promise than he cared to show.

But she told Flossie that evening, believing that the little maiden's mortification entitled her to the story. The girl laughed, but her comment startled even Virginia who knew her so well: "And then I had to come in before he could make things straight by asking you to marry him! What a pity!"

"You little goose!" laughed Virginia. "Whatever faint possibility of such a thing there might have been last night, there is none now. Men make love to women who please and flatter them, not to those

who overturn their ideas and mortify them."

"Some mon, maybe, but Lyle Richmond isn't little if he was mistaken," persisted Flossie, still loyal to her hero-worship, and under her breath she added, "And I believe he will try to win you for his wife yet, Miss Virginia, and I'll help his wooing all I can."

From which it is plain to be seen that little Flossie was neither resentful nor heart-broken.

A Dainty Bed Room.

It is a pleasing sight to watch the delight which a young girl displays whilst selecting articles for her own special apartment. A bright, energetic girl who appreciates beautiful surroundings will instinctively make her room so much a part of herself that the very atmosphere conveys to the outsider some knowledge of the hopes and aspirations that fill the mind of the occupant.

If the girl who has set her heart upon beautifying her room can succeed in saving seven or eight dollars, she will find it to her advantage to invest the money in three or four pieces of cheap, colored cambric, and an equal quantity of low-priced scrim. The room, if arranged in imitation of an apartment which we saw not long ago, cannot fail to give delight.

The walls of the room were covered with blue cambric, securely tacked under the ceiling and along the edge of the washboard. Strips of scrim were cut the desired length, folded to a depth of four inches at top and bottom, and a casing sewed three inches from the upper edges. A stout cord was run through the casing, and the strips of scrim, which were all sewed together, were gathered slightly and drawn over the cambric. Small tacks, driven into the casing at the top of the wall, prevented the scrim from sagging.

Long strips of cambric covered with scrim, edged with cheap lace, and gathered into a deep frill at the top hung at the windows. The curtains were drawn back with loops and fastened with bows of dark blue ribbon. A strip of scrim, gathered in the middle, was fastened securely at the top of the mirror in the bureau and caught back at each side with ribbon. The closet door and the door leading into the hall were draped to correspond with the wall.

The ceiling was light blue. A circle of silvery stars decorated the center. Two moth-proof barrels, containing the clothing that had been packed away for the season were painted blue, and, when arrayed in flowing frills of gathered scrim, made very pretty dressing tables. The floor was covered with blue and white checked matting. Two blue Angora rugs and a Moquette centrepiece added a touch of warmth to the room. The furniture was painted white. The daughter of the house added the blue and gold decoration. A small bookcase, half concealed by a soft blue curtain, stood in a corner, filled to overflowing with a goodly supply of choice literature. Upon the top of the bookcase stood a tiny clock and a few pieces of bric-a-brac. On a small table covered with a beautiful cloth, "all white and gold," lay mother's gift, a well-worn Bible. The bureau and dressing tables contained the miscellaneous articles so dear to the girlish heart. The embroidered scarfs, towels and splasher bore evidence that the occupant of the room was a stranger to the idleness that prevents so many girls from ever being impressed with some of their capabilities.

Shakespeare's influence over the public is shown by the extent to which his phrases have become incoporated into our language. Among these are "bag and baggage," "dead as a door nail," "hit or miss," "love is blind," "selling for a song," "wide world," "fast and loose," "unconsidered trifles," "westward ho," "familiarity breeds contempt," "patching up excuses," "misery makes strange bed-fellows," "to boot" (in a trade), "short and long of it," "comb your head with a three-legged stool," "dancing attendance," "getting even" (revenge) "birds of a feather," "that's flat," "Greek to me" (unintelligible), "packing a jury," "mother wit," "killed with kindness," "mum" (for silence), "ill wind that blows no good," "wild goose chase," "scarecrow," luggage," "row of pins," (as a mark of value), "viva voce," "give and take," "sold" (in the way of a joke), "your cake is dough." The girl who playfully calls some youth a "milksop" is also unconsciously quoting Shakespeare, and even "loggerhead" is of the same origin. "Extempore" is first found in Shakespeare and so are "almanack." Shakespeare is the first author that speaks of "the man in the moon," or mentions the potato, or uses the term "eyesore" for annoyance

Pickles.

Never, on any consideration, use brass, copper or bell-mettle kettles for pickling; the verdigris produced in them by the vinegar being of a most poisonous nature. Kettles lined with porcelain are the best. When it is necessary to boil vinegar, do so in a stone jar on the fire. Use also wooden spoons and forks. A small lump of alum added to the vinegar in which pickles are sealed renders them crisp and tender, and if covered with cabbage or grape leaves a fresh green color will be imparted. In making pickles, cider vinegar is best, but very nice, strong vinegar may be made of sorgham, as follows: one pint of sorgham to each gallon of soft water (hard water will do, but soft is best), add a cake of yeast and some good "mother," if you have it. Tie a cloth tightly over the jar or keg and place it in the sun. It will be good in three or four weeks. Stir it well every few days. See that pickles are always completely covered with vinegar. It is a good rule to have one-third of the jar filled with vinegar and two-thirds filled with pickles. Vinegar should only boil five or six minutes. Too much boiling takes away the strength. Pickles will keep best by being bottled, sealed while hot, and set in a cool place. Bits of horse-radish and spices, with a handful of sugar to each gallon of pickles, assist in preserving its strength, as well as greatly improving its flavor. Ginger is the most wholesome spice for pickles; cloves are the strongest, then allspice, cinnamon and mace. Mustard seed is also very nice. If pickles are raised and prepared at home in brine, an oaken cask should be used, and they should be kept well covered, with plenty of salt at the bottom of the cask. In making brine for pickles, it should be sufficiently strong to bear an egg. A pint of salt to every gallon of water is the usual proportion.

CUCUMBER PICKLES.—Soak cucumbers taken from the brine, put in a kettle and cover with vinegar.

YELLOW PICKLES.—Take two gallons of vinegar, two pounds of sugar, one ounce of turmeric, three of allspice, one of cloves, one of mace, one pint of mustard seed, and two tablespoonfuls of celery seed. Pound all together and stir in hot vinegar. Take three large, firm heads of cabbage, slice and scald in brine, squeeze dry and hang in the sun. When bleached, put first in cold, strong vinegar, then put in a jar and pour over the spice and vinegar.

ONION PICKLES.—Take large, white onions, remove the skin, and pour over boiling salt water; let them stand three days, pour off and add fresh brine; let them stand over night. Then take one gallon of vinegar, adding two ounces of turmeric, scald and pour over the onions, cover the jar and let them stand ten days; then pour off and put on them strong vinegar, seasoned with red pepper, horseradish, celery seed mustard and small spices.

PEPPER PICKLES.—Cut out the stems of fifty large mango peppers, with a sharp knife; fill the peppers with chopped cabbage, horseradish, mustard seed and salt; replace the stems, tie with strong thread, and pack in a stone jar and cover with vinegar.

SPANISH PICKLES.—Take two dozen large cucumbers, one peck of full-grown green tomatoes and one dozen onions. Let the cucumbers and whole tomatoes stand in brine three days; cut the onions up and sprinkle with salt. Take half a gallon of vinegar, three ounces of white mustard seed, one each of turmeric and celery seed, one cup of mustard and two pounds of brown sugar. Simmer for half an hour and pour it over the cucumbers. Put in jars and seal.

VIRGINIA MIXED PICKLES.—Take seventy-five large cucumbers, half a peck of green tomatoes, fifteen large onions, four heads of cabbage, one pint of horseradish, half a pound of mustard seed, half a teacupful of ground pepper, half a pint of salad oil, one ounce of celery seed, cinnamon and turmeric each. Slice the tomatoes and large onions, chop the cabbage and quarter the cucumbers. Mix with salt, let them stand twenty-four hours, drain and pour on vinegar. Let them stand three days; strain, and mix the spices well, then boil one and a half gallons of fresh vinegar, pour it boiling hot over the pickles; repeat for three mornings. The third time, add a pound of sugar and the oil to the vinegar.

GREEN TOMATO PICKLES.—Cut in thin slices, then place in jars in layers, with salt sprinkled between each. Let them stand over night, then pour off all the water which the salt draws out of them. Then place in jars in layers, with a layer of horseradish, mustard seed, cloves and small red peppers between each. Cover with strong vinegar and keep tightly covered.

SWEET TOMATO PICKLES.—One peck of green tomatoes, sliced, soak in salted water twenty-four hours. Drain off; add two quarts of vinegar, one and one-half pounds of sugar, spices of all kinds, and boil the whole one-half hour.

LEMON PICKLE.—Peel very thinly about six lemons, take off the white, and cut the pulp into slices, taking out the seeds. Put the peel and pulp into a jar, sprinkling between them two ounces of bay-salt, cover the jar, and let it stand three days; then boil in a quart of vinegar, six cloves, three blades of mace, and two ounces of bruised mustard seed. Pour it boiling over the lemons in the jar and when cold, cover. In a month, strain and bottle the liquor, and the lemons may be eaten as pickles. The liquor is a useful sauce for veal cutlets and minced veal.

NASTURTIUM PICKLES.—Have ready a stone or glass jar of the best cold vinegar. Take the seeds after the flowers have gone off, and they are full grown, but not old. Pick off the stems or not, as you fancy, and put the seeds into the vinegar. No other preparation is necessary, and they will keep one year with nothing more than sufficient cold vinegar to cover them. With boiled mutton they are an excellent substitute for capers.

TOMATO AND ONION PICKLES.—One peck of tomatoes, twenty-four onions, quarter of a pound of white mustard seed, four tablespoonfuls of ground ginger, three of mustard, one ounce of whole allspice, half an ounce of cloves, two tablespoonfuls of black pepper and two of sugar. Pare and slice the tomatoes thin, and chop the onions fine. After the tomatoes are sliced, pack them in a jar, putting a thick layer of salt between each layer of tomatoes, cover and let them stand for twenty-four hours; then pour off the liquor, and put the tomatoes, onions and spice into a large kettle in alternate layers. Cover the pickles well with vinegar, put cover on the kettle, and cook gently, for three quarters of an hour after it has come to a boil; if the pickle seems too thick, add a little more vinegar.

To Keep The Baby Healthy.

Baby's second summer is always the most trying. It is cutting its teeth and the irritation combined with the heat makes life no easy matter for the poor little thing. It must be carefully watched, and its ailments rationally treated if it is to be carried successfully through this dangerous season.

A baby in the country, with all the advantages of fresh air and good milk, is under the best conditions possible to resist the effects of the heat. Yet the country, like everything else, has its counter-balancing disadvantages, and often one of these is the distance from a doctor. Before leaving town the mother should ask her family physician for a few powders of pepsin and bismuth, or any simple remedy he may wish to prescribe for indigestion, with full directions for its use. She should take with her a bottle of lime-water and another of pancreatin, or one of the other preparations for peptonizing milk, so that she may be prepared for emergencies.

The purity of milk, even in the best surroundings, is always open to question, because it absorbs germs so readily That used for food for a baby should be sterilized to make it perfectly safe. This can be done in the morning and evening by putting the milk, fresh from the cow, in bottles of a size to hold enough for one meal each. Place these in a saucepan filled with cold water and set it on the stove where it will heat gradually. After the water boils for a short time, cork the bottles and let them remain in it for half an hour. Remove from the stove, and when the water is cool take out the bottles. If no ice is to be had, stand them in a stone jar containing water, and wrap the jar in wet flannel, or put it in a brook in a shady place. When a bottle is opened and all the milk is not used, throw away the remainder.

If, in spite of care in feeding, the bowels become disordered, boil rice until very soft, strain the liquid from it and add the same quantity of sterilized milk. Sometimes one tablespoonful of lime-water to six of milk will correct the difficulty.

Keep the baby in the open air as much as possible, but do not have it out in the evening when the dew is falling. If a hammock is slung in the shade it will sleep better there during the day, covered with a mosquito net, than it will in a hot room.

Dress it loosely, with a gauze flannel shirt next the skin, and no tight bands.

The British Admiralty has resolved to give $20,000 to Admiral Colomb for his invention for flashing night signals.

Golden Thoughts for Every Day.

Monday—

Oh, if summer would last forever!
Oh, if youth would leave us never!
Oh, if the joy we have in the spring
Forever its happy song would sing,
And love and friendship never take wing
But stay with us forever!

Then, oh, then! if such gifts were given,
Who of us mortals would ask for heaven?
—[W. W. Story.

Tuesday—Hardly had the freshness faded out of the morning air before the world-spirit is at our side again; she is whispering in our ear; her white, wooing arms are around us; her warm breath is on our cheek; there is a brief—how brief and feeble!—attempt at resistance, and then, ah! then we are broken and undone. And often as with lips hot and dry, with cheeks fevered and flushed, we look back at that serene-souled self, which but a few short hours ago stood in rapt adoration under the silence of a midnight sky, and held high communion with its Creator, we can hardly bring ourselves to believe that we and it are one and the same being. Yet, in spite of the paltriness of our life, in spite of the vice and the shame, there is one element in the strife which lends dignity even to our very failures, for in our battling against the ever-present evil, and in our struggle toward the ever-unattained good, we come within sight of a possibility, higher perhaps, than that of which even angels can conceive. The sin and the shame are after all but human; the effort and the determination to overcome them are divine.—[A Dead Man's Diary.

Wednesday—

Wind earthquake, fire, were heralds of a voice
A still, small voice, soft as the dew of grace,
And God was there, soothing His servant's weakness—
Not in the storm and fire does God rejoice
Of law and judgment; but in Jesus' face
He wins us with the mastery of weakness.
—*Richard Wilton.*

Thursday—Human life much resembles plant life. A child left to itself will go astray. So an untended, uncultured flower or plant, is ever disposed to degenerate and run wild. Culture and discipline can do exactly the same for one as the other. "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." "Bend the twig when it is young, and so it will remain." The advent of spring not only affects the human family—birds, beasts, and reptiles also much enjoy the exhilarating period. Watch the birds nest-building, hear their gay and cheerful songs! See the cattle in the meadows, among the buttercups and daisies, or idly standing in the running brook or shallow pools of water. And all creeping things seem to be renewed with youth and vigor. All Nature seeming to be one joyous song of praise, in honor of the spring. Who does not watch for the first appearance of the snowdrop and crocus? —*James Neat.*

Friday—

Echo not an angry word.
Let it pass!
Think how often you have erred.
Let it pass!
Since our joys must pass away
Like the dewdrops on the spray,
Wherefore should our sorrow stay?
Let it pass!

If for good you suffer ill.
Let it pass!
O, be kind and gentle still.
Let it pass!
Time at last makes all things straight
Let us not resent but wait,
And our triumph shall be great:
Let it pass!
—*Anonymous.*

Saturday—Life is not a game of "Button, button, who's got the button?" with its message, "Hold fast all I give you," and its end, empty hands for most, and the useless button for the favored one. He who takes for his motto, "Get all you can, and keep all you get," will invariably come to the preacher's conclusion, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity," sooner or later.—*Lyman Abbott.*

Virtue in Lemons.

A good deal has been said lately about the beneficial use of lemons and lemonade. The latest advice, given by a Dublin medical contemporary, is how to use the fruit and the beverage so that they will do the most good. Most people know the value of a bottle of lemonade before breakfast, but few know that the benefit is more than doubled by taking another at night also. The way to get the better of a bilious attack without powders or quinine is to take the juice of one, two, or three lemons in as much water as will make it pleasant to drink without sugar before going to bed. In the morning on rising, at least half an hour before breakfast, take the juice of one lemon in a tumblerful of ordinary or soda water. This will clear the system of all bile without the aid of calomel or spa waters.

For a Cold Summer Dessert.

The demand for cold, light desserts in the summer months is one that a housekeeper is sometimes at her wit's end to meet. Yet there are many cold dishes which fulfill all the requirements of the season, and are at the same time easily prepared. The following are selected from among the best:

STRAWBERRY CREAM.—Soak half a box of gelatine in half a cupful of cold water for two hours. Hull one quart of strawberries, and add a cupful of sugar to them. Mash the strawberries and sugar and let them stand for two hours; then rub them through a fine sieve into a large bowl, which place in a pan of iced water. Whip one quart of cream to a froth. Pour half a cupful of boiling water on the soaked gelatine; strain this upon the strained stawberries. Stir until the mixture begins to thicken; immediately begin to stir in the whipped-cream, a little at a time, using two quart in all. When the cream becomes so thick that it can hardly be poured, turn it into molds and set in cold place to harden. Serve with whipped cream for a garnish.

A SIMPLE RICE PUDDING.—For a small pudding use one pint of milk, half a pint of water, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one teaspoonful of corn starch, half a teaspoonful of salt and one-quarter of a cupful of rice. Wash the rice in three waters, rubbing it well between the hands in the first water. Put the rice in a saucepan with a quart of cold water, and place it on a cool part of the range for half an hour. At the end of that time pour off the water and add half a pint of cold water. Place in the double boiler and cook half an hour; then add half the milk. Mix the corn-starch with a quarter of a cupful of the remaining milk, and stir into the pudding. Cook for half an hour longer. Take the pudding from the fire and add the salt, sugar, a slight grating of nutmeg and the remainder of the milk. Pour the mixture into a pudding dish and bake in a moderate oven for twenty minutes. Serve cold. Any other flavor may be substituted for the nutmeg.

TO MAKE A SNOW PUDDING.—A generous quarter of a box of gelatine should be soaked in one-third of a cupful of cold water for two hours. At the end of that time add half a pint of boiling water, half a pint of sugar, the juce of one lemon and, if convenient, the juice of an orange. Stir until the gelatine and sugar are dissolved. Should the gelatine not dissolve perfectly, place the bowl in a pan of boiling water for ten minutes. Strain this mixture into a large bowl and set in a cold place. When perfectly cold set the bowl in a pan and surround it with iced water. Add the unbeaten whites of two eggs. Watch the mixture, and when it begins to congeal, beat with a whisk, or a Dover egg-beater, until it is white and so thick that it will hardly flow when poured. Rinse a mold, or large bowl, in cold water and pour the pudding into it. Set by the ice for a few hours. At serving time dip the mold into warm water; then wipe it and turn the pudding on a flat dish. Pour a soft custard around it, or serve the sauce in a pretty pitcher.

A DELICIOUS SOFT CUSTARD.—Beat together the yelks of two eggs and two whole eggs. Add to this three tablespoonfuls of sugar, half a salt-spoonful of salt and three gills of milk. Pour the mixture into a double boiler (having the water in the under kettle boiling hot) and place on the fire. Stir all the time until the custard begins to thicken, which will be in about five minutes. Take from the hot water at once, and, placing the basin in a pan of cold water, stir until the custard is cool. Flavor with half a teaspoonful of vanilla extract.

BLANC-MANGE WITH VANILLA.—Make this the same as the chocolate, except that the chocolate is to be omitted, and a teaspoonful of vanilla extract, and two tablespoonfuls of sugar used. Or, half the vanilla may be poured into a mold and the chocolate mixture be added to the other half; in which case use only two tablespoonfuls of sugar in dissolving the chocolate.

A GOOD LEMON JELLY.—Soak one package of gelatine in half a pint of cold water for two hours or more. Pour on this one quart of boiling water, and add a pint of sugar. Set the bowl in a pan of boiling water and stir until the sugar and gelatine are dissolved; then add half a pint of lemon-juice, and strain through a coarse napkin. Turn into molds and set away to harden.

RASPBERRY EXOTIQUE PUDDING.—For a small mold of this pudding there will be required:—one pint of water, four tablespoonfuls of tapioca *exotique*, one tablespoonful of lemon-juice, one-third of a teaspoonful of salt, and a pint and a half of raspberries.

Put the water in a saucepan and on the fire. When it begins to boil sprinkle in the tapioca *exotique*, stirring all the while. Cook for ten minutes stirring continually; then add the sugar, salt and lemon-juice. Rinse a mold in cold water. Put a few spoonfuls of tapioca into it; then a layer of raspberries, and again tapioca. Go on in this way until all the materials are used. Set the mold in a cool place for several hours. At serving time turn the pudding out on a flat dish, and serve with sugar and cream or soft custard. Tapioca *exotique* is a very fine French preparation of pure tapioca. It cooks clear very quickly.

JELLY OF ORANGES.—Make this jelly the same as lemon, except that a pint and a half of boiling water is to be used, besides one pint of orange-juice instead of lemon. When the oranges are not sour, add the juice of one lemon.

FOR COFFEE JELLY.—Coffee jelly is made the same as lemon, save that one pint of strong coffee, and only a pint and a half of boiling water are used instead of lemon-juice. Serve with whipped-cream.

How to be Happy in Summer.

Seek cool, shady nooks.
Read the latest books.
Bathe early and often.
Throw fancy work away.
Wear lightest, lowest shoes.
Ride at morn and walk at eve.
Believe that waiters are human.
Let hats be light and bonnets airy.
Think the best possible of all men.
Eschew kid gloves and linen collars.
Hurry never, thus being at leisure ever.
Dress in cambrics, lawns and ginghams.
Be lavish with laundresses, fruit men and fans.
Court the sea breezes, but avoid the hot sands.
Let melons precede, and berries follow the breakfast.
Store up the sweet and give small place to the bitter.
Remember that seeming idleness is sometimes gain.
Listen to the break of the waves instead of the fog-horn.
Retire when in the mood, and arise when most inclined.
Send flowers to the living; kind thoughts serve the dead as well.
Order freshest fish and corn-cake; never mind the heavy fritters.
Take your loftiest ideas to the beach, and your lowliest thoughts to the mountains.
Remember that nine-tenths of the people are at the seashore for rest, and do not sing to them.
If you feel like doing a good deed, treat a dozen street children to ice-cream. That is mission work.
Do not tell your hostess how sweet the butter and cream were at your last summer's boarding place.
Remember that children are only small editions of older people, and they have feelings quite as acute.
Look pleasantly at the tired stranger who glances wistfully at the part of your car seat occupied by your wraps, even if you do not offer her the seat.

The Habit of Borrowing.

It is the easiest thing in the world to begin borrowing a newspaper, then a pattern, then a recipe, then a book; some day a gown is borrowed to look at; another day one is borrowed to try on to see if it would be becoming; then a little note goes asking that a fan be lent; and the fan once borrowed it becomes the easiest thing in the world to get either a bodice, a bonnet, or an embroidered petticoat. Now, when you began, if anybody had told you that you were a moral thief, you would have been most indignant; and yet that is just what you are. It would be much more honest to borrow your neighbor's money and never to return it, than to keep up a constant borrowing of your neighbor's belongings, getting out of them the wear that is not yours and the pleasure that is by rights your neighbor's.

What the mistress does, the maid does. In the kitchen they do not hesitate to borrow a patent coffee-pot, and never return it; a pudding dish, a little flavoring extract, some baking powder, or some oil. If they were asked if they returned all this, they would answer: "Certainly not, why we would be just as glad to lend to them." And the result is that your servants, imitating your example, become systematic plunderers of your neighbors. My friend, do not get into the habit of borrowing. It is one of the most vicious you can possibly acquire. It makes you lose all respect for the rights of other people, and it can certainly give you none for yourself. The persistent borrower is a more or less well-spoken-of thief. The borrower does not hide her light under a bushel, for in time her friends and acquaintances grow to know of her weakness and avoid her. So stop at the book, and do not permit yourself to drift into, what it is charity to call, a very bad habit.

Good Health.

Good health does not always come to our door. It is not carried about and delivered upon order, by the grocer, the baker and the iceman. We are oftentimes compelled to seek it away from home, in outdoor rambles, in field, in forest, or by the ever changing sea. In these midsummer days. Nature in her loveliest attire offers us the rarest enticements to partake of her bounty.

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore;
There is society where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar."

It is not alone the body, but the mind also needs to be diverted and turned into new channels of thought and action. This is not only true of invalids, but those who are in daily attendance upon business pursuits of their own choosing, require intervals of relaxation, wherein to recuperate their impaired vitality. The necessity of this is so generally conceded that the summer vacation is looked forward to almost as a matter of course, in all trades and employments; and we affirm out of our own experience, that it is no less a necessity than a pastime. The homely couplet, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," is a truism which should not be lost sight of.

Few people appreciate properly the hygienic powers of sunlight. It is true of people, as it is true of plants, that they cannot thrive without abundance of sunlight, as well as abundance of fresh air. The necessity for sunlight is so well recognized that in all the recent lectures to nurses of the sick, they are ordered to admit the sunshine freely to the sick room in all cases, except where the strong light is specially prohibited by the physician.

Not long ago sun baths were freely recommended for certain diseases, and this treatment has since proved exceedingly valuable, so much so, indeed, that complete systems of treatment and cure, with sunshine as a basis, are much in vogue in private practice and sanitary institutions.

The Orientals, who have gardens on the tops of their houses, appreciate the value of sunlight as a tonic and health giver. The cases of persons who suffer from actual sunstroke are much fewer than of those who suffer unto death from vitiated air and want of sunshine. The mass of cases reported as sunstroke in the cities are the result of prostration from heat, and occur in close rooms within doors as frequently as outdoors. In most of these cases the deteriorated condition of the system of the individual, caused by the confinement it rooms insufficiently aired and lighted, is at the bottom of the trouble.

It is especially necessary that children should have an abundance of freedom to romp outdoors in the sunshine, so that they will acquire an abundance of red blood, and with it strength and life. Pale, sallow complexions show a watery condition of the blood that can only be remedied by an abundance of outdoor exercise. In winter, it is always best to give a little child its exercise in the middle of the day; but as the season changes the time for exercise changes. In summer, the best time is usually early in the morning before 10 o'clock, and after 3 in the afternoon. In the morning, a rubber sheet should, if the ground is damp, be spread in a suitable place over the grass and a blanket spread over this, and the little one taken out of his carriage and allowed to frolic about in the mild morning sun. The baby will gain marvelously from such exercise, and it will be all the better off if it is kept under the trees to take its midday nap, instead of being taken into the house.

Croquet and Lawn Tennis have cheated the family doctor of many a professional visit, and will continue to do so, it is to be hoped, indefinitely. All the organs of the body require to be continually exercised. They cannot exist without it. In a child, before it is restricted by the tyranny of fashion, every movement is grace itself. It should be so always, but the satanic invention of high heeled shoes, the straight jacket of a corset, together with old maidish notions of propriety, are at the foundation of many physical ills.

Died in Harness.

It was only a dead horse in a crowded city street. He had died in harness, and he lay there as he had fallen, with the bit in his mouth, and the sweat of the burden and heat of the day yet moist on his flanks.

A hundred people paused to look at him, and passed on. It was a common sight; such things happen every day. Yet what a lesson that simple phrase which so many uttered over the dead body of the poor beast conveys—died in harness!

He died at his post—died doing his duty—died in striving, with all the humble ability God had given him, to answer the end for which he was created.

And looking around among the people with whom we are brought in contact how many do we see who are doing their best, as this horse did, to stand fast to the performance of the duty for which they were designed from the beginning!

How many of us falter on the way! How many fret and chafe under the burden! How many cast off the harness, and simply wear themselves out in trying to eat their bread by some other method than by the sweat of their brow!

All honor to the man or woman who courageously meets, destiny, whatever it may be, and conquers it! All the way along our life's pathway lie annoyances and discouragements and vexations. Nothing is ever quite so nice as we expected it would be. We never get so high up in the world as we intended to when we were young.

None of us, perhaps, will live in the memory of mankind half a century after the grave has covered us. We shall be tried and tempted, and our best laid plans will fail, and our most cherished hopes will die in darkness.

But this life is only a primary school, where we learn the rudiments of that knowledge which by-and-by, in a more perfect life, shall be broadened and deepened, until we shall look back and wonder how it was that we ever fretted over things so trivial.

And so, good brother, as you travel along, keep up your courage. Don't sit down to repine over what cannot be helped. If your crops fail, hope for better luck next year. If your mining stock proves worthless on your hands, profit by the experience and let speculating schemes alone.

Whatever you find to do, do it. Wear the harness, and wear it conscientiously. Never give anything up because you are too old.

When a man retires from business he might as well speak for his coffin. Inertia for a man who has led a busy life, is death People die of over-eating, of over-drinking, of high-pressure methods of existence, but very few die of honest labour.

The human mind needs to be occupied with something. The hands need something honest to do, or unworthy deeds will employ them.

And no nobler epitaph can be written on any man's tombstone than this—

"*He died in harness.*"

The Queen's Income.

The Queen's income from all sources cannot be ascertained accurately. Her Majesty's civil list, however, amounts to £385,000. She also receives the revenue of the Duchy of Lancaster, which during recent years has averaged from £40,000 to £50,000 per annum. The details of Her Majesty's "civil list" are somewhat interesting. The privy purse gives £60,000 towards it; the household salaries and household "expenses" contribute no less than £131,260 and £172,500 respectively, while the Royal County "alms" furnishes £13,200; the balance of £8,040 is under the general heading of miscellaneous. The new Domesday Book discloses the fact that the Queen's private estates extend over 37,372 acres, the annual rental of which is about £20,733. Some years ago Her Majesty, acting under the advice of Lord Sydney, purchased Claremont for the sum of £78,000, estimated at the time of being a little over half its market value. It is now said to be worth £150,000. The Queen also possesses property at Coburg, and the villa Hohenlohe at Baden. As to personal property, a quarter of a million was left to her Majesty by Sir James Camden Neild, whose will was proved in 1852. But this will is only one of the many by which the Queen constantly becomes a legatee of magnificent sums left to her by her loyal subjects. As a rule, however, such legacies are returned to the relatives of the deceased.

"You cry, pet, because I m leaving you to become Lady Oldacres?" "No, I don't. It's because all the titles will be bought before I grow up."

The Famous Eddystone Light-House.

There's is a fascination in the study of light-houses, for these beneficent structures not only appeal to what is best in our hearts, but suggest something out of the common place. They have been the theme of many a writer, and about them songs have been sung and romances have been woven. But there is no fiction that can compare with the facts learned in a study of the buildings themselves or the events leading to their destruction and the legends that are attached to almost every one.

When it first dawned upon human intellect that man had mastery over the water, and men went out in their rude boats, they were guided by a knowledge of their own locality, and every tree, and rock and hill served as landmarks to guide the way. They did not think at first that they could go upon the water at night, but when they were detained until the shadows had gathered they found the way by the fires built upon the shores by wives and mothers at home.

It is a delightful study to trace coast illumination from the time of primitive man to that of our own day. In some countries it still consists of fires or the most simple lights, but nearly all civilized countries have an organized system of aids to navigation, and many light-houses are beautiful towers constructed and lighted upon the best principles. This has been accomplished by the services of some of the best engineers and greatest scientists the world has ever known.

Modern light-houses do not compare with the noted Pharos of Alexandria in size or in elaborate details, and perhaps not with some light-houses built at a little later period, but they are better suited to lighting the paths of the mariner.

THE EDDYSTONE.

The Eddystone is the most famous of all modern light-houses. The one now standing is the fourth that has been erected.

The Eddystone is a high rock, which lies fourteen miles southwest of Plymouth Harbor. It was the first light-house built in the English channel, where now many are maintained. It is in the line of all vessels coasting up and down the English channel and the attention of the English government was early attracted to the dangers of the place. But in an early day the light-houses of England were private property. In the year 1696 Henry Winstanley, a gentleman of Essex, England, began the erection of the first Eddystone light-house.

It took four years to complete it. It was very beautiful and highly ornamented, and Winstanley was very proud of it. He had great faith, also, in its stability, which had been questioned by some of his friends. He said he would like to be in it during the greatest storm that ever blew, and he had his wish gratified: at least he was there during a terrible tempest and the light-house was swept away and all within it perished.

Winstanley was a very eccentric person and many interesting stories are told of him and his home in Littlebury. In one room was a very luxurious chair, but if the visitor threw himself into it he would immediately be plunged into a cold bath. If he sat down in another he was clasped in the arms of a grinning skeleton, from which he could not escape. These contrivances for playing practical jokes did not endear him to his friends, but they illustrated his mechanical ingenuity.

A few years later Capt. Lovet obtained a ninety-nine year lease, and engaged as a builder an architect named Rudyerd. He was a strange person to employ for so important a work, as he was a silk mercer who kept a shop in London. But he proved to be well fitted for the undertaking and he built a fine and substantial light-house. It was constructed partly of wood and it was destroyed by fire after doing good service for forty-six years. It was lighted with candles, and when the keeper went to attend to the light he found the lanterns on fire. He awakened the other keepers and they tried to put it out, but as the water had to be carried up long flights of stairs they could not make much headway, and a curious accident happened to one of the men. As he looked up into the burning tower to watch the progress of the fire a quantity of melted lead fell upon him, and he thought that he had swallowed some of it. The men were rescued, but after twelve days, the one who had been injured by the lead died. The attending physician claimed that his stomach was opened and there was taken from it a solid piece of lead weighing more than seven ounces. He sent an account of it to the Royal Society which was received with derision. A great controversy arose among the members of the medical fraternity as to the possibility of a person living after swallowing molten lead. But inasmuch as the man was 94 years old, it is probable that he would have died from the effect of the fright and exposure incident to the dreadful disaster, whether he had swallowed any lead or not.

The third Eddystone light-house—the most noted one—was erected by John Smeaton, a famous light-house engineer. It is celebrated on account of the difficulties of its construction and it is accepted as a type of all structures of the kind that have since been erected. He resolved that it should be built of stone and that it should be absolutely fireproof. It was built of solid blocks of stones dovetailed into the rock and into each other. Every ingenious precaution was taken to make it strong. In some of the upper courses a groove was cut round the upper surface of the stones, and in it was placed an immense iron chain, and melted lead was poured upon the chain until the cavity was filled. The combinations which Smeaton used in the methods of joining stones and his experiments with hydraulic mortar were very original and successful. The light-house was finished in 1759 and was lighted with wax candles, twenty-four being used, each weighing two and a half pounds. A system of reflectors was introduced in 1845, and they in their turn gave way to the Fresnel lens.

Mr. Smeaton, the builder, superintended every part of the work himself. He also wrote a stately folio, giving an elaborate account of its construction. It was dedicated to the king and was written in quaint and beautiful language.

Smeaton's light-house stood for 120 years and was still in a fair state of efficiency. It was, however, a period of time in the world's history when science had made very rapid progress. Men had acquired a more accurate knowledge of the laws which govern sea waves and many false notions had been corrected. Methods of illumination had been greatly improved and conveniences invented. The light-house was partly undermined and extensive repairs were needed, and in 1877 Mr. James N. Douglas, chief engineer of the Trinity House—as the light-house board of England was called—recommended to the board that instead of repairing the structure a new one should be built in harmony with modern requirements and suited to the needs of commerce of to-day.

The board acted upon the suggestion and the following year work was begun under the supervision of Mr. Douglas. The top part of the tower, including the lantern and four rooms, was carefully removed, taken to Plymouth harbor and placed upon a granite foundation corresponding to the lower part of the tower. It is preserved in commemoration of this pioneer of great works in light-house engineering. The lower part of the tower was then removed by the use of drills, picks and other tools, no blasting being allowed for fear of injuring the rock. It was found that it was not the tower, but the reef below, that had weakened.

In the summer of 1879 the foundation stone was laid with appropriate ceremonies, similar to those used in lying the corner-stone of an important building on land. The formalities were conducted by the highest officials of the Trinity House assisted by H. R. H. Prince of Wales. The tower was finished in the summer of 1881. The new light-house stands 120 feet southeast of the old one, and it is constructed entirely of granite. The height of the focal plane of the old light-house was seventy-two feet above high water, while that of the new house is 133 feet. Smeaton's light-house was visible thirteen miles away, and the new tower can be seen at a distance of nearly eighteen miles.

The light shown at first was a temporary one, but the following year the fine optical apparatus especially prepared for it was installed, and the light-house formally opened with imposing ceremonies in the presence of 9,000 persons.

THE LONGSTONE LIGHT-HOUSE.

Upon the north shore of England stands an important sea-rock light-house, the Longstone. It is peculiar on account of its being protected by a high wall, and it has an interesting history.

In 1838 the steamship Forfarshire was wrecked near the Longstone, and of the sixty-three passengers only nine survived, and they were saved through the heroism of the keeper and his daughter, Grace Darling. To-day, the keepers of the light-house point out to you the window through which she first saw the wreck. A beautiful tomb is erected to her memory near by on the mainland

THE SMALLS LIGHT-HOUSE

On the west coast of Wales is the Small's Light-house, one that has attracted attention on account of the generosity of the founder, Mr. Phillips built and maintained it as a free gift to mankind. As he himself said, his compensation was to "serve and save humanity." However, when his descendants sold it to the government they received in payment £15,000. It was begun in 1772. The architect's name was Whitside. He had been a manufacturer of musical instruments, but he displayed remarkable genius in his new work. When Whitside with his workmen first landed upon the rock there came a dreadful storm which bore away the vessel that had brought them and left them exposed to the tempest, hanging to the bare rocks for two days and nights. At another time, when the tower was partly constructed, they were left in a critical condition. They sent out a cask containing a letter in a sealed bottle which fortunately reached land and was sent to those who went to their aid.

A very sad incident is told in connection with this light-house. At first only two keepers were kept at the tower. One winter was so stormy that for four months no one could land at the light-house. The light was shown every night, but when a landing was made only one keeper was live; the other had long been dead.

We can well believe that, looking daily for release, waiting night after night, week after week, with the body of his dead comrade as his sole companion, the survivor was so changed that his friends scarcely knew him. He said that the other keeper had died a natural death, and his word was believed, but it was decided that thereafter three men should always be kept at the light-house.

A similar incident is related in connection with Rudyerd's Eddystone.

THE ROTHERSAND LIGHT-HOUSE.

The light-houses mentioned are all among the important sea-rock light-houses of the world, and until recently there have been no light-house at a long distance from land except those built upon rocks. But it is now found possible to remove as much sand from under the water as it is needed to reach a solid foundation.

The Rothersand light-tower in the North Sea, off the coast of Germany, was finished in 1885. The history of this tower and account of its construction are as interesting as the study of the Eddystone.

Over 2,000 cubic yards of sand was removed by the sand blast, the depth of the excavation being seventy-three feet below low water. The tower is a conspicuous one and can be seen for twelve nautical miles. The base of the structure is painted black, and the tower above with alternate red and white bands fourteen feet wide. There are several lights in the tower, very ingeniously arranged adjusted to the needs of vessels at different distances from it. This light-house is about thirty miles from land, and it is connected with it by an electric cable. Not long after the completion of the Rothersand a similar structure was finished upon the coast in Delaware Bay.

The Flight of Bats.

It seems extraordinary to observe a number of bats in the evening flying back and forth through the trees with remarkable rapidity, but without ever coming in contact with the branches or hurting themselves. Spallanzani, the Italian naturalist, placed a bat in a dark enclosure, across which were stretched a number of threads, crossing and recrossing each other. The bat flew rapidly back and forth trying to effect its escape, but avoided the threads with as much ease as if they had not been in its way in the least. Whether this curious power was the result of a sixth and unknown sense was a puzzle to naturalists. To decide this knotty point Spallanzani resorted to the cruel expedient of blinding a bat, and found that it still flew among the threads without being to all appearances, any more inconvenienced than if it still had its eyesight.

People having valued documents locked away in safes and secretaries are often out of temper and out of pocket at discovering that the writing thereon has faded almost completely when their use becomes important. It is very easy in these cases to restore the color to the ink by purchasing a little solution of ammonium sulphide and bathing the paper therein, or tracing over the letters with a camel's hair brush dipped in the fluid. If this remedy fails, gallic or tanic acid will generally bring out the words, no matter if they be completely illegible at first. After applying either solution the documents should be carefully rinsed and dried.

A new mineral named sanguinite, discovered in South America, has recently exacted much interest.

A Wife's Duty.

Husbands in general are not unselfish, though they may think themselves kind and generous. A man does not often consider what his wife's existence is, in what proportion her work and pleasures lie, or what she gives in return for what she receives. Absorbed in their own ambitions, business cares or pleasures, how many men ask themselves what sort of a life their wife leads, whether she has strength enough for herself and the children she rears, hope enough to make life cheery, chances enough for development, share enough in the general ambition and success of the family as a whole?

We do not want to see women attempting to seize mastership, or growing quarrelsome about imaginary rights, but we do want them to see that the unselfishness which seems a virtue is practically the abandonment of their position. To claim the full rights and privileges of thinking, self-respecting, free human souls is to undermine a thousand wrongs and humiliations, to render themselves the more beloved for their apparent audacity, and to, at the same time, secure the best conditions for their children.

Women must learn that if they bear wrongs other women must bear the same; if they do not claim personal respect neither can their sisters. If they are weak or oppressed how can their children be strong or noble? This habitual self-effacement leads to all manner of weakness. A woman will tell lies to shield her husband, or perhaps to shield her own pride. If she is pinched, or bruised, or injured, if things are broken in a fit of temper, she will swear it was not he, it was the result of accident purely. If he insults her by boasting of his connection with other women she does not resent it; if he squanders the money she works the later and harder to replace it; if he drinks she hides the fact and shelters him with lies, and bears him dipsomaniac children. In time she does not own her own body or mind, and her only morality is to be faithful to the marriage contract.

The long suffering, patient, enduring temper of women under hardship only leads to hardship's continuance. They should have more trust in their own intuition of right, think more of their own lives and destiny, and of the lives they bequeath to the race. For it is often easier to endure than to act, and the true unselfishness is to be selfish for the good of others. They must think more of self, if self is to have more dignity and more worth; they must gain for themselves more liberty and more respect, that the children and the race may be stronger and nobler, inheriting less of passion and of vice, less of the weak and tired-out household drudge, more physical and intellectual strength, more mental and moral cleanliness. If women thus aim at the enhancement of their own individualism there will be no need to change the method of marriage relationships; and in time, by women's efforts to restore their side of the balance in the marriage scales, we may find married women a better treated class than those who are bound by no legal bond.

A New Dress Reform.

A complete revolution in the world of clothiers and the clothed may be expected when the views expounded by Dr. Jaegar in his book on "Health Culture" begin to be generally acted upon. He advises that all linen and cotton material should be discarded once and forever, whether in the shape of linings, or underclothing, or outer clothing, or even pockets, and that in bedding, too, linnen and cotton are equally objectionable from a hygenic point of view. Linen collars are uncompromisingly condemned, and so are linen cuffs which are said to be entirely unnecessary and which in their chilling effect undoubtedly interfere with the proper circulation of the blood in the arms. For collars and cuffs as well as for all other articles of wearing apparel. Dr. Jaegar directs the use of flannel or some other woolen fabric. When the inevitable damage from shrinkage occurs he suggests consolingly that "in any case the owner of a sanitary woolen collar, which has shrunk from repeated washes to impractical dimensions, has the consolation that he has derived from it an important hygenic advantage; and although the collar may be of no further use to him, it may serve for the younger members of the family.' And last, but not least, Dr. Jaegar asserts that handkerchiefs, too, should be made of woolen stuffs, and that whoever has once become accustomed to the warm, comfortable, wholesome woolen handkerchief, will never return to the use of its antithesis in linen.

The forest area of the United States is estimated at 481,764,593 acres.

Strange Experiences of Travellers.

The ever bright sky of the Sahara is in strong contrast to our changeable weather. The atmospherical laws, which in our countries bring rain and wind at almost fixed periods, are not in force there. The only regular atmospherical variation is the equinoctial sirocco. The light which comes directly from southern Africa, where the hottest period prevails in October, is driven northward by the first rainfall, the latter generally coming about the close of that month. Heated under the tropic of Capricorn and dried through the deserts of Guinea and the immense sandy expanse of the Sahara, this impetuous wind stirs the whole surface, heaving up and driving along showers of sand and dust, which are perceived in their coming hundreds of miles away. It generally lasts from two to three weeks with more or less intensity, mild during daytime and increasing toward night, sometimes to the fury of a hurricane. There is no rainy season, and even in central, southern, and eastern Sahara, whole years sometimes pass without a drop of water falling. During the year of my sojourn in Wargala, the city was struck by rainstorms only three times. These were abundant in volume, but lasted only an hour or two. Only twice was the storm repeated during my journey through the desert. A sultry and vaporous atmosphere generally succeeded these storms. The nights were clear and nowhere have I seen the stars so radiant.

The weather is not taken into account in agricultural calculations, irrigation taking the place of rain, so that the failure of the crops is rarely due to drought.

On our journeying from Wargala to Golea we were struck by one of the storms alluded to above. We left that luxuriant group of oases, of which Wargala is the chief town, and resumed our way along the wild desert, following the dry bed of the Wad Mia. Though it was October, no rain had yet fallen, so that the earth still lacked her winter mantle of green. The conformation of the land during the first five days was a variety of firm, pebbly and sandy ground, while a mountain range leads directly to El Golea. In all parts the firm soil appeared to be excellent for culture if it could only be watered. Tracts of sand of the color of iron rust were to be noticed along the Wad Mia, denoting the existence of some ferruginous spring. The spot where we encamped in our sixth stage was a sea of sand interspersed with dunes rising from thirty to forty feet. One mount, seventy feet high, probably formed by a whirlwind, was noticeable above all at a certain distance from us. Several long and straight eminences four or five feet high, with a striking similarity to waves, were to be seen. Flamingos gazing at us from the tops of the dunes, were the only signs of life the region presented. This bird, the vulture, and raven are the only winged creatures seen in the Sahara outside of the oasis. They fly in flocks in the wake of the caravans, in expectation of prey, and are often regaled by the death of camels or slaves, as the caravan owners never take the trouble to bury them.

During the preceding nights the sirocco had been blowing hard, without, however, causing much disturbance. But now an atmospherical revolution broke upon the camp. A fearful blaster aroused us from sleep and terrified the horses. Blast followed blast; our tents were terribly shaken, while the wind grew rapidly to the force of a cyclone. The horses were neighing and the camels groaning. Everybody was awakened, and all were obliged to take a frantic hold of the tents from the interior. Some tried to get out to pitch the tents more securely, but could not stand the whirl of sand. Showers of sand were beating upon our tents like a heavy rain. The more courageous men were swearing against the impertinent element which had interrupted their sleep and was blowing down their flimsy shelter. Others were terror stricken, fearing imminent destruction. All were clinging desperately to their tents to prevent them from being carried away, but in spite of their efforts all the tents, one after another, were blown down. Each man underneath grasped frantically at one side of his canvas house and rolled it around his face for protection against the sand. The camels, despite their groaning were little injured by the gritty whirlwind, and seemed to be quite accustomed to it.

Their incomparable vital strength enables them to stand the sorest privations and the severest weather. They live, indeed, day and night in the open air, and are fed and watered only every three days, thus becoming inured to every hardship and stress of weather.

The horses felt the violent pelting of the sand quite differently. As they are standing up they offer more hold to the fierce wind, and can resist less than the camels, which always lie when at rest. They became distracted and flung frantically against their invisible provoker. The officers shouted to the horsemen to mind their horses but no one dared move. Finally several horses broke loose, and blinded by the sand, ran against the tents, tumbling against the men, and falling upon them. Screams and struggles ensued, increasing the disorder and confusion of the camp. Those who knew not the cause of these cries were prompted to go out and see what was happening. Finally, the horses got up unaided and were captured by some of the Arabs, who, better accustomed to this hurricane, were groping and crawling along with their faces covered with a drapery. The cadi commending the Arabs, seeing that we could not be qualified as "warriors of the desert," as we were unable to brave that unexpected enemy, ordered his men to look to the horses until the tempest ceased.

After two hours of struggle calm succeeded in the atmosphere and peace in our camp. I went out to see the effect of the storm. The dust-cloud space threw a gloomy light upon the camp, revealing the overturned tents with the human forms underneath like shrouds covering corpses. The sand was heaped up against their bodies, and had filled all the interspaces between the men lying under the same tent, almost levelling a surface smooth as a table at the height of their shoulders.

I went up to the animals and found the horses sniffing and sneezing while the camels, a little further on, were lying partly covered with sand in perfect quiet. They seemed to have bravely borne the brunt of the storm. Enveloped in their drapery the Arabs were sitting on the ground, with legs drawn up and their bodies leaning upon the backs of their camels as upon a pillow. One of them hearing me, raised his head, and unrolling his drapery, gave me a look. "Have you not been frightened?" I said to him. "At what?" he answered, as if astonished at my question.

"At what?" I repeated, amazed. "At what has just happened, of course."

"And what has happened?" asked he indifferently.

"Did you sleep so deeply that this fierce tempest could not awaken you?"

"Is this peculiar weather for you?" rejoined he.

"Is it peculiar weather for you?" I demanded. "Must heaven itself fall upon your head to surprise you?"

"The roar of the ghabilih (sirocco) and the groan of the camel are two sounds familiar to us since birth," he answered.

Dumbfounded by such stoicism, I returned to my tent, wondering what such a people would not be able to endure. They are truly hardened and toughened in every respect; deaf to the sufferings of others, dumb to their own, inured to fatigue, and insensible to hardship. The awakening call was not sounded that morning the Colonel wishing to know before starting how much damage had been done and whether the men were fit to march.

When I arose at daylight and looked around, I could scarcely realize that I was awake. The plain wore quite a different aspect. These large waves of sand that I had noticed the previous day had disappeared. A dune, fifteen feet high had also been removed, and several of the eminences had been reformed a few miles further on.

Many tents had been torn and the sand had penetrated through every fissure and hole in the knapsack, and even into the gun barrels. The pack saddles and loads of provisions had disappeared almost entirely beneath the sand. Several boxes weighing eighty pounds had been rolled a distance of 200 feet and partly broken. However, aside from the three men who had been stumbled over by horses and wounded no one felt any serious consequence from the tempest. Two horses were found to have lost an eye from being struck by coarse grains of sand. The day was spent in making repairs, but for fear of a new hurricane on the following night, we moved toward evening ten miles further along, where we encamped on firm ground.

The grip of an ant's jaw is retained even after the body has been severed from the head. According to the Medical Record, this knowledge is possessed by a certain tribe of Indians in Brazil, who put the ants to a very peculiar use. When an Indian gets a gash cut in his hand, instead of having his hand sewed together, as physicians do in this country, he procures five or six black ants, and, holding their heads near the gash, they bring their jaws together in biting the flesh, and thus pull the two sides of the gash together. Then the Indian pinches off the bodies of the ants, and leaves their heads clinging to the gash, which is held together until perfectly healed.

The Sun Their Towel.

At eating the negro, having always first washed his hands and rinsed his mouth, sits upon the ground, holds the larger pieces between his teeth while he cuts off a bite with his knife, but does not use both hands to hold food, except in gnawing bones.

With the usual dishes he lays his right arm over his knees, and, reaching into the pot, moulds the thick mess into lumps about the size of a walnut, which he throws into his mouth with a jerk without scattering any of the food. To take out vegetables or soup he presses a hollow into the lump and dips with it. Politeness is shown to the host or the housewife after eating by smacking loudly enough to be heard.

While the negro is capable of eating meat in an unpleasant state of decomposition he is very sensitive against some tastes, and will make evident manifestations of his dislike of them. He is careful about the outer matters in drinking. He will always rinse his mouth first, even when he is intensely thirsty. If the cup is not too small he takes it in both hands, and he likes to sit down with it. If the vessel is large and open he draws in the water from the surface with his lips without bringing them in contact with the dish. Sometimes negroes pour water into their mouths. When drinking at ponds and rivers the water is carried to the mouth with the hand. For some mystic reason it is considered bad to lie flat down when drinking from rivers. The fear of being snapped up by a crocodile may have something to do with the matter.

Great attention is given in most of the tribes to the care of the body. The teeth are cleansed with a stick which has been chewed into a kind of brush. The hands are washed frequently, not by turning and twisting and rubbing them together one within the other, as with us, but by a straight up-and-down rubbing, such as is given to the other limbs. This manner of washing is so characteristic that an African might be distinguished by it from a European without reference to the color. The sun is their only towel.

Things Worth Knowing.

To make white soap, take a pound box of concentrated lye, knock off the lid carefully, and throw box and all into one gallon of boiling water. Next morning add two gallons of water more, and when the whole is boiling, throw into it four and a half pounds of clean fat. Boil gently for two hours and a quarter, sprinkle into it half a pint of salt and boil for thirty-five minutes longer. Add one-half gallon of hot water, and boil again for ten minutes; then pour into a wet box. The next morning turn the soap out, and cut into cakes with a twine. The quality of this soap will be greatly improved if a quarter of a pound of powdered borax be added to it. The soap should be allowed to harden before using. Turn the cakes over and so expose them to the air, keeping them in a breezy place.

The following is an excellent method for salting hams: For three hams mix together half a peck of salt, half an ounce of sal prunella, three ounces of salt petre and four pounds of coarse salt. Rub the hams well with this, and lay what is to spare over them. Let them lie three days, then hang them up. Take the pickle in which the hams were, add to it more common salt and water enough to cover the hams when placed in it, making it strong enough of the salt to bear up an egg. Boil and skim it well, put in the salting tub and next morning put in the hams. Keep them under with weights. In a fortnight take them out of the liquor, rub them well with brine and hang them up to dry.

To make compound glue, take very fine flour, mix it with white of eggs, isinglass and a little yeast. Mingle the materials. Beat them well together. Spread them—the batter being made thin with gum water—on even tin plates, and dry them in a stove, then cut them out for use. To color them, tinge the paste with vermilion, indigo for blue, saffron for yellow, etc., etc.

For Cleaning Your Dress.

There are very few women who understand how to use soap-bark. It is the very best cleaning material in use. Nothing else cleans a black silk or black woollen dress so satisfactorily. Five cents will clean an entire dress. It may be purchased at any druggists in the city or country, being commonly used by all tailors in cleaning gentlemen's clothes. It may be used to clean almost any dark cloth, but it possesses color enough in itself to stain a delicate color. The *New York Tribune* tells how to prepare soap-bark for cleaning. Pour about a quart of boiling water over five cents' worth of the bark. Let it boil gently for two hours, and at the end of this time, strain it through a piece of cheese cloth. Put the liquor in a clean pail. Have ready a smooth board of suitable size, and have the dress to be cleaned all ready, ripped shaken and brushed free from dust. Lay each piece of cloth one after another on the board, and sponge it thoroughly on both sides, rubbing carefully any especially soiled spots. After all the cloth is sponged fill a large tub full of cold water, and rinse each piece of the goods up and down in it, one at a time, so as to remove thoroughly the soap-bark. Wring the pieces through the wringer, lay them in a heavy, clean clothes-basket, and when all are rinsed and wrung out begin pressing the first that were rolled up. Iron them on the wrong side, if woollen cloth, till they are dry or nearly so; then hang them on a clothes-horse to air for at least twelve hours. The cloth should hang in a place free from dust, and when it is put away it will look like new. If the dress to be cleaned is silk, after thoroughly sponging it in the soap-bark lay it on a clean board and sponge it off with clear cold water on both sides. Wipe off all the excess of moisture you can. Pin the smaller pieces of the silk on a sheet and hang the sheet outdoors in a shady place where no sun can reach it, or throw the sheet over the clothes-horse. Silk prepared in this way looks very nice. It will need a slight pressing on the wrong side when it is made up to make it perfectly smooth.

Strawberry Rash.

"Strawberry Rash" is the name given to an epidemic which has appeared this season to an unusual extent, says the Philadelphia *Record*. Physicians claim that while the disease, which takes the form of a rash, has in previous years made its appearance at this season, never before has it been so prevalent. The rash attacks the skin, which breaks out in large red blotches similar in color to the berry from which it takes its name. It is no respector of age, attacking young and old alike.

"There is no known cause for the ailment," said Dr. J. C. Wilson, when approached upon the subject. "I, myself, am subject to it, and in consequence am obliged to refrain from eating strawberries. I don't know why some people are subject to it and others are not, any more than why some people are liable to catch rheumatism or any other disease, while other people, under the same circumstances, are exempt. I only know that the rash exists, but I don't know why."

All over the city people are suffering from the effects of the luscious berry. In several cases whole families have it. While not interfering with the general health it is accompanied with an itching sensation that renders it annoying in the extreme. Many people are ignorant of the cause of the suffering. Others, having heard of the existence of strawberry rash, have tabooed the berry, and find themselves benefited by abstaining from it.

Physicians unite in saying that the rash has never before appeared to such an alarming extent. Nearly all the doctors in the city have several cases on their hands, and there are many instances which have failed to come under their notice. In every instance where the patient has stopped eating strawberries the rash has greatly diminished or disappeared entirely. Whether there is any germ of the diseases in the berries which have come to this market is a matter of conjecture.

Did you ever actually see things grow? In these spring and summer days you often see a tree with buds just ready to explode like popcorn, and, like corn, change suddenly to masses of fluffy white. You walk by it and it is still corn. When you return it has popped. But did you actually ever see the explosion, or better yet, see the growth when there was no alarm to call your attention to the change? asks the New York Tribune. Well, lie down some day beside a gladiolus bed after recent rain and sunshine have made a thin crust over the earth, and when the green spears are just beginning to push through it. You will see some cracks in the crust, and by and by a little trapdoor will begin to lift, as though some small Titan were struggling underneath. Look sharply now, for if you do not you may turn your wandering eyes back to find the green laborer pushing at the door without your having seen him come. Soon he will throw back the cover on its hinges and stand there for the first time in the sunlight an inch above the ground. All this done may be even in an hour. Few things grow faster than the gladiol-

A Gold Field Incident.

It was in the early days of the gold excitement in the Black Hills that a party of us started overland from Canada, bent upon making our everlasting fortunes. We never reached the *Pah Sappa* (as the Indians called our intended destination) and, as the story is interesting, I will tell you the reason.

We came into camp one night at the headwaters of the Cheyenne River and, as was our custom, we had two or three hours of story-telling before we wrapped up in our blankets and went to sleep.

On this particular night we had taken turns at yarn-spinning until old Tom Roberts came next in order. He stood up, his face lighted with a kind of halo by the flickering camp fire.

"Boys," said Tom, "I'm not goin' to give ye any wonderful stories of what I might or might not have done. No; I'm goin' to tell ye 'bout a dream I had last night.

"You remember where our last camp was? It was near a big marsh. The night was jest as calm an' beautiful as this night is, an' the crickets an' frogs sounded so sleepy-like, an' the air was so wet with dew an' smelled so fresh that, somehow, I was 'minded of my boyhood home 'way back in New England.

"I went to sleep thinkin' 'bout old friends an' the happy times when I didn't know so much of the world as I do now. I don't know how long I slept but, all of a sudden, I heard a tinklin' of bells an' I seen some sparklin' little stars floating' towards me through the slough-grass. As they come nearer, I could make 'em out to be little fays like my Aunt 'Mandy used to tell about.

"They flew all 'round me, an' one of 'em says, steppin' out in front of all the rest, says she:

"'Be you Tom Roberts?'

"'Yes, ma'am,' says I.

"'Well, Tom, I've been watchin' you for some time,' she says, 'an' I think you're a good deservin' feller.'

"'I try to do what's right,' says I, 'but I miss it sometimes.'

"'No human is perfect,' says she, 'but I'm goin' to reward ye. I'll grant you the dearest wish of your life, whatever that may be. Do you want a magnificent fortune?' says she.

"'No, thank'ee,' says I, 'I want to earn all the money I git.'

"Then how about power? Would you like to be a ruler? A king or something like that?'

"'No,' says I; 'what would a feller like me, with no eddication, do with a kingdom? I'd be like a fish out of water,' says I—which I would, mates.

"Then she says, 'Supposin' I make you as wise as Solomon?'

"'Twont do,' says I, 'my head ain't big enough to hold all that.'

"'Would you like to be the happiest man alive?' says she.

"'I can't be no happier than I am this minit,' says I.

"'Well, what can I give ye?" says she, discouraged like.

"'I'll tell ye, says I; 'If ye want to do me a real favor—somethin' I'd like above everythin' else—why, jest gimme a glimpse of my old mother as has been dead these forty years.'

Tom Roberts paused a moment and there was a silence—a kind of speaking silence—came over the boys. At last Bob Smith said:

"Did ye see yer mother, Tom?"

"No," said Tom, in a sad voice. "It was like all dreams, mates. They never hold out. That fairy says, "All right, Tom jest wait a little,' an' then she an' the rest o' the fays disappeared right in the dark, quick as a wink. I'd have given my life, boys, to have her grant that favor."

That was all of Tom's story and we went to bed directly afterwards, wrought up and a little sad. And I dreamed, too, that night, of old times.

But I was wakened, suddenly, by a terrific yell. I jumped to my feet and beheld an awful sight. Our camp had been surprised by Indians, and Tom Roberts was the first man to fall by a tomahawk in the hands of a painted brave.

Taking in my peril at a glance, I rolled off into the long grass by the river. Then, dropping noiselessly into the water, I swam off under shadow of the banks.

I was the only man that escaped and I remember how, as I swam off down the river, I looked up and saw the bright stars. Quick as a flash, I thought of Tom's dream and I muttered, "It's the hand of God; Tom has met his mother."

Strange things have happened and are happening in this world, all the time, but this story of the lost camp and Tom Roberts' dream is the strangest I ever came across in all my sixty years.

Reserved Vision.

A very peculiar case of perverted vision has been presented to Dr. E. W. Brickley, an oculist of this city, writes a York correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press*. A little girl of ten years, the daughter of one of this city's most respected citizens, was discovered by her school teacher to be unable to read her reading-exercise unless the book was held upside down. The teacher, Miss Busser, immediately communicated the fact to her parents, and they became very much worried.

The oculist was called in and an examination made of the child's eyes. They were found to be entirely normal. The only conclusion arrived at was that the strange freak of vision was the result of a habit of trying to read with the book pages in an unnatural position, a habit contracted some years ago when the child was first sent to school. At this time the child in writing numbers upon a slate always made them upside down, and as it was never observed or corrected she gradually drifted into the habit of reading the same way.

The only means of cure possible is to teach the child everything over again, as though she never knew anything before. This will be carefully done, and a cure of this really phenomenal case is anxiously looked for in the near future.

Use for Old Papers.

Newspapers are invaluable for packing away the winter clothing, the printing-ink acting as a defiance to the stoutest moth as successfully as camphor or tar-paper. For this reason newspapers are useful under the carpet, laid over the regular carpet-paper. The most valuable quality of newspapers in the kitchen, however, is their ability to keep out the air. It is said that ice completely enveloped in newspapers, so that all air is shut out, will keep a longer time than under other conditions, and that a pitcher of ice-water laid in a newspaper with the ends of the paper twisted together to exclude the air, will remain all night in any summer room with scarcely any perceptible melting of the ice. These facts, if such, should be utilized oftener than they are in the care of the sick at night. In freezing ice-cream, when the ice is scarce, pack the freezer only three-quarters full of ice and salt, and finish with newspapers, and the difference in the time of freezing and quality of the cream is not perceptible from the result when the freezer is packed full of ice. After removing the dasher it is better to cork up the cream and cover it tightly with a package of newspapers than to use more ice. The newspaper retains the cold already in the ice better than a packing of cracked ice and salt, which must have crevices to admit the air.

Twenty of the members of the Salvation Army, who lately caused a disturbance at Eastbourne, have been sent to jail for a month.

An article in the *Hobart Mercury* gives some very interesting and curious facts concerning the development of a new sort of nail in the rabbits of Australia in consequence of the animals' endeavour to climb over the wire netting used to impede their progress in travelling. The farmers have discovered that the rabbits can burrow under the netting unless it is buried six or eight inches under the soil. Moreover, they can climb, or evidently intend to do so after a little training, and to this end they are developing a nail which will enable them to hold on while progress is made upwards. This nail development has been noticed before in Queensland when the bark just out of reach was desirable of attainment, but to effect hand-over-hand nautical climbing shows the rabbit in the act of elevating himself in the scale.

The Baroness von Pappenheim, daughter of the Commander of the 1st Lancers, who attended the parade at Potsdam in the Emperor's suite was knocked off her horse, and so fearfully bruised about the arms, legs, and body, that it is considered very doubtful whether she can survive her injuries. When the 1st Lancers were coming into line, says Dalziel's Berlin correspondent, they were suddenly ordered to gallop. The movement seems to have startled the young lady's horse, and she was thrown, and before anyone could intervene to save her twelve or thirteen troopers had ridden over her, as it was impossible for them to stop their horses. The horror of the incident was increased by the fact that the young Baroness's father led the advance of the Lancers, and was a witness of the accident without being able to render any aid.

Gunboats Built at Sea.

When Great Britain had trouble with Portugal a while ago she thought it necessary to police the Zambesi River in order to protect the British traders and missionaries, who were threatened by the Portuguese forces. She therefore had two shallow-draft gunboats built. They are more novel affairs than would be supposed from the picture. Each of them is ninety feet in length, and is made to be put together at sea. In other words, these two boats were made in floatable sections. Experiments were carried out to see how rapidly one of the boats could be put together. In a comparatively still sea the floating sections were dropped over the side of the vessel one by one and fastened together. It was found that the whole operation, from the time of commencing work to the moment when the little vessels was running under steam, occupied a little less than twenty-four hours. The long process of riveting the sections and launching the boats are obviated in these steamers.

The purpose of putting them together at sea, is so that they may be already for offensive operations, should they enter the mouth of a river in the neighborhood of hostile forces. Of course, it would be impossible on the Zambesi and on many other rivers for a European steamer to cross the bar, and therefore, it is essential that the gunboat be put together before it enters the river.

These little boats carry nine machine guns, which is quite a formidable armament on the inland waters of Africa. It has been found that stern wheel steamers are best adapted for shallow river navigation, and almost all the boats which ply on the inland waters of Africa are of this type. These war vessels draw only about 18 inches of water, which is quite essential on the Zambesi, for although it is one of the greatest rivers in Africa, it is for long distances exceedingly wide and very shallow. Fortunately it has not been necessary to use the boats in offensive operations since they were taken to the Zambesi. It is quite evident that they have done good service in preserving the peace as well as being a safeguard and a protection in the event of war.

At the Bench Show.

A clergyman in the Chicago Advance says—"I have lately visited a bench show. I enjoyed my visit. I like dogs. As I went up and down the benches I saw various ecclesiastic smiles. I think that we Congregationalists are well typed by the Newfoundland dog; large, vigorous, dignified, with common sense; good for land or good for water; good for heat or good for cold; true and tried. The Presbyterians, I think, find their type in the mastiff; heavy, hardy, strong, massive, close knit, looking a little severe, ready to bite if too much petted, but with a pretty good dog. The Episcopalian, I think, should find a representation in the St. Bernard. He is the soul of dignity; he has an expression upon his countenance that seems almost indifference to the rest of the world, yet with this is an expression of confidence in himself and readiness to do his duty when the occasion comes.

"I have been in doubt to some degree as to what breed should represent the Methodist and Baptist. Probably the setter would stand best for the Methodist—most useful of dogs, amiable in the chase, not good for a pet, no good to be kept about the house doing nothing, but good when the hunter wishes to get game. Mrs. Farmton says that the terrior would well represent the Methodist, for they keep up such a barking! I am sorry to say that is very unjust in Mrs. Farmton, yet she has some excuse, for she once was almost frightened out of her wits by a Methodist preacher trying to talk with her when she was but eleven years of age, about her soul's interests. He meant well. The Baptists—it would not be quite fair to say that they are represented by a wiser spaniel. I am quite sure that in many respects, and important ones, the Newfoundland would represent the Baptist quite as well as he does the Congregational Church."

There are now nearly 700 lady clerks employed at the general postoffice in receipt of salaries ranging from £65 to £150 or £170 per annum. Of course by far the larger proportion is to be found in the second class, where there are over 550 at a salary beginning at £65 and rising by annual increments of £3 to £80. In the first class division there are about eighty-seven clerks, the maximum salary being £110, while principal clerks, of whom there are about twenty, can rise to £170 a year.

Peach-colored velvet and jet is a favorite combination in millinery.

Quickness of an Electric Current.

Philadelphia scientists are preparing to find out how fast an electric current travels. An experiment will be made, probably from the Franklin Institute, by connections over the Atlantic cable to Liverpool and return.

A recent test appeared to show that an electric current is a slow coach as compared to light, being only able to get over to Europe and back in something like a second, or at the rate of only some four hundred thousand miles a minute, while light ambles along at a million-mile-a-minutes gait. The Philadelphia scientists who are proposing to make further investigation are not satisfied to give up the record to sunlight, and hope to prove that the electrical current if not handicapped, is the swifter element.

The most recent experiment was tried at McGill College, Montreal. The current was transmitted in Montreal, was transferred to the cable at the Newfoundland cable station by means of Thomson's mirror galvanometer, sent across to the station at Liverpool, and returned to Montreal by the same method. The distance traversed, partly by overhead wire and partly by cable, was 6,000 miles. From the time the current left the key in Montreal until it returned to the receiver in the same office just 1 second and 1-20th of a second had elapsed; but the conditions were not as good as they might have been, hence the further experiment to be made in Philadelphia.

The rapidity with which the current travels over short wires with no delay indicated unlimited possibilities in the direction of practical tests. Prof. Marks of the Edison Electric Light Company is authority for the assertion that if the globe was encircled with a continuous cable a current would travel the entire distance in a trifle over three seconds. At this rate a current would travel to the sun, covering the entire distance of 96,000,000 miles, in three and a half minutes.

"In this age of science," said one of the gentlemen who will participate in the experiments, "people have an idea that we know so much now there is nothing more to be discovered. Why, we are yet in our infancy as far as electricity goes. New discoveries will yet be made, and we will live to see them put into practical use, which will revolutionize the entire world. The experiment with which we are about to make in telegraphy is only a feeler which will lead to other and more startling experiments. The establishment of telephone communications between the hemispheres is already being seriously discussed."

Compressed Tea.

Tablet tea is manufactured at Hankow in factories belonging to Russian firms there. It is made of the finest tea dust procurable. The selection of the dust is the work of skilled experts; the cost of the dust varies from 10d. a pound upward. This dust is manufactured into tablets by steam machinery. About two ounces and a half of dust are poured into a steel mould on a steel cylinder. The dust is poured in dry without steaming, and the pressure brought to bear is two tons per tablet. Great care is required in the manufacture and packing of tablet tea, and the cost is comparatively high. The tablets are wrapped first in tinfoil, then in expensive and attractive paper wrappers, and finally packed in tin-lined cases for export to Russia. The tea, it is stated, losses none of its flavor by being pressed into tablets, and, as tablet tea is only one-sixth of the bulk of leaf tea, it is most convenient for travelers, and also for importing into the remoter regions of Russia. The increase in the export of tea dust from Hankow to 726,729 lb. in 1890, from 140,933 lb. in 1889, is due to the fact that while Indian and Ceylon teas are ousting China tea from the British market, many consumers, being accustomed to the flavor of China tea, wish for it. To meet this demand grocers use China tea dust to flavor the Indian tea. All the tea dust exported goes to Great Britain. Lately a new commodity has come on the Hankow market, to which the customs give the name of log tea. It is an inferior tea with stalks packed in the shape of logs, which weigh from 8 lb. to 80 lb. each log. The tea is wrapped in the leaves of the *Bambusa latifolia*, and then reduced in bulk by binding round the log with lengths of split bamboo.

Heavy floods and much distress are reported from Melbourne, Australia.

Society is like the echoing hills; it gives back to the speaker his words—groan for groan, song for song. Wouldst thou have thy social scenes to resound with music? Then speak ever in the melodious strains of truth and love. "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

The Garden of Years.

I entered the beautiful Garden of Years
In a springtime of long ago,
Through heaven the breezes, like charioteers,
Drove in pageants of cloud as white as snow.
The sunlight fell soft as the moonlight at eve,
And the night was as fair as the day,
And I thought there was nothing on earth that could grieve,
But that all the sweet world must be gay.

I was only a child in the Garden of Years,
And my hopes were in bloom with the rose,
And the music of life rang in chimes in my ears
From the dawn of each day to its close;
So I played with the butterflies, carroled with birds,
And dreamed of the stars while I slept,
The language of life was my mother's kind words,
And into God's bosom I crept.

But I learned, as I grew in the Garden of Years
A lesson of mournful surprise—
I learned with the hopes of the world there were fears,
And I found there were sorrowful eyes;
I found the heart weary in many a breast,
And I saw that to many a home
Where love had invited some radiant guest
The Angel of Sorrow had come.

I found, in the beautiful Garden of Years,
I, too, had a cross to bear;
But whenever I looked for God's smile through my tears,
I found my life's rainbow was there.
And one day I chanced the Wise Gardener to meet,
Who taught me, what love should have known,
That he who from sorrow leads others' worn feet
Shall find paths of peace for his own.

And now grander still is the Garden of Years
Than in that old springtime sublime,
Whose memories fall like a curfew that cheers
From the far away towers of Time:
For blessed is he who life's sorrow abates,
Forgiving as he is forgiven;
For him shall life's angel, through death, ope' the gates
Of that Garden Eternal called Heaven.

Walking for Health.

Few things, if any, are so effectual in building up and sustaining the physical organization as walking, if resolutely and judiciously followed. It is a perfect exercise. It taxes the entire system. When you walk properly, every member and muscle, every nerve and fiber has something to do. The arms swing backward and forward, keeping step, as it were, with the legs; the chest expands and contracts as the lungs fill and discharge: the drummer-boy pulse beats a tune for the march; the legs curve and straighten; the feet rise and fall, while the head rides over all—but not as a dead-head. Every sense it has is employed, every faculty alert. The nostrils expand to quaff the breeze; the ears turn to every sound; the eyes roll in their sockets, sweeping from left to right, from earth to sky; the brain is at work through all its parts. Progress under such conditions is the very eloquence of physical motion. What is the effect? The flesh is solidified; the lungs grow strong and sound: the chest enlarges; the limbs are rounded out; the tendons swell and toughen; the figure rises in height and dignity, and is clothed with grace and suppleness. Hunters, who walk much, are tall and straight, while sailors, who walk scarcely at all, are low and squat. The whole man is developed, not the body merely. The mind is broadened by the contemplation of creation's works, the soul is enlarged, the imagination brightened, the spirits cheered, the temper sweetened. The moral forces are strengthened equally with the physical. A loftier, reverential feeling is awakened, if not a profound religious sentiment. No one who rightly walks the fields and groves or climbs the heights beneath the heavenly dome, with its blazing sun by days and its moon and countless stars by night, but is irresistibly drawn toward the infinite as he "he looks through nature up to nature's god."

Rare and Costly Metal.

Didymium, says *Iron*, is the rarest metal in the world, and its present market price, if one may thus term the quotation of an article that never appears on the market, is £900 per lb. The next costliest metal is barium, an element belonging to the alkaline earth group; its value is £750. Beryllum, or glucinum, a metallic substance found in the beautiful beryl, is quoted at £675. Yttrium, a rare metal of the boron-aluminium group, so called because first noticed at Ytterby, in Sweden, is stated to be worth at present £450 per lb. Niobium, or columbium, a name suggestive of the American origin of the metal, it having been first discovered in Connecticut, is valued to-day at £400 per lb. The price of rhodium, an extremely hard and brittle substance, which owes its name to the rose-red colour of certain of its solutions, is also £400. Vanadium, at one time considered the rarest of metallic elements, has been reduced in price to £375, at which value there will no doubt be many eager buyers. Iridium, a very heavy metal of the platinum group, so named from the iridescence of some of its solutions, and well known in connection with its use for the points of gold pens, may be bought to-day at approximately £140 per lb. The present price of platinum, the better known tinwhite, ductile, but very infusible metal, is on a par with that of gold—viz., about £70 per lb; but generally its value fluctuates between its more popular brothers, gold and silver.

Maggie.

The mother of the family was an invalid, and there were so many little helpless children and only Maggie to do for them all! It was Maggie here and Maggie there, from morn to night, and often the sick mother would lie and suffer rather than ask for what she needed and so increase the haste and worry of the little housekeeper.

For Maggie was only a child—a little girl who had learned to work instead of to play, who when other children were amusing themselves with dolls was bathing her sick mother's fevered head, and keeping the house still. There had been no school room nor play house for her, yet she had somehow learned to read, and it was the aim of her young life to send all these other children to school, as she knew her father would have done if he had prospered. And to keep home so bright that he was contented with it, to make an altar in the sick room around which all the family should meet at night—this was the work of little Maggie.

It was not easy work, nor pleasant work, and except that she had unseen help to bear her through, little Maggie would have fallen by the wayside long before her work was accomplished. For sometimes when the little troublesome children were asleep, and the sick mother settled for the night, Maggie sat down at the window and "took a spell of thinking." She wondered why some people should be born rich, and others poor; why some should do nothing and others everything; what it was to know all about the world, to be a fine lady, and wear nice dresses, and sail away in a grand ship, as she had seen them do in pictures. And she looked at the moon and stars, and wished she knew if Heaven really did lie on the other side.

Then always a stern human voice broke in on her dream, and it told her to go to sleep, for she must get up again in the morning, ready for work.

When Maggie was 12 years old all her dreams came true. A grand ship of state was sent to bear her to a distant country, where she could wear beautiful clothes, and learn all that she wanted to know. It sailed away with her to the Blessed Isles, and as her friends saw her face for the last time, they knew she was forever happy.

But her work, her influence, are still here. In the house where she lived she still exists. Not as a memory, but as a precious presence. For you will hear there all day long her name repeated in tones of loving remembrance. "Maggie used to do so and so;" "Maggie said we must do this;" "Maggie said God would hear us say our prayers when she was gone;" "Maggie said if we were good we would go to her some day." And the stricken mother, when appealed to settle some vexing question, answers humbly and lovingly: "Do as you think Maggie would have you."

Is this not the perfect spiritualism that challenges no criticism, the living influence of the ministering angel who still controls the household she has left? No stone marks her grave at Woodmere, but she herself erected a monument whose tops shall reach the skies:

"To live in hearts we leave behind
Is not to die."

The Puritan iconoclasticism which tore from church walls pictures of the lovely Madonna and gave images and rosaries and crucifixes to be burned, which built the desolate, bare, ugly meeting houses of early New England, and scowled with Bradford on the Christmas games, was simply a declaration that the multiplication of pictures and rosaries and images had not made men and women more truthful, upright, liberty-loving, and self-denying; had not yet purified and ennobled human life in England. Perhaps they were doing the good work, but imperceptibly to the eager Puritans. Saints' days and rosaries, they said, will not bring a heaven upon earth. There are probably enough dead saints in the calendar to make a saint's day of every day in the year. But what we need, brethren, is not so much days for the saints, as saints for the days.

A Woman's Adventure.

One of the most remarkable incidents of Mrs. French Sheldon's journey to Kilmanjaro was the circum-navigation of Lake Chala, the small sheet of water which fill the crater of a volcano a short istance to the east of the base of Kimawenzi. This beautiful lake was first discovered by one of the earliest missionary explorers of this region (New), who descended to the edge of the water—a feat that Thomson some years afterwards seems to hav thought impossible. The natives have, ho ever, always held that there was a way down the almost perpendicular sides of the crater, and only three or four years ago another missionary explorer succeeded in makin the descent Mrs. Sheldon was not, however, content merely to touch the waters of this mysterious lake. A party of Russian sportsmen had left behind them at Kilmanjaro a sort of pontoon boat in sections, which had eventually come into the possession of Mr. Keith Anstruther, a young Scotchman, who was at Taveta when Mrs. Sheldon arrived there. Mr. Anstruther suggested the daring project of launching this boat on the waters of Lake Chala, and Mrs. Sheldon at once offered to join him in the attempt. There was a difficulty in obtaining porters, for local superstition is busy with the crater lake, which was once—the story runs—the site of a great Masai village that was utterly destroyed when the eruption took place which resulted in the formation of the present lake. This difficulty was, however, at length overcome, and after great danger and fatigue the edge of the lake was reached, and the boat was found to be but slightly injured by its rough journey. It is probable that Mrs. Sheldon, if her health permits and she is back in England in time, will read a paper descriptive of this incident in her journey at the Cardiff meeting of the British Association in August.

Had Two Lives.

A despatch from Beliot, Kas., says:—Mr. and Mrs. Vennum, parents of Mary Vennum, are at a loss to explain the marvellous actions of their daughter. In her little more than fourteen years she has lived two lives—two separate, individual existences, neither related in the least to the other. Living near the Vennums, when Mary was about 13 years of age, was a family named Koff. Mary was subject to cataleptic fits, and after coming out of one of them she became, to all intents and purposes, Mary Koff. Her past life was entirely forgotten, and she talked, acted, and in every way demeaned herself as another person.

The Mary Koff, who she became and remained for over a year, had died (as was afterward learned) nearly seven years before, at about the Vennum girl's age. Yet where her life had been broken by death Mary Vennum took it up and continued its interrupted duties. Her parents first noticed it when, after the fit, she began to talk of things in the Koff residence, which neither they nor herself, so far as they knew, had ever entered. Day after day she pleaded to be taken home, and finally, as a last experiment, they, to satisfy her, took her to the Koff home. The Koffs had recognized in her features a slight resemblance to their dead child, but they were thunderstruck when she, upon stepping inside the door, at once treated all the members of the household as old acquaintances. She understood their peculiarities as if she had been reared there, and remained with her new-found parents perfectly content, recognizing the furniture, pictures, and various parts of the house as if she had always been familiar with them. She went at once to the bureau in which the dead girl had kept her belongings and immediately recognized every object and called it her own.

They say, too, that the awakening was not less remarkable. One day she failed to wake in the morning. One day passed, the night and half the following day, and still she slept. Along in the afternoon she gave a shiver and a cry of pain, and sat up in bed wide awake, staring about her. She could recognize nothing and would not speak to the Koffs. She begged for her mother, and upon being taken home was her old self again, knowing nothing of her twelve months experience, counting it all as a dreamless sleep. Yet during the time she was as light-hearted and natural as any girl of her age.

Her story got abroad and many students of physical wonders called upon her to see the strange child. Among others, Dr. Hodgson, who is Secretary of the English Physical Society, had his attention called to the girl. He went step by step over Mary Vennum's whole life, verifying every incident as given above and securing much additional information bearing upon her remarkable double life.

No Such Thing as Luck.

"You young people,' said a successful banker, "are fond of talking of luck and chance. As for myself, I do not believe in either.

"Each year that I live I am more impressed with the order and meaning which underlie events—the least as well as the greatest. Under this inexorable law the smallest incident in our lives works for our good, if we try to do right. If you live long enough to look back, and are observing and thoughtful, you will find this to be true.

"There was a certain snow-storm, for example, which for twenty years I regarded as the unluckiest accident of my life. This is a true story, remember.

"At the time of this storm I was a young man just beginning my business career as a clerk in the employ of a large firm of cotton brokers.

"A heavy hail storm had broken down he telegraph wires coming into the place, and I was bidden to take a dispatch to the nearest city, and send it by wire to New York. The success of a large venture which the firm had made depended on it.

"I set out in a sleigh with a stout pair of horses; but the fiercest snow storm I ever knew set in, and before I had made half the distance to my destination the drifts were impassable.

"I was forced to turn back. As I plowed my way through the night and storm, I heard a feeble cry for help, and found buried in the snow by the roadside a woman and her child, nearly frozen. The almhouse was near, and I managed to reach it with them. The mother died that night, but the child lived and remained in the almshouse.

"I could not send the dispatch. In consequence our firm lost a third of its capital, and in the financial embarrassment that followed I was thrown out of employment and went to the West.

"For years, as I said, I regarded that storm as a cruel accident.

"But when I look back at it now, I find that the loss of money was but a temporary matter, which affected no human life seriously. The firm recovered from the shock in a year or two. My 'ill luck' forced me to exert myself as I never had done before, and new avenues of success opened before me.

"The boy, who would have died if I had not been driven back by the storm, was a thin, nervous little fellow, full of energy and courage. He pushed his way through school and college, became a specialist in medicine, and has made scientific discoveries which have benefited the civilized world.

"We grumble against fate whenever our plans are defated by what we call accident or luck. It is not in a day, perhaps, nor in a year, possibly not in this life, that we shall see the whole meaning of t: defeat. But God sees it, and I am sure means the defeat as a part of our education in life."

Dresses of Pure Gold.

I have seen women of Sumatra, says a New York *Sun* correspondent, wearing dresses of pure gold and others wearing silver gowns. Both these metals are mined there in Sumatra and the natives possess sufficient knowledge of the arts to smelt and form the ingots into wire. The weaving of the handsome and costly cloths is quite the principal occupation of both the women and the men.

Never in Christian countries do women dress as extravagantly. I remember that once the chief told me he would have two pretty maidens dress as they would on their marriage. The two bright-eyed girls were gone some time and came back wearing, one a dress of gold and the other one of silver. They had bracelets one above another from the hands and above their elbows. At the elbows they wore peculiar bracelets, jointed to permit easily moving the joint. In brief, their arms were armored with precious metal. They had necklaces of gems and other costly ornaments, and the cloth-of-gold and cloth-of-silver dresses were made loosely fitting above the waist, and the skirts in flounces.

The spectacle of a peer entertaining a party of washerwomen with tea and buns was witnessed at the public bar of the House of Commons on Monday. Lord Aberdeen was the entertainer, and his guests were a deputation who had come to Westminster to interview members about their grievances. The ladies were disposed to be shy and retiring at first, but the Democratic Earl contrived to put them at their ease; and, having done so, left them to discuss their tea alone.

A lady occupied a whole year in searching for and fitting the following lines from English and American poets. The whole reads almost as if written at one time and by one author:

Life.

Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?—[Young.
Life's a short summer—man is but a flower;—Dr. Johnson.
By turns we catch the fatal breath and die—[Pope.
The cradle and the tomb, alas! so nigh!—[Prior.
To be is better far than not to be.—[Sewell.
Though all man's life may seem a tragedy;—[Spencer.
But light cares speak when mighty griefs are dumb—[Daniel.
The bottom is but shallow whence they come.—[Sir Walter Raleigh.
Your fate is but the common fate of all;—[Longfellow.
Unmingled joys here to no man befall;—Southwell.
Nature to each allots his proper sphere.—[Congreve.
Fortune makes folly her peculiar care;—[Churchill.
Custom does often reason over rule,—[Rochester
And throw a cruel sunshine on a fool.—[Armstrong.
Live well—how long or short permit to heaven.—[Milton.
They who forgive most shall be most forgiven.—[Bailey.
Sin may be clasped so close we cannot see its face;—[French.
Vile intercourse where virtue has no place.—[Somerville.
Then keep each passion down, however dear,—[Thompson.
Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear;—[Byron.
Her sensual snares let faithless pleasures lay,—[Smollett.
With craft and skill to ruin and betray.—[Crabbe.
Soar not too high to fall, but stoop to rise;—[Massinger.
We masters grow of all that we despise.—[Crowley.
Oh, then, renounce that impious self-esteem.—[Beattie.
Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream.—[Cowper.
Think not ambition wise because 'tis brave—[Sir Walter Davenant.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.—[Gray.
What is ambition? 'Tis a glorious cheat.—[Willis
Only destructive to the brave and great.—[Addison.
What's all the gaudy glitter of a crown?—[Dryden.
The way to bliss lies not on beds of down.—[F. Quarles.
How long we live, not years but actions tell.—[Watkins.
That man lives twice who lives the first life well.—[Herrick.
Make, then, while yet ye may, your God your friend.—[Mason.
Whom Christians worship, yet not comprehend.—[Hill.
The trust that's given guard, and to yourself be just.—[Dana.
For live how'er we may, yet die we must.—[Shakespeare.

France and the Slave Trade.

France only of all the nations of Europe has refused to ratify the resolutions of the Brussels Anti-Slavery Convention which met last year in King Leopold's capital. By a majority of four to one her Chamber of Deputies has deliberately thrown the weight of their influence against this most humane undertaking. This action is greatly to be deplored, especially if it should result in defeating the anti-slavery movement, a result by no means improbable. That it will have the effect of checking it, there can be no question. And even to delay action for a twelve month is a serious matter considering the wholesale slaughter of human beings that is constantly going on. Cameron estimates that in Nyassiland, and Zambesi alone 525,600 persons are annually enslaved. Add to these the hundreds of thousands who are robbed of their freedom in equatorial Africa, in the Soudan, Ashanti, etc., and the grand total of those who pass into the house of bondage cannot be less than two millions every year. Horrible as is the thought of two million of our fellow creatures being annually deprived of freedom, the fact becomes infinitely more appalling when the methods employed by the slavers are considered. These methods involve the commission of every crime. Invasion of peaceful communities, not seldom prosperous or semi-civilized, firing villages at midnight, massacring terror-stricken men as they start from sleep to fall amid burning huts into sleep that knows no waking; kidnapping women and children, or holding them as hostages for a ransom of ivory from yet surviving fathers and husbands and gratifying every instict of lust and cruelty—all constitute the ways and means of this diabolical traffic. The same unmitigated cruelty and absolute fiendishness is shown towards the captives while on their march to the coast. Conservative estimates place the mortality of the caravans at from one-half to three-fourths and even nine-tenths. Nor does one wonder at this when one considers the treatment they receive. Cardinal Lavigerie, who has taken such an active interest in the anti-slavery movement paints a picture whose blackness rivals that of the infernal pit itself. He tells of how the strong men, whose escape is most to be feared, have feet and hands tied together so that moving becomes a torture; how to imbue the company with terror and so keep them moving, those who manifest a disposition to halt are dealt a terrific blow on the neck with a wooden club and fall in convulsions of death; how the conductors go through the camp at the close of the day and kill with clubs those whom their practised eyes tell them will soon succumb to the rigors of the march; how the corpses when not suspended to the neighboring trees are allowed to remain where they fall in the midst of their companions who must eat and sleep as well as they can, and how when, graded by their cruel sufferings, and attempt to escape or rebel they are instantly cut down and left as they fall fettered and yoked together.

Chased the Elopers 100 Miles.

A despatch from Shreveport, La., says:—Mr. S. J. Jonte and Miss Minnie Teague, and Mr. Gus Little and Miss Mamie W. George, all of Elm, Ellis county, Tex., concluded to get married, but being met by the girls' parental objections, last Sunday eloped to Waxahatchie, closely followed by the fathers of the young ladies.

The young fellows got wind of the pursuing parties and at once left for Sardis, and went from there to Harris, thence to Dallas, closely pursued all the while by their intended fathers-in-law. At Dallas they tried to get married, but did not do so, owing to a lack of time. They hurriedly caught the train for Denison, and the young men, as usual, looked over the train for their pursuers, and, to their horror and dismay, discovered them aboard in a forward car. All four immediately beat a hasty retreat to the rear Pullman, where they secreted themselves. The girls' fathers looked over the train for the fleeing lads and lasses, and at one time were within four feet of the objects of their search, but not seeing them they went back into a forward car, and the four drew four simultaneous sighs of relief that sounded as one.

At Denison the young folks eluded the parents, one of whom went toward the north, the other toward the south. Then these four hearts that panted to beat as two and live forevermore in connubial bliss continued their rapid journey to Texarkana, for there they hoped to have the nuptial knots tied, but becoming alarmed that the two pursuers were only twenty miles away, concluded to come to Shreveport, where they arrived this morning. Late this afternoon they were married in the room of one of the gentlemen at the Phœnix Hotel by Justice C. D. Hicks. All the parties are well connected and well-to-do people.

The fathers of the girls swear vengeance. In all they travelled over 1,000 miles on their elopement, closely pursued. The girls are pretty, and are about 16 and 18 years old. They left on to-night's train for home.

Sing to Them.

When a lot of cattle are gathered up there is always danger of a night stampede, and if this occurs it is a very serious matter, for not only will the herd become greatly scattered, but also many of the steers will die, says a New Mexico cattle man in the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*. More timid animals than stampeded cattle it is difficult to imagine, and once thoroughly stampeded scores of them will run until they drop dead in their tracks. The signs of an approaching stampede are familiar to every man who has been much on the trail. First a few cattle will begin to low, or rather to utter a sort of roar. All through the herd single animals will get up and begin to move around. The others become restless, and if something is not done to check them the whole herd will within a short time be rushing headlong over the plain.

The most soothing influence that can be exerted is the human voice, and when these ominous mutterings are heard every one on night watch begins to sing. It may well be imagined that cowboy music would have anything but a quieting effect upon musical ears, but it amply satisfies the cattle. As soon as the songs are heard the nervous animals become quiet, one by one they lie down, and soon all are at rest, fairly sung to sleep. A peculiar feature of the singing is that every cowboy, no matter how rough and lawless, knows a variety of hymns, and it is with church music that the stampede is prevented.

"Always aim a little higher than the mark," says a philosopher. What! Kiss a girl on the nose? Never!

The Canadian Exhibit.

(Mark Lane Express, June 22.)

One of the most interesting and attractive exhibits on the ground is that made by the Government of Canada, stand 372, immediately to the right of the main entrance; both the outside and inside decorations are of a most artistic character. The most notable feature is the exhibition of some 200 varieties of grain in the straw and in bottles, sent by the Minister of Agriculture from the Government Central Experimental Farm at Ottawa. These specimens have been taken from various stations extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and they testify alike to the wonderful fetility of the soil and to the favorable climatic conditions under which alone it is possible to raise such samples. There is also a magnificent collection of grain in the ear (some 300 varieties).

The photographs shown are of very great interest; there are views of public buildings in Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver and other cities in the Dominion, and of forest scenes in British Columbia. One photograph shows a tree 56 feet in circumference; another gives a view of a wheat field in Manitoba, where 14 self-binders are in operation. It is stated that on this farm last year there were over 1,500 acres under wheat, and over 500 under oats, the whole grain crop—wheat, oats and barley—aggregating over 60,000 bushels.

The other specimens include timber in the natural state, and also polished; minerals, with a wonderful sample of anthracite coal from the Rocky mountains, and phosphates from the Ottawa valley. Sportsmen will inspect with interest the elk, deer, and buffalo heads, and the stuffed salmon, trout, and celebrated lake whitefish. There are natural grasses from the North-west and specimens of the wild pea-vine so much prized in the great cattle ranching districts in Alberta.

The extraordinary development which has taken place in the agricultural trade of the country is brought under the notice of visitors by a table, from which we take the following figures:

EXPORT TRADE FROM CANADA.

	Horses.	Cattle.	Sheep.
1875	4,382	39,968	242,423
1879	16,629	46,569	308,093
1889	17,767	102,919	360,131
1890	16,550	191,454	315,931

CHEESE.

In 1859 Canada imported 857,051 Pounds Weight of Cheese.

Canada exported in

1874—24 Million Fifty Thousand Nine Hundred and Eighty-two Pounds Weight of Cheese.

1884—69 Million Seven Hundred and Fifty-five Thousand Four Hundred and Twenty-three Pounds Weight of Cheese.

1885—86 Million Five Hundred and Seventy-nine Thousand Eight Hundred and Thirty-four Pounds Weight of Cheese.

1890—107 Million Four Hundred and Eighty-nine Thousand Eight Hundred and Seventy-seven Pounds Weight of Cheese.

Total Value of Exports from Canada of Animals and their Produce.

1870—12 Million One Hundred and Thirty-eight Thousand One Hundred and Sixty-one Dollars.

1880—17 Million Six Hundred and Seven Thousand Five Hundred and Seventy-seven Dollars.

1890—25 Million One Hundred and Six Thousand Nine Hundred and Ninety-five Dollars.

The whole exhibits cannot but prove interesting to visitors at the show. Probably no portion of the British Isles has furnished a greater quota of the settlers in the Dominion than Yorkshire and the surrounding districts. Friends of those who have gone out, and those who think of leaving the mother country, will have an opportunity of gaining all information from the agents of the Canadian Government who will be present during the week, and of obtaining illustrated pamphlets and printed matter.

The whole display is a credit to the Government, and speaks well for the energy in the Canadian Department of Agriculture, acting through the High Commissioner of this country.

A new insect has appeared on the wheat in parts of Essex, Ont., county, and farmers are at a loss to know what it is. It appears first on the stalk, in the shape of black specks. These develop into small insects the colour of the bush on the wheat, and then these in turn develop into flies. There are said to be millions of these in the wheat fields, but so far no visible sign of injury having been caused by them.

The Name Above All.

"What is His name?" asked a heathen woman of a missionary who was talking to her of Jesus. "Tell me His name again, I do not want to forget it."

His name? Ah, sister of the darker brow,
The name of Jesus will not leave thee now:
Once taken to thy heart and memory,
It will remain a joy and strength to thee.
We pity thee that thou so late as heard
The name which has thy love and wonder stirred,
And we half envy thee the strange new bliss
Of learning all at once who Jesus is.

We heard His name in many a cradle hymn,
When eyes shone brightly which are long since dim;
Our mothers used to speak it in their prayers,
Our fathers found it helped them in their cares,
We learnt to say it in our earliest years
To make us good, and take away our fears;
And all our lives, in want or grief or shame,
We have been comforted through this dear name.

There is no other name that saves from sin
And makes on earth the life of heaven begin;
It binds us here below and those above
Together to the Father's heart of love;
It takes away from death its pain and sting,
And teaches the forgiven ones to sing.
It wakes the longing to be good and pure,
And gives us courage bravely to endure.

The name of Jesus has most wondrous might;
'Tis inspiration, wisdom, guidance, light:
It summons men to duty secretly,
And though none watch, they serve God loyally.
It is a trumpet-call, and the great crowd
Responds when some high truth must be avowed;
It makes all seek the right and shun the wrong
And fills the soul with joy, the lips with song

Who have not hearts to trust and eyes to see,
Dream not how much to them the name might be;
Salvation, hope, and love of righteousness
Have they who know how Jesus Christ can bless.
The highest life of earth to them is given,
And everlasting life with Him in heaven;
O, dark-browed sister, who dost know His grace,
May we all see Him, one day, face to face.

Battlefield Mummies.

A sea captain, who has recently returned from a long cruise along the South American coast, reports some very strange and interesting sights, especially in Peru. He visited the battlefield of Tarapaca, where the Chileans defeated the Peruvians with great slaughter in November, 1879.

The Peruvians lost 4,000 men, and were forced to leave them unburied on the field.

In almost any other country all these corpses would in a few weeks have been reduced to skeletons, either by wild beasts or by the action of the elements. Here, however, for more than a hundred miles on either side of the battlefield there is not a spear of grass, and as a natural result there are no wild animals.

The soil, moreover, is strongly impregnated with nitrate of soda, and this, in connection with the hot, dry atmosphere, has literally converted men and horses into perfect mummies.

The captain visited the place first by moonlight, and, as may well be imagined, was greatly impressed by the strange spectacle. To all appearance the battle might have been fought but a day or two before. The uniforms were still bright and the steel weapons untarnished.

Inspection by daylight brought out a still more curious phenomenon. The hair had continued to grow, both on the men and on the horses, for some time after death. Some of the soldiers' heads were covered with excessively long hair, while the horses' tails were long enough to trail for some distance on the ground.

During the last ten days the heat has been almost unprecedented in Calcutta. Several deaths from heat apoplexy have occurred in Calcutta, and the tramway company have had over a hundred horses struck down by the sun, a large proportion of the cases ending fatally.

An American doctor in Paris is the object of considerable indignation in medical circles. One of his patients, a woman, had a large tumor on her left breast. After taking it away the doctor cut a small piece off and inserted it under the skin of her right breast, which was perfectly sound. The inoculation was performed while the patient was under chloroform, every precaution being taken. At first nothing unusual was noticed. The skin healed up and there was no trace of inflammation. But soon a hard mass formed, and in two months reached the size of an almond, and was cut off by the American doctor. She died shortly afterward in great suffering. The American doctor related these details to Dr. Cornil, who made them the subjects of an address to the Academy of Medicine. When he had finished his addresses several members rose and denounced the experiment as criminal and barbarous. Popular indignation is aroused and legal action is pending.

Summer Drinks.

All these are harmless home drinks for use in hot weather. Not one of them contains alcohol.

Almond milk is a delicious beverage. Take three dozen fresh almonds, blanched, and pound to paste; two bitter almonds, blanched, and pound to paste; two lumps of sugar, one pint of water. Mix one gill of boiling water with the almonds. When you have pounded them in a mortar strain, return to the mortar and pound with more water until you have used a pint in all; sweeten to taste.

Fruit sherbets are now being sold at confectioners' stores, but they can be as easily made at home. Mash any ripe fruit and pass it first through a coarse, then through a fine sieve. To every quart of juice add a quart of water and sweeten with powdered sugar. When the sugar is dissolved strain again and keep in the refrigerator until wanted.

Mulled cider is a cool and refreshing drink. In order to make it take one quart of cider, eight eggs and a few grains of allspice. If the cider is hard reduce it with water and put it to boil with the allspice; meanwhile beat the eggs light in a large pitcher, pour the cider on the eggs, and pour from one pitcher to another until it has a fine froth on it; grate a little nutmeg on each glass as it is poured out.

Russian tea, another cooling drink, is made like ordinary tea, but served in small glasses with thin slices of lemon floating in them. It is to be sugared to taste and taken ice cold.

Cambric tea is made from one pint of fresh milk and the same of boiling water; sweeten to taste. In olden times this was known to Western people as tea kettle tea.

Cocoa nibs is composed of one quart of boiling water, two ounces of cocoa nibs and one quart of fresh milk. Wet the nibs with a little cold water, add to the boiling water, cook one hour and a-half, strain, add the milk, heat to boiling and take from the fire.

Lemon water ice is made from the juice of six lemons to each quart of water: the rind of a lemon grated and steeped in a little water; the water strained, and a little of this added to the juice improves the flavor; sugar to taste, always bearing in mind that freezing diminishes the strength of sugar, and that water requires more sugar than either cream or milk; then heat, stir and freeze as for ice cream.

Creme a la rose is a delicious ice now sold at the confectioners'. Take two quarts of rich, fresh cream; sugar and rose water to taste; cochineal in sufficient quantity to give a fine rose color; yolks of twelve eggs. Heat the cream boiling hot, stir in the sugar, flavoring and coloring; have ready the yolks, well beaten; add the cream to the yolks, little by little, stirring continually; strain, cook *a bain marie*—which means in one vessel inside of another—until it thickens, and when cold, freeze.

Kirsch is made by taking a pound of wild plums, mash them, take out the stones and crack them; throw them into a gallon of brandy; let them steep a month, filter, and you have the famous Kirsch Sirup added to taste makes a delightful cordial.

Orgeat is made from half a pound of almonds, blanched and pounded in a mortar and mixed with a little rose water and a quart of boiling water. When nearly cold strain, sweeten and flavor with rose water.

Queen Victoria does not escape business by her visits to Balmoral Castle. A private telegraph wire runs direct from the castle to London, and this is in constant use. A collection of cabinet boxes and a mass of correspondence is sent to the Queen every day by special messenger, and all receive prompt attention.

A great fire has taken place in the Delamere Forest, near Northwich. It broke out in some brushwood not far from the Cheshire Lines Railway, and soon spread rapidly. Immense tongues of flames shot high into the air, clouds of dense smoke enveloped the surrounding country, and the conflagration attracted large numbers of people, who endeavored to arrest the progress of the fire by cutting an avenue through the wood. They finally succeeded, but not before an area of 100 acres, thickly covered with brushwood and trees, principally Scotch fir and larch, was devastated. The embers are still smouldering, and men are on the spot to prevent a fresh outbreak. The property belong to Lord Delamere. The residence of the Hon. Mr. Cholmondeley at Abbott's Moss narrowly escaped destruction.

Sam Jones on Evangelists.

Evangelists, male and female, decent and indecent, pious and penurious, along with tent meetings, meetings for "men only," with their advocate pro and con, seem to be agitating the great American mind.

I have travelled much and kept up with the "times and seasons" somewhat, and feel free to say that the church with the ordinary means of grace is not reaching the case. If, after constant treatment at the hands of the old family physician, the patient grows worse, had we better stick to him though the patient dies, or change physicians, say, try an expert—not of a different school of medicine, but one who is skillful in diagnoses and an expert in practice? There is much in treatment, but more in diagnoses; but few of our pastors are skilled in either diagnoses or treatment.

The only question is, does the patient improve? If not, what then? Is there an expert available? Shall we use him? Common sense controlls us in all other matters; why not use a little of the same uncommon article in religious matters?

I don't care what you call the expert—evangelist, revivalist, ecclesiastical tramp, or what not, the fact that so many pastors need and call for him is proof of the proposition that the ordinary means do not reach the case.

They must not beg the question by talking of motives and the charge that he is preaching for money, sending around the hat, i just a new way an ass has of kicking with his mouth. I prefer his heels turned toward me.

I state facts when I say not one pastor in ten is efficient as a soul winner, when God intends we should all be soul winners.

Some talk of stopping the whole evangelist business, but they must get in the forefront of the procession before they can stop it. I am sure that the old poky crowd I hear talking against evangelists can never catch up with us, much less get ahead.

For a Girl's Summer Trunk.

If you wear a fluffy bang, you want your alcohol lamp.

If you wear laced shoes, you want a dozen pairs of shoe-strings.

If you varnish or polish your shoes, you want a new bottle of blacking.

If you are inclined to sunburn, you want a pot of strawberry cream or some cold cream.

If you are fond of reading, you want your favorite books.

If you ever use pins, you want a block of black ones and a paper of white ones.

If you are a good girl and mend your clothes, you want some spools of thread, your needles, your thimble and some buttons.

If you make yourself sweet with infant-powder and a puff, you want a sealed package of powder.

If you are inclined to be ill-tempered and petulant, you want unlimited patience.

If you are inclined to be careless and inconsiderate, you want a very large package of energy and friendliness.

And if you are lacking in politeness, then you want to remember that surely she who claims to be a Christian, must, before everyt thing else, be gentle in her manners.—[*The Ladies Home Journal.*

A Long Fast.

A extraordinary and pathetic story is told by an old man named Hawkins, 73 years of age, living at Totnes, Devon. He left his home for a walk by the river, and his legs failing him he was unable to reach home. Finding that he was unable to rise he crawled to a barn, hoping that by rest he should be able to reach Totnes, if not that night at least the following morning. On Sunday morning he was no better, and he again crawled out in the hope of attracting some boat passing up or down the river; but it being Sunday neither steamers nor boats were passing, and he spent his second night in the barn. On Monday he found himself too weak to leave the barn, and although he could hear the steamers passing up and down his feeble cries for help could not be heard. He then began to suffer intensely from thirst, and he prayed earnestly for rain, in the hope that he might be able to catch a few drops to relieve his parching thirst, and there appears little doubt that to the heavy rains that have fallen during the past week may be attributed the fact that he is now alive. Passing his hard felt hat through an opening in the barn he caught the drops of rain, and that was all the sustenance he received since he left his home nine days ago. A thorough search being made for Hawkins he was found on Monday, and receiving every attention it is hoped he may recover.

Journey Across the Country.

A Tynesider writing home to England says: "Our journey across the country—close on 3,000 miles from Quebec—to this place was full of interest. The Canadian lakes are magnificent in number and extent, and their scenery delightful, and our passage through the Rocky Mountains was something to remember for a lifetime. I think it impossible that anything can equal the stupendous grandeur of the aspect of those terrible mountains; looking upon them made me feel very contemptible and mean. Our passage through them was not unattended by danger either, as in some places we passed directly under overhanging portions of cliff which seemed so loose as to be almost on the point of hurling themselves down upon us—indeed, we saw some parts where a landslip had occurred, gangs of men being engaged in removing huge pieces of rock which had precipitated themselves on and about the line, while in other parts it made one shudder when we looked back upon the way we had come, and saw the line in some places almost vertical, in others winding in and out around the mountain sides on embankments so narrow that there did not seem room for a rat to run alongside the line, and where, had the train gone off the rails, we should have gone headlong down into the river which rolls along hundreds of feet beneath and been dashed to pieces on its rocky bed. The road in other places would be so winding that sometimes we travelled almost in a circle, and we not unfrequently saw the fore part of the train almost abreast of us as the engine traversed the opposite part of the circle. Altogether it was thee xperience of a lifetime. You will be pleased to know I have found employment with one of the wealthiest men in the city. I am so glad to have got employment, for a season of quitness has fallen upon the city within the last few months, and work is very difficult to get, so I may think myself lucky in getting a start so soon. This is a very nice place to live in, but a lot of things are very dear, especially the odds and ends that one is often wanting. The post office is the only place where any coin is recognised below the value of a nickel (5 cents or 2½d. English money); in fact, this amount seems to be equivalent here to our English ½d. or 1d. in England you "drop a penny in the slot," here you drop a nickel in the slot. At home tramcar fares are 1d. and 2d; in Tacoma 5 cents., and in some very rare cases where the distance is more than four miles, 10 cents. Speaking of trams, they have a splendid service here. Electric cars run through all the principal streets, and you can get to any suburb with about seven miles by steam tram, and a new line is now being laid for a service of cable cars which will belt the city. Fortunately, I brought my razors. I did not fully realise the meaning of high wages till I found that the charge here for shaving is 15 cents. or 7½d.; hair cutting 35 cents., or 1s. 5½d.; shoeblacking, and these establishments are also in connection with the barbers' shops, 10 cents., or 5d. We are not taking any of these luxuries. We do our shaving and shoes at our lodgings, and intend also to cut each other's hair if possible. Beer 5 cents a glass, said glass being about two-thirds of an English half pint glass, and then the glass is only about two-thirds full, the remainder being froth. The beer itself is very nice and palatable; it is not lager, being brewed in America, but it has not so much body as ours. Still it will make you "tight" if you only drink sufficient. Whisky 15 cents a glass; they give you the bottle and a glass so that you can help yourself; this sounds good till you have seen the glass. When you see the glass you realise the splendid generosity of the saloon keeper; about twelve of them go to the gill, and when I say a gill I do not mean half a pint; I mean just half that measure. They are the very smallest glasses I ever saw outside of a child's toy box. I don't drink whisky, and not a very great quantity of beer. Prices incline to the prohibitive; there is every inducement to teetotalism. I believe the cheapest thing here is food. Restaurant, two slices hot buttered toast with coffee or tea (splendid coffee, poor tea), 10 cents. Chop (splendid) or steak (poor) with potatoes, tea or coffee and bread and butter *ad lib.*, 15 cents. Nothing so cheap in England for the quality, quantity, and appointments. It is a treat to see American people take their food. They order it, drop into a chair, and, so soon as it is served, commence to devour it with a speed that amazes one. The average American will conceal his dinner in the innermost recesses of his person in about two minutes forty-five seconds. We attended church on the first Sunday after our arrival here, but were not much impressed by the service (Episcopalian), which to my thinking was hurried over with indecent haste. The lessons were read so quickly that we could not follow the reader; sermon lasted about ten minutes; the whole time occupied, from processional to recessional hymn inclusive, being exactly one hour. The American takes his religion as he takes his food and drink—quick, and purely as a matter of business. As an example of the latter a hymn was commenced when the collection was to be taken; so soon as the collection was got through they stopped the hymn, not half through. Again, the recessional hymn was docked of three verses through the choir getting down the aisle and to the church door in double quick time. We are a very moral city, and down on all kinds of drunkenness and vice. Of course it exists, but as long as it confines itself to out-of-the-way streets you are supposed to ignore it, and the real crime lies, as of old, in being found out. I would specially like you to see our military. The Tacoma volunteers (horse as well as foot, mark you) are as soldier-like a body of men as you could wish to meet, and when in rainy weather they take their umbrellas on parade the effect is unique. You should see how urbane, polite, and gorgeous the saloon-keepers are here. There are no pawnshops here, but some places known as "Collateral Banks" have the three brass balls exhibited. Fancy name, isn't it?"

Ammonia as a Power

A most successful test was made recently of the use of ammonia as a motive power to displace steam. The test was the first that has ever been made on a marine engine, and the trial was most satisfactory. An ammonia plant has been fitted out on the tug E. W. Hartley, which made a trip up and down the Schuylkill river, subjected the new scheme to a practical test. It is known as the Campbell ammonia engine system, and its workings are novel and interesting, not only to the mechanical and scientific circles, but also the laymen of the industrial world.

Any ordinary engine can be converted into a Campbell ammonia engine simply by the addition of a "generator," which is much like a boiler. Steam is used simply for the purpose of heating the aqua ammonia in the generator. The heated ammonia expels a gas, leaving a weak solution of ammonia in the bottom of this boiler-like affair. When, by raising the temperature of the ammonia, sufficient power is generated, the throttle valve is opened, and the gas passes into the cylinder of the engine, and propels the piston rod in every way the same as steam. It is here exhausted the same as steam, but at this point the gas is cooled and conducted back to the generator. Before it reaches the latter vessel it is carried by a "spray coil" to a point where the gas comes in contact with the ammonia solution, which has been rejected from the generator, and here the solution is recharged by absorption and by the natural affinity existing between water and ammonia.

By this means the same body of ammonia is used constantly, exhausting itself only to be recharged with new life and to be returned to the generator. The same is true of the water used. The steam in the generator imparts its heat to the ammonia, and is thereby condensed to be carried back to the boiler to be used again. In the Campbell ammonia engine there is absolutely no waste. On the other hand there is a saving of coal, as the engine can be operated on one-half the amount of fuel. On the Hartley only one of the two furnaces was used, and there was all the speed and pressure that could be desired.

Many advantages are claimed for the Campbell engine. The principal one is that the life of a boiler is more than doubled. The average term of service of a boiler is less than ten years, and a boat is laid up about one-tenth of the time undergoing repairs to the boiler. Because of the uniform purity of the water this done away with in the Campbell process, and the boat is in constant service. This and the saving of coal are the chief advantages claimed, but not an unimportant one is the dispensing with the many disadvantages of the lubricating oils. These are wholly unnecessary, as the ammonia itself serves as a lubricant.

In making omelets break the eggs separately and beat until the last moment before putting into the pan.

A grain of fine sand would cover 100 of the minute scales of the human skin, and yet each of these scales in turn covers from 300 to 500 pores.

Eugene Sue, of the most gifted and fertile of the novelists who flourished during the reign of Louis Philippe, spent the last few years of his life in comparative seclusion, imposed upon him by sorely straitened circumstances.

Some Good Recipes.

At this season a new or unfamiliar method is welcome, simply for the value of the change that tempts the failing appetite, says *Grange Homes*. Light cakes and muffins are especially favored in hot weather, and a few rules are appended.

LUNCH CAKES.—One cup milk, four cups flour, two tablespoonfuls butter, half cup sugar, two eggs, two tablespoonfuls currants, one teaspoonful baking-powder. Cream the butter and sugar, and stir them into the beaten eggs and milk. Add the flour and baking powder, and last of all the currants, washed, dried, and dredged with flour. Roll out the dough, cut into rounds, and bake in a moderate oven. Split, butter, and eat while hot.

MUFFINS.—One quart of flour, one cup of sugar, one pint milk, a rounding tablespoonful of butter, two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Bake either in pans or gem pans.

MOLASSES CAKE.—Three cups of flour, one cup of brown sugar, one-third cup butter; cut the butter up in the flour, then add the sugar and mix well with the hands; then add one cup of New Orleans molasses, one cup of boiling water and a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a little vinegar. Stir until perfectly smooth and then bake in a square, shallow pan for three-quarters of an hour in a moderate oven.

WHIPPED CREAM.—Put a pint of rich cream in a vessel, and if the weather is warm place on ice for half an hour. Then beat until stiff and thick. Good cream may rise and become stiff in five minutes. Cream that does not become stiff after 15 or 20 minutes is no good or not cold enough. After it is beaten add four ounces of powdered sugar, mixing it gently, and flavor to taste. If wanted very stiff add half ounce of gelatine. Keep cold until ready to serve.

GINGER COOKIES.—Put one teaspoonful of ginger into a cup, one even teaspoonful of soda and one-half of salt, fill up the cup with syrup. Have ready in the mixing bowl one egg, one-half cup of sugar and one large spoonful of butter well beaten together, add the contents of the cup and rinse the cup with one-half cup of sweet milk. Add flour enough to make a dough as soft as you can handle; take a part at a time, roll thin upon the board, sprinkle with granulated sugar, roll lightly, cut out and bake in a moderate oven

LITTLE CHOCOLATE PUDDINGS.—Mix four tablespoonfuls of corn starch with a little cold milk, add a large pinch of salt and stir into a quart of milk which has been heated to the boiling point; let it cook, stirring constantly until it is thick. Then set it on the back of the stove and add two or three tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate, stir this well and flavor slightly with vanilla. Wet some small cups in cold water, pour the mixture into them and let it get cold; just before serving turn out carefully into saucers. Serve with sugar and milk or sweetened cream.

TAPIOCA PUDDING.—Wash a cupful of tapioca and soak it over night in two cupfuls of cold water; in the morning pour off the water and put the tapioca into a double boiler. Add a generous quart of milk and one teaspoonful of salt. Cook for an hour and serve with sugar and cream.

STRING BEANS.—Preparatory to cooking string beans break off both ends of the pod, and after stringing pare both edges lightly with a sharp knife. It shows a slovenly and careless habit if the stringy fibres are left, and to fastidious eaters nothing can be more disagreeable. The entire dish is often rejected when the unpleasant and thankless labor of separating the strings is thus contemplated. In Europe, especially in Germany, France and Holland, where by far the greater portion of these legumes is consumed, they are used in the green state; if not for present use, they are prepared in the same state for use in the seasons when they are not growing. Consequently more care is there taken in their preparation. The French cooks have a method of cooking them which is regarded very fine and even dainty. What is most desired is the green, juicy pod rather than the more mature fruit or, as we commonly say, the bean—for the pod and the seed together are strictly in this sense the bean. The beans are thus taken from the vines before the grains within are scarcely formed. When cooked in this state they are seasoned simply with prime butter, salt and pepper.

CUCUMBER CATSUP.—Grate 12 good sized cucumbers (pared) and four onions. Mix well, drain off the liquor, add four tablespoonfuls salt, three of ground pepper. Pour in three pints of good cider vinegar. Cork tight and seal after bottling.

The Next Royal Marriage.

The announcement made that Duke Ernst Gunther of Schleswig-Sonderborg-Augustenburg, the only brother of the German Empress, is paying arduous attention to the Princess Maud, the youngest daughter of the Prince of Wales, did not come exactly as a surprise. Over two years ago it was whispered in Berlin that the Princess was to be betrothed to the Duke, who is the head of the ancient princely house whose title he bears. He was born on the 11th of August, 1863, and is therefore 28 years old. His father was the Duke Frederick of Schleswig-Holstein, for whose rights Prussia and Austria declared war against Denmark in 1864, but who was never permitted to reign in the Duchies after they were taken from the Danes. Duke Ernst is a nephew of Prince Christian, the father of the Princess who was married yesterday at Windsor to Prince Aribert of Anhalt-Dessau.

Matters had gone so far two years ago, in fact, that the information was vouchsafed that the handsome mansion belonging to Count Pourtales, situated near the Imperial Palace in Berlin, would propably be chosen as the town residence of the young couple. Duke Ernst, who is a lieutenant in the Emperor's Hussars of the Body Guard stationed at Potsdam, was to be transferred to a cavalry regiment in Berlin after his wedding. It is thought to be not at all unlikely that the present visit of the Emperor and Empress of Germany to England will be followed by the official announcement of the marriage.

Such a marriage would be considered tantamount to the making up of the quarrel that began between the Kaiser and the English Court immediately after the death of Kaiser Frederick. Before that disturbance, both the Duke of Augustenburg and Prince Frederick Leopold of Prussia, the brother of the Duchess of Connaught, were looked upon as husbands for English princesses, but after the quarrel Kaiser Wilhelm showed his antipathy for "English blood," to which it will be remembered, he attributed all his bodily ills and humors, by getting Prince Leopold married off to one of the younger sisters of the Empress, much to the indignation of the English Court at the time. Now that Kaiser and the English royal family are reconciled, the marriage of Augustenburg and Princess Maud is quite in order. And for the English princess the union will be financially not a bad one, for though the Duke is not as rich as Prince Frederick Leopold, who is one of the wealthiest royal personages of Europe, he is said to have from $100,000 to $175,000 a year from the Prussian Government under the treaty that made Schleswig-Holestein a Prussian province and his estates in Silesia produce several thousand dollars a year. He is said to be a good fellow as princes go, and is especially fond of shooting, riding and racing.

Interesting Children.

Until children reach the age when they may safely be released from the thralldom of the nursery, keep them there. Speaking directly to parents—no doubt your children are all prodigies in their individual lines, and far superior to all other children, yet they may not possess the same attraction for your friends that they do for you. Don't trot them out at the fag end of a dinner party and turn them loose en masse upon your defenseless guests. Put yourselves in the places of those whom you are entertaining, when the order is given to "bring in the children!" In a moment there is a noise upon the stairs, not unlike the sound that would have been produced by the dumping of a ton of coal in that locality, and after that—the deluge! The olive branches burst into the room and, after several sanguinary encounters with their unfortunate nurse, are ranged round the table and some semblance of order restored. At length the hostess asks one of the guests if he will "have some of the pudding?" A breathless silence ensues, and then as the guest replies: "No, thank you!" there is a wild shout of joy from the "little darlings," who wait the reply of each guest with the same enthusiasm; each negative increasing the infantile changes for larger helps of the wished for dessert.

In a family of this description there is always one child with a head on him that would have been top-heavy on Shakespeare's shoulders. He is, therefore, supposed to be predestined to a literary career, and in the presence of the company is invariably called on by his fond mother for a recitation. After considerable bribery and corruption, the embryo Demosthenes is induced to "speak his piece," prefacing his oration with a bow about as graceful as the forward tilt of a hobby-horse, and then launching into,

"On Linden when the sun was low,"

delivered in a voice of a decidedly sing-song quality and great incoherence, and a twang like a last century piano, winding up in a subdued howl. Therefore, keep the children in the nursery until they are large enough to be transported—to boarding school or elsewhere.

New Decorations for Gowns.

A Parisian tailor in this city says: Thy latest novelty for women's gowns is plastic cement which is to be used for ornamentation. The cement is put on the gowns with a stencil, in any pattern desired. Embroidery can be counterfeited so cleverly that the cement will be mistaken for the genuine article. It is possible by this process, which is, by the way, the invention of an American, to reproduce tapestries, passementerie, and, in fact, any decoration desired in any one or dozen lines. The cement is put on in very thin layers, and after it has dried and become woven into the fabric cannot be told from hand-woven ornamentation. For light textile fabrics, gauzes and netting the cement is of great value, and some of the specimens of the work shown us are marvellously attractive. The new process has a great deal to recommend it to women as an ornament of dress and for household decoration. It does not injure the material upon which it is used; it can be removed or changed at will, and it is cheap. Its use will enable a women to change the pattern of a dress as many times as she likes, and at very small cost. A dress ornamented with the real ornamentation would cost several hundred dollars, whereas the cost so a gown done in plastic cement will not be to exceed $50. From $10 to $50 will be the tariff for the work when it becomes better known. The process is to be introduced in a short time, and will be the rage for a few years at least. Competent operators are now engaged in experimenting with the cement and cutting the stencils, which will make it possible to reproduce the most difficult of embroideries and tapestries. I do not know the name of the inventor, but he has a fortune in his discovery.

Household Hints.

Old napkins and old tablecloths make the very best glass cloth.

A nice way to serve stirred eggs is to heap them in the middle of a platter, and garnish them all around with thin slices of smoked salmon, which have been dipped into melted butter, and then allowed to frizzel slightly on a slow fire

GELATINE PUDDING.—Make a custard with the yolks of four eggs, a pint of milk and sugar to taste. Soak one-third of a box of gelatine in a little cold water. Dissolve it by adding three-fourths of a cup of hot water. Add the gelatine and whites of the eggs well beaten to the cold custard. Mold and set in a cool place to stiffen.

During the summer months meat is not a necessity, and pork and corned beef should be let severely alone. Many persons eat these meats, and drink ice water all day, then wonder "what makes them feel so queer."

Home.

Sweet word that spans all space, that knows no bound,
Yet dwells in narrowest compass; welcome word!
Dear type of peace—though sheltered by the sword;
Mid Saxon spreading races only found.
Our earliest recollections all abound
With little notes of thee; our years are stored
With memories of thee; each spot adored
By youth, in age becometh holy ground.
Thou clingest in the handgrip of the sire;
Thou meltest in the mothers tender kiss;
The wanderer longs to reach thee—guiding star
Of all his thoughts; like Israel's pillared fire
By night thou leadest him through childhood's bliss
To that loved home he pictures from afar.

—Lord Rosslyn.

As broad as it is long—Mr. Dissy's homeward stroll from the club.

In Japan horses are backed into their stalls, then a door is closed at the head, which has a grain and a hay rack conveniently constructed, to which the nag is hitched. When needed the door is swung back and the horse led forth. No one gets kicked, no refuse matter is visible to the visitor, and it seems to be a sensible way to construct a place for any horse.

Have you had many contagious diseases in your family, ma'am?" Lady of the House—"Oh, yes; no end of 'em. We've had the scarlet fever and the measles and the chicken-pox and the typhoid fever and the relapse—well, I guess we've had everything but the convalescence." Vender of Patent Medicine—"I have an excellent preventive for that."

Forestalling Him.

"It isn't often that competition becomes so brisk as it did between myself and another travelling man several years ago," said a knight of the road the other day. "Down where I have been doing good 'biz' a man owned a large hotel besides a grocery store. He did a big business and was a gilt-edge customer. My rival and I were each selling him about half the goods he bought, and were well satisfied to do so. Things might have continued to run along smoothly if it had not been for the hotel-keeper's daughter. She wasn't prepossessing, but being the daughter of the merchant from whom we received business favours, and at whose hotel we were stopping, we were bound, after having been presented to her, to show her all the respect possible. My rival made the town about the first of each month and I arrived on the fifteenth. One time I gave the daughter a box of the finest bonbons. It was a simple matter, as we often show our appreciation of customer's favours by making them or members of their families little presents of that kind. But my rival heard of it, and bought the young lady an elegant fan. I wouldn't be outdone, so I took her a fine pair of opera glasses. She protested against receiving them, but I explained it was a very slight return for the favours her father bestowed upon me. Thus it went on, the presents increasing in number and value, until one day I was thunderstruck when the young lady's father said he didn't believe he could buy goods from me any longer. 'What! Has he bought her some present that has thrown me clear out of the race?' thought I. Then and there I decided I would go at once and buy for her a grand piano and the finest horse and carriage in the country. I would drive him out of the contest. I had already invested too much of the firm's money to back out. But first I would see the young lady and slyly ascertain the movements of my enemy in trade. 'My dear Miss Clarissa,' I began. She hushed me immediately, saying, 'I cannot permit you to address me thus in the future. Circumstances are different now.' 'What have I done,' cried I, 'that I am so strangely received?' 'Oh you are not to blame. It is all Jack's fault. He and I have become engaged to be married. Then I knew my rival had taken the bull by the horns with a vengeance."

Blind Horses.

The way in which blind horses can go about without getting into more difficulties than they ordinarily do is very remarkable. They rarely, if ever, hit their heads against a fence or stone wall. They will sidle off when they come near one. It appears, from careful observation I have made, that it is neither shade nor shelter which warns them of the danger. On an absolutely sunless and windless day their behavior is the same. Their olfactory nerves doubtless become very sensitive, for when driving them they will poke their heads downward in search of water fifty yards before they come to a stream crossing the roadway. It cannot be an abnormally developed sense of hearing which leads them to do this, for they will act alike though the water be a stagnant pool. Men who have been blind for any great length of time developed somewhat similar instincts to blind horses. Some one I find—from a fugitive paragraph going the round of papers aspiring to be of scientific character—says that none of the five senses has anything to do with this singular perceptive power, but the impressions are made on the skin of the face and by it transmitted to the brain; and this "unrecognized sense" "facial perception." But possibly this perceptive power may have its origin in such conditions as prevail in somnambulism or in the hypnotic state. Are all such phenomena in man and horse as I have mentioned to be accounted for by the two words, "facial peception," if they mean anything? However, speaking of blind horses, why should they cast their coats as winter comes on, and grow long coats at the advent of summer and so reverse the order which is the invariable rule in the case of horses possessed of perfect vision?

An early riser's outfit is one of the recent electrical novelties. It has a decided advantage over the old alarm clock, which would run down and allow the early riser to take another nap. The electrical outfit does not need any winding. It keeps up its nerve-grating jangle for two hours, unless turned off. The early riser is bound to get out of bed and cut off the current. And then, of course, the purpose is accomplished; the early riser, having arisen and duly "cussed" the alarm, remains up for the remainder of the day.

FLOWERS THAT TRAP INSECTS.

AND A VEGETABLE WHISKY SHOP THAT CATCHES AND EATS FROGS.

A new species of vegetable whiskey shop has been added to the collection of plant curiosities at the Washington Botanical Garden. The liquor it distills in the pitcher-shaped receptacles that hang from its stems is especially liked by frogs, which hop into these traps for the purpose of drinking it. Although the sweetish fluid is a powerful intoxicant, the batrachian customer, however wildly over-stimulated, would certainly jump out again were it not that two very sharp dagger-like thorns project downward from the lip of the vessel in such a manner that Mr. Frog in trying to escape is thrust through the body by them at every leap until presently he falls dead in the "liquid refreshment"—an appropriate object lesson to all intemperate creatures—whereupon the plant absorbs his substance, as the ordinary whiskey shop consumes that of its frequenter, and is thus supported.

This species is tropical and has to be kept in the greenhouse devoted to plants of the equatorial belt. Naturally there are no frogs in the conservatory, and as Superintendent Smith is obliged to feed

THIS ECCENTRIC VEGETABLE

with raw meat chopped fine, on which it thrives excellently. For lack of insects likewise he supplies with the same artificial sustenance the other sorts of whiskey shops that find in bugs of various descriptions their chosen prey. They will all eat beef, although each variety seems to have in nature its particular line of customers, one capturing cockroaches, another ants, and so on. Doubtless they all could live on any animal food, but there seems to be a difference of taste among the insects as to the liquors. One species will only touch the drink served by a certain representative of this carniverous plant family; another selects by preference a different brew, and so on. Thus but one sort of bug is ordinarily found in each set of pitchers, those designed for the accommodation of large beetles and cockroaches being as big as small shoes. It is very curious to cut open one of these vessels after it has become withered and dead, being merely formed at one end of the leaf, and to find what a wonderful collection of victims it has gathered in and not finally digested, often numbering many hundreds, if the prey is small. The whole structure of each trap is beyond measure curious, the inner surface of some coated with little bristles that project downward and prevent the guest so hospitably received from walking out again. This is particularly a feature of what the superintendent calls the vegetable lager beer saloons, which prepare a liquor of much less intoxicating quality in tall chalice-shaped vessels instead of pitchers, depending upon drowning their customers rather than upon making them so drunk that they cannot get away. A deplorable thing it seems, by the way, to find such bad habits prevalent among bugs, the opinion having been always held that only man, the most noble of animals, had a right to indulge in vices to the elaboration and invention of which he has given so much attention.

So far as can be ascertained, no analysis ever been made of the liquors dispensed by these vegetable gin mills, chiefly owing to the fact that such an experiment would involve a very difficult problem in organic chemistry. It is known, however, that the strongest of them contain a large proportion of alcohol. Persons hard up for stimulants have often achieved a

MAXIMUM OF INTOXICATION

by swallowing the contents of a few of the pitchers, which sometimes hold more than a quarter of a pint each, without bothering about the insects in the fluid. Why may it not be that from this origin the term "bug juice" is derived? How appropriately is such a beverage adapted to the convivial uses of the tropical tramp, who, while pursuing his leisurely travels can pluck his drinks by the way side!

A novelty at the Botanic Gardens is a plant whose leaf bears a remarkably well executed caricature of the Duke of Wellington, all done in the veining; but in the interest of visitors it does not seriously rival either the "mother-in-law plant," a scrap of which swells up your tongue so that you cannot speak for days, or the famous "butcher plant" of Maryland, that has, instead of leaves, so many pairs of toothed jaws that close upon any insect venturing between to get at the bait within.

This "butcher plant," which grows nowhere in the world save in the vicinity of Wilmington, N. C., suffer for its carniverous habits, being a chronic victim of indigestion. Each stomach trap, having used up most of the gastric juice which it secretes in digesting the first living prey caught, usually finds the second victim it captures disagree with it, and the third it is unable to assimilate satisfactorily. Then the trap turns from green to brown and dies, like any leaf, other fresh ones developing meanwhile to take up the work of gobbling. After all, this greedy vegetable is not nearly so bad as the "cruel plant," as it is called, whose flowers wantonly capture unsuspecting butterflies that alight to sip honey, and hold them until they are dead, when the grasp of the ruthless petals is relinquished and the luckless visitor is dropped on the ground.

Plants even employ insects as their servants in the work of reproducing their species, paying them wages in honey. Most vegetables combine the two sexes in one flower; but breeding "in and in" is no more healthy for them than it is for animals One blossom must marry with another if the species is to be continued in a healthy way. So young Mr Honeysuckle dresses himself in a spring suit of bright yellow and

PERFUMES HIMSELF DELICIOUSLY

for the purpose of attracting the gay butterflies that flutter around. He also provides a small store of nectar in a golden cup to offer any insect guest that may come his way. Presently a butterfly pauses to take a sip of the sweet liquor, but in doing so she cannot avoid getting some of the pollen on her head, and this she carries to another honeysuckle, where she stops for a second bit of refreshment, incidentally rubs off some of the pollen upon its stigma. Thus is accomplished the marriage of the flowers.

But the bee is the Cupid of the vegetable world, to whom is assigned most of this marrying and giving in marriage among the blossoms. There is one kind of orchid that depends altogether for the continuance of its species upon flights among bees. To a moral delinquency on their part it may be said to owe its survival entirely. The petals of each of its flowers are so bent as to form a sort of little tunnel, and to get at the honey a bee must go in at one end or the other. If nothing interferes it will never come in contact with any of the pollen, but now and then it happens that it meets another bee which has entered from the other side. Then there is a fight, and in the scrimmage the combatants get bounced around and are covered with the reproductive powder. However, in order to accomplish anything, one of these bees must go off and have the same sort of fight in another orchid blossom, so as to transfer a portion of the pollen to the stigma. Luckily this occurs often enough to perpetuate the plant.

Some kinds of orchids imitate to the life bees, butterflies, and moths, apparently for the purpose of attracting these insects on the decoy duck principle. The object is not quite so evident in the case of varieties of these extraordinary plants whose flowers counterfeit with amazing exactness toads, huge spiders, and other animals. There is one which presents the likeness of a man hanging by the head, and another that opens and shows a beautiful dove in an enclosure of petals.

A book might be made of the freak plants of the world. There is the vegetable boa constrictor of India, known as the "maloo climber," which twines about great trees and

STRANGLES THEM TO DEATH,

so that they decay, fall in, and often leave the empty tower of climbers standing erect. In South America there is a "cow tree," which gives milk that is shown by chemical analysis to be of almost exactly the same composition as that of the cow, which it resembles to perfection in appearance and quality, tasting like sweet cream. Deep in the swamps and forests of the Island of Formosa grows a plant the stems of which are filled with a fine white pith. This pith is cut by the Chinese into thin strips and is called "rice paper." Bodies of the dead suspended within hollows of the "baobab" tree that grows in Africa are transformed into mummies for all eternity without further process of embalmment. On the elevated barren plains west of the Volga grows a plant closely resembling a lamb, which was said by travellers of old to bend from the stalk upon which it could turn and feed upon the herbage about it, but when the grass died it perished from hunger. The likeness referred to is not so to be denied though its death when the grass dries up is due to the same cause that kills the other vegetation, namely, drought.

The newspapers poke a good deal of fun at the summer girl, but even Editors know that the Summer girl and a narrow-seated buggy and a moonlight night make a very attractive combination.

THE GRIST GROUND.

BY HARKLEY HARKER.

"Good-by to the old farm!

"How so, my son?" asked the grizzly father, as the young man hung the scythe on the tool-house rack.

"I say good by to plow and furrow, hills, rocks, long hours of hard work, and poor pay. I have chopped my last stick of cord-wood, husked my last bushel of corn. I hang up the scythe now, forever. The great city shall give me a living."

"But, my boy, the farm shall be yours to-morrow; only give mother and me bread, and that, too, not for long."

"I don't want it. Sell it, give it away. I'm done," hotly exclaimed the young man, as he wiped his beady forehead with his tawny hand.

"John, listen to reason! It has been a scorching summer, but we have nearly finished it. You think these people who roll by here on the mountain stages every day, have things easier than we. But this is their vacation. All these fine gentlemen work like slaves the rest of the year; and the city girls with gay dresses and white hands——"

"I tell you, father, I'm done. Don't argue it."

"But to leave the farm because destiny calls, because one is fitted by education, by nature, for other vocations, or because one sees an opening, is well enough. To go to the city, however, for the mere sake of going to the city—John, you are a fool. What will you do for bread? It doesn't grow on street-lamps."

It was all in vain to add words. The haying was over; the limit of endurance the young scamp had fixed in mind all summer through, as many an evening he had climbed the stone wall, musing in the dust of passing coaches whose laughter peeled forth upon him like a song of sirens, or sullenly answering the frolicsome pedestrians who paused upon their alpen-stocks to ask how much farther to the Tip-top House. It was not far, and of evenings when the air was still, down through the great hemlocks came strains of bewitching music, startling the sheep in this high pasture, and yearlings from their browsing, and startling the heir of all these herds as well.

It was not so last year, this strange discontent; it was never so with him before; though born under yonder red, low-roofed, old dwelling, as were all his fathers; though the window of his birth-chamber looked out upon the mountain caravanseary, whose cool splendors thousands yearly came to see. But he was eighteen now. It is stepping into a new world to become eighteen years old.

He was eighteen, and the only child alive; generous, willful, pampered, of robust health, and by no means an Arcadian saint, though living amid the so-called innocent country hills. As he reclined upon the road-side wall, there was yet something about him very engaging. The open countenance blushing in the settling sunbeams, the full brow and quick, dark eye, the broad chest and stout limbs of a perfectly formed and handsome animal. But the human animal can dream, picture, plan, and ponder with powers of mind that no other animal possesses. John was the last fellow who should have gone to the great town. Of warm affections, conscience, he had none. What pleasures and gratifications did his vivid imagination sketch upon the evening sky, away southward, whitherward lay the vast city, miles and miles down?

Farewell the broad, rough uplands, with familiar stone heaps dotted over; the upper barn where he had "broken" many a wild colt and called it his own; the white gable of his neighbor whither the path across lots ran, trodden by his bare feet almost since their first steps; farewell the school-house at four corners, the sweep and stretch of fairest landscape under the sky, set in the distance with the spires of village churches far down the valley. The home of many blessings, and a shadowed face at the window leaning on an old hand in the twilight gloaming; for father had been in and told the story, and the two old ones were powerless against the young, imperious resolution. He in reverie, they in ponderings deep; not how they shall coax a living from the old farm, for they would rather the time had come to die, and cease the strife of a life rent with gaping graves into which strong sons had sunk one by one and left them only one, and he more cruel than their other sorrows; pondering how to prevent the ills of passions never yet controlled by their Saviour's strong and gentle hand; foreseeing much and fearing more; for they were ignorant of the city, too. He in reverie, building gaudy castles of a good time coming, and he free to drink to his fill; in reveries till the stars came out above the mountain pines. They in prayer together for him, in the chamber where he was born; and what more could they do, having given him up to God?

After all, it was not a very joyous departure, that Monday morning in the September glory.

The boy could not quite exult as he had anticipated. The mother, with her last few tokens of love that can never cease to care for its own; tokens wrought with clumsy, eager fingers, and homely with the style of the hill country; and her last trembling embrace. The father silent as they jogged to the village station, as if his great heart halted midway between his love and indignation. For it was a fool's errand, was it not? A headstrong inclination to desert a good home and its duties for a whim. But his boy had not run away at least, and he would speed him to short folly, and to quick and sure return. Even the dog protested; and believe us, it touched the boy's heart most of all, as with frantic skurry, he bayed the train away.

Well, well, the great town opened its arms and took the young man in, as the myriad lamps of night laughed and winked at his conceit, twinkled, and winked, and joined hands down the long boulevards of darkness, till they seemed to change to fiery serpents with many a coil hissing, "Here comes another. What shall we do with him?" And now the dull roar of the streets gave answer "We know what to do with him." To all of which the boy replied "Have I not read all about it? I shall know what to do with myself. I come to prey, not to be preyed upon." But it must be confessed again that one is not quite so confident, standing in the actual presence of the vast metropolis, as among the mountain paths, looking thitherward. The city opened its jaws and took him in.

It is not for us to tell all that the city did with the aimless and pitiful fool. He was not without a welcome. Many welcomed him. He was strong, and could give much strength away. His veins were full and it took many moons to suck them dry. He was mountain fed, and his fat wasted slowly. But the vampires were many, the fires were kept burning, and God's laws enforced.

We saw the end this summer. It was in this wise. We were riding down from the Tip-top House as the sun went down, and sat beside the loquacious driver. As we stopped to untrig the wheels in a farm-house yard, an old man sat by the wall, his white hair roseate in the day's farewell, and unutterable sadness in his fine old face. A few neighbors loitered about the tidy gate-way, and a cheap crape knot fluttered at the door beneath the porch.

"A death here, driver?"

"Just the same as elsewhere, sir." And we were silently attentive at his reply, while he went on to explain.

"Yot see, sir, the city had him about a year. He had a good time; too good. The doctors wrote from the hospital His father went after him. But the fool hath said in his heart there is no God, and——"

"And, driver, the city ground him up and spit him out."

"Yes, sir. They have the tools to grind men with down there, I reckon."

We rattled on down the same stony highway traversed by the New England boy one little year before; and burned to whisper his story, as a warning to a youth whom we know of in a happy country home. Heaven bless him as he reads.

Out of Sorts

Describes a feeling peculiar to persons of dyspeptic tendency, or caused by change of climate, season or life. The stomach is out of order, the head aches or does not feel right,

The Nerves

seem strained to their utmost, the mind is confused and irritable. This condition finds an excellent corrective in Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, by its regulating and toning powers, soon

Restores Harmony

to the system, and gives that strength of mind, nerves, and body, which makes one feel well.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

Some Ways of Royalty.

The graciousness which endears the German Empress to her subjects has been ever her most individual characteristic. Like other royal women, she had a most careful and intelligent training in her father's household. Early rising and systematic bodily exercise formed a part of each day's duty, every species of self-indulgence was rigidly avoided, and the Prince took long walks in all kinds of weather with his stately and vigorous daughter. Laden with gifts of food and comfort, the Empress made long expeditions on foot to relieve the distress of the suffering, and from her own small allowance of pocket money, through strict methodical self-denial, she made each year handsome Christmas offerings at the parish church.

Many anecdotes are related of her kindness among the peasants. How she would stop to take the thorn from the foot of the little child limping tearfully homeward, or with her own hands wheel the vegetable-laden car to its destination for some ancient peasant dame. The little room at the old palace remains unchanged, and wonderful are the demonstrations when she takes up her abode there for a time. From all the noisy revel she steals quietly away to go into the little church and kneel by her father's tomb. "Victoria, the well-beloved," is the title given to this Empress by the German people.

It may interest good livers to read what wines are used as a rule at the table of the Emperor of Germany. When the members of the family eat alone, says a man who discovered the secrets of the imperial table through an interview with the court butler, Rhine and Moselle wines are served. At festive dinners Madeira port wine and sherry are served with the soup, German sparkling wines with the fish, and Rhine wines and red wines with the more substantial courses. French champagne also ornaments the bill of fare at great court dinners, although the emperor would gladly use German champagne were it good enough. Old Tokay and Muscat Lunel are served with the last course. Beer is not a favorite beverage of the emperor.

June 20th was the 53rd anniversary of the coronation of Victoria as Queen of England, and the day was duly celebrated by Englishmen the world over. Below will be found a list of the more principal events of her reign :—

The rebellion in Canada, 1837-8. The Afghan war of 1839-42. The war with China, 1840. The Queen's marriage with Prince Albert Feb. 10, 1840. The repeal of the corn laws, 1845. The Irish famine, 1847. The Chartist agitation, 1848. The Crimean war, 1853-5. The great Sepoy rebellion, 1857-8. The taking of the direct government of India in 1859. The expedition against Mexico, 1861. The reform bill, 1867. The Abyssinian expedition, 1868. The disestablishment of the Irish Church Jan. 1, 1871. The settlement of the "Alabama claims," 1871. The growth of Home Rule League, 1873. The purchase of the Suez Canal, 1875. The checking of Russia in the Russo-Turkish war and the acquisition of Cyprus from Turkey in 1878. Irish troubles since 1880. The Zulu difficulties, 1881-2. Annexation of New Guinea, 1884. Marriage of Princess Beatrice, 1885. The Sir Charles Dilke scandal, 1887. The African troubles, 1887-8. The Whitechapel murders, 1888-89.

The Queen has had nine children : Victoria, the dowager Empress of Germany; Albert Edward, the Prince of Wales; Alice, the Grand Duchess of Hesse; Alfred, the Duke of Edinburgh; Princess Helena, Princess Louise, Arthur, the Duke of Connaught; Leopold, the Duke of Albany, and Princess Beatrice.

The Austrian court does everything magnificently, and the toilet of the emperor is presided over by the Chevalier de Hacker, a descendant of the noble general who led the attack on the Turkish garrison of Pesth in 1686, and whose posterity has figured honorably in nearly every great war in which Austria has since been engaged. Even the barber, a term by which he is never know, is a nobleman, the Count du Faucon having been raised to that title in order to qualify him for his duties at the palace, for no plebeian can lay hands on the Austrian emperor, writes a correspondent. The Count du Faucon is not a native of Austria, but a Saxon of birth. He was trained by the foreign imperial artist, who was also a man of title, and he is said to be one of the most expert of his trade in the world. He is, of course, of plebeian origin. He is something of a doctor, as well as a hair trimmer, and the kaiser is said to spend many an hour under the soothing influence of his manipulations. Since the death of Prince Rudolph Francis Joseph has been peculiarly subject to headaches and similar ailments and his barber's ministrations are more effective than a physician's in driving away the pains that oppress him. The Count du Faucon has apartments in the palaces, both at Vienna and Buda, and is treated as a prominent, although not a leading, court official. As Francis Joseph wears a full beard there is very little use for the razor.

About seven miles west of the centre of Halifax, Nova Scotia, near the head of Bedford Basin, in a beautiful spot, now used as a picnic ground, which every Haligonian knows as "the Prince's Lodge." It is part of the estate in the old times leased by Sir John Wentworth to the Duke of Kent for his royal residence during the seven years that Prince, the father of Queen Victoria, lived in Nova Scotia. Sir John Wentworth had his country mansion there, and called it in allusion to Romeo and Juliet, "Friar Laurence's Cell." The Duke enlarged the original house until it was a fine two-storied villa, somewhat in the Italian style, with extensive wings at the north and south and a great hall and drawing-rooms in the centre. Back of the house were stables for his horses, and the grounds, though rustic, and having all the marks that nature had originally put upon them, contained many charming surprises. His Royal Highness, who was at this time commander of all the forces in North America, had a telegraph battery on an adjoining hill, by means of which he could send his orders to the citadel in town. In the neighborhood of the lodge were artificers of various sorts, so that the place was like a little feudal town. Indeed, the Prince himself used to put his hands to the jack-plane or drive the cross-cut saw, and I fancy there was little that went on that he did not personally oversee. He was a strict disciplinarian, but was very kind and affable in social life, and especially interested in young men, for whom he often did much. His life had not been a luxurious one, and he inherited many of the simple tastes of his father, plain old "Farmer George," which on the whole, commended him to Nova Scotians. Society in Halifax in those days was very gay, and it is said that the Prince, by his moderation in the use of wine, and by refraining entirely from cards, had a good influence over the young men of the town. To cure intemperance among his men, it is said he used to make them turn out at five o'clock in the morning for drill, which of course, made late hours away from barracks impossible. His punishments were very severe. For one poor soldier he ordered a thousand lashes on his bare back, and on the grounds of the lodge is shown a cave where another was confined for two or three years, until he died. Once or twice, it is said, men committed suicide from fear of his punishments. Prince Edward's friend and companion during this Nova Scotia life was a clever French woman, Madam Alphonsie Therese Bernadine Julie de Montgenet de St. Laurent, Baronne de Fortisson, whom he first met in Martiniqui, and who, when he married the Queen's mother, retired to a convent. The Halifax people were dazzled by the presence of royalty among them, and when the Prince's seven-year term had expired, it took society a long time to settle down to its normal condition. In 1800 the Duke of Kent began the erection of the present citadel in Halifax, first removing the old insecure fortifications and then building the massive walls that now enclose the fort. A conspicuous monument of his Royal Highness still remaining is the -e Are wooden clock tower below the glacis, directly above the middle of the town.

With the idea of preserving the Gaelic language, the Duke of Athole's daughter is preparing for the instruction of the Gaels of Perthshire in reading, writing, and speaking their native tongue.

The successful experiments which have been made abroad with dogs as military messengers has caused the German authorities to employ them in yet another capacity on the field of glory. There are, at the present moment, a number of shepherds' dogs in training for finding the wounded on the battlefield, as formerly the St. Bernards were trained to find the frozen wanderers on the lonely paths of St. Gothard. The regiment of lancers stationed at Huelben possesses a dozen of these shaggy-coated members of the ambulance corps, which have been taught to hunt up any soldier hidden in the woods and fields in the neighbourhood of the garrison. On finding a soldier they run back and bark till the ambulance waggon arrives, when they return with it to the very door of the hospital.

East Pittston, Me.
August 28th, 1890

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.,
Lowell, Mass.

Dear Sirs:- I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for some time, and it has done wonders for me. I was troubled with dandruff, my hair was turning gray and falling out, so that I was rapidly becoming bald, but since using the Vigor, my head is free from dandruff, the hair has ceased coming out and I now have a good growth of the same color as when I was a young woman.

Very truly Lydia O. Moody.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists and Perfumers.

The Heat of the Earth.

Many scientific men are devoting their lives to finding out all that can be learned about the interior of this wonderful globe o ours. One of the interesting problems on which they are engaged is the depth and geographical limits of permanently frozen oil. The British Association has collected a large amount of data on this question. They have already told us some curious things, such as the fact that excellent wheat lands north of Manitoba overlie frozen earth that never thaws.

Sometimes geologists find strata of rock that they are able to show must have been buried at a remote age, 20,000 feet under the surface. These upturned edges of rock, which some terrible convulsion lifted to the air, give us a glimpse of the condition of the interior some way below the greatest depth to which we can attain. The workmen in the deepest mines of Europe swelter in almost intolerable heat, and yet they have never penetrated over one-seven-thousandth part of the distance from the surface to the center of the earth. In the lower levels of some of the Comstock mines the men fought scalding water, and could labor only three or four hours at a time until the Sutro Tunnel pierced the mines and drew off some of the terrible heat, which had stood at 20 degrees.

The deepest boring ever made, that at Sperenberg, near Berlin, penetrates only 172 feet, about 1000 feet deeper than the famous artesian well at St. Louis. The result of this imperfect knowledge is that there are more theories and disputes among scientific men with regard to the interior of the earth than about any other problems of physical science. Some eminent physicists, for instance, like Sir William Thomson, have believed that the crust of the earth is at least 800 miles thick. The majority adduce good reasons for believing that the crust is only twenty-five to fifty miles thick. All agree that if the temperature within the earth continues to increase as it does near the surface—at the rate of one degree Fahrenheit for about every fifty-five feet of descent—all igneous rocks must be used at no great depth.

In fact, at this rate of increase, the temperature at 200 miles is 18,000 degrees Fahrenheit, which is Professor Rosetti's estimate of the probable temperature of the sun It is improbable, however, that this rate of increase is maintained for a great distance, and many physicists believe that at some unknown, but not very great depth, the increase in temperature ceases. One of the most wonderful things in the study of sciences is the fact that the mysteries of one science are sometimes completely or partly explained by knowledge gleaned in some other department of study. It is thus that naturalists who have investigated the fauna and flora of scores of Pacific islands have learned how far south Asiatic types prevail, and have added great weight to the conclusions of geologists that those islands were once a part of the big continent north of them.

First man (to newly-married friend)—"Well, how do you like married life?" Second ditto—"I like it very much indeed when my wife's out!"

Mothers as Match-Makers.

There is a kind of match-making which it is a mother's duty to attempt, writes Amelia E. Barr in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. But it has strict limitations. It resolves itself into the simple duty of introducing to her daughter young men whose moral character is good, who are in a position to marry, and who, physically, are not likely to repel her. The young people may then safely be left to their own instincts. There should be no attempt to coerce; no moral force used to make even a suitable marriage; though extremities may lawfully be used to prevent an evil marriage. A mother's match-making really begins while her daughter's education is in progress. And it is one of the strangest of facts that mothers generally force this education in the direction of those qualities likely to amuse young men—music, dancing, singing, dressing, playing games, chaffing wittily, etc. Now, such attractions are likely to procure plenty of flirtation; but young men rarely marry the girls they flirt with. And why do not mothers consider, most of all, that approaching period in their daughters' lives when they will, or ought to, cease being made love to? Why should the preparation for young ladyhood absorb all the girl's education? How many curriculums contain any arrangement for education for wifehood or parenthood? Yet, what man wishes to pass his life with a woman whose only charm is the power to amuse him? He might as wisely dine every day upon candy sugar.

H to Treat Croup.

In croup the signs are hoarseness and noisy breathing. Give the child a teaspoonful of ipecacuanha wine. If vomiting does not soon follow, give the quantity again. Keep the child in bed. Put a brick into the fire until it is quite hot; place a bucket of water at the bedside; put the hot brick into it, which will raise a large quantity of warm vapor, which the child will breathe. Apply a warm poultice to the throat and use warm fomentations. Milk is the best diet. If the above does not relieve send for medical advice without delay. A very good and simple remedy for croup is a teaspoonful of powdered alum and two teaspoonfuls of sugar. Mix with a little water and give it as quickly as possible a little at a time Instant relief will follow.

Teacher—"Johnny, does a hen lie an egg?" Johnny—"No ma'am; the grocery man lies; the other lays. One is fresh and the other isn't."

There are those in the world who are in doubt still as to M. Pasteur's treatment for the bite of a mad dog. Here is an old prescription, nice and mild, which may, we think, be safely described as not likely to do much harm—"For the bite of a mad dog, take two quarts of strong ale, two pennorths of treacle, two garlic heads, a handful cinquefoil, sage, and rue; boil all together to a quart, strain it, and give to the patient three or four times a day." Then for the treatment of the wound—"Take dittany, agrimony, and rusty bacon, beaten well together, and apply to the sore, to keep it from festering."

A Muskoka Adventure.

It was my day in camp; for it was not safe in that quarter of Muskoka to leave one's possessions very long unguarded.

Toward sunset there was a great whirring in the air, followed by an immediate splashing in the lake, near the camp shanty.

Looking out, I saw a flock of ducks some five hundred yards away, swimming and fluttering about as if half mad at the joy of new-found water.

For an hour I had been wondering what new dish I could surprise the boys with at supper time, and here now was my very chance, close at hand.

Catching up a shotgun and a few loaded cartridges, I went a little way down the lakeshore, where my game would be in easy reach.

So intently were my eyes fixed upon the ducks that I did not see a low-lying snarl of wiry vines just before me. Catching my feet in them, I was thrown face downward upon the ground so violently that one barrel of my gun went off, the charge tearing an ugly hole in my thigh.

A sickening sense of pain and weakness swept over me, but by making powerful resistance I escaped losing consciousness.

Though no artery was severed a torrent of blood rushed out of my lacerated member, which I stanched as well as I could with shreds and bandages torn from my flannel hunting shirt.

Then I reflected upon the situation.

In an hour the boys would come to my rescue, as it was a strict regulation of ours to get back to camp at sunset. But to stay where I had fallen until then was out of the question, for the ground was covered with myriads of ants which were already crawling over me despite my efforts at keeping them off. Soon they would attack me in earnest unless I moved—and no man could stand their torturing-apparatus for an hour.

Clearly, I must move at once, in spite of the danger of fainting.

Bracing for the effort with every nerve I began crawling back to camp, a fresh tide of blood eluding my bandages with each movement.

When half the distance was covered, I was so nearly exhausted that a halt for rest was necessary.

Then a new idea occurred to me, and drawing my revolver I fired three rounds of two shots each—the signal of distress which the boys and I had agreed upon for emergencies, when we first went into camp.

Soon I heard their answering shots, less than a mile away, and knew that they would come to me as fast as the dense undergrowth would permit—probably reaching me in about ten minutes.

Brushing off the murderous ants, which were causing me the most excruciating agony by setting their strong jaws in the edges of my wound, I again pressed on toward camp, leaving a trail of blood behind me as I went.

The last ten yards of that difficult journey I made with bright colors flashing before my eyes, and with loud ringing sounds in my ears, so near I was to fainting away.

Half way through the shanty-door my strength gave out, and I could go no further.

Again dislodging the ants and tightening my bandages, I settled myself to await the coming of the boys.

What kept them so long?

It seemed an hour since I had signaled them, the pain made time drag so.

Would they never get there?

Surely it was time I heard them, any ways and yet there was no sound of them.

My throat was dry, and pains—first dull, then sharp and agonizing—shot through my wound. Altogether, I had never before so longed for the presence of my fellow-beings.

Ah! they were surely coming, for yonder a twig snapped under a heavy foot.

Raising myself upon one elbow, I looked eagerly in the direction of the sound to see who the first comer was, and saw—not a man, but a panther!

The sleek, tawny brute was coming slowly toward me, his head so low that his nose seemed to touch the ground as he came.

Wonderingly I looked closer, and then I understood his strange movements.

He was following my trail, from the place where I fell when shot, and was lapping the blood which marked my course, as he came.

What my fate would be when he reached me unless the boys got there first, it was not at all difficult to guess.

The gnawing of the vicious ants was now forgotten.

I had no thoughts nor eyes for anything but the panther.

Weak as I was I managed to keep my head elevated, first on one arm and then on the other, so I could watch every movement of my approaching foe.

Once or twice he paused for a moment to sniff the air, and then came on, lapping up the blood I had lost, as deliberately as ever.

When he was within ten feet of me I began counting the seconds which were likely to elapse before he reached my wounded side.

I no longer felt the pains in the wound—I was only conscious of one thing in the universe—the panther.

Nearer and nearer he came with apparent regardlessness as to how far away the source of his enjoyment might be.

At last, either a glimpse at me, or a sudden realization that he was uncomfortably near the abiding place of men, caused him to pause and settle backward on his haunches, with a slight growl.

A swift undulant quiver ran over him, as if he contemplated springing at me; but if this was his idea, he at once changed his mind, got up and resumed lapping my blood.

Such slight breeze as there was blew toward me from him, foul with the nauseous odors of his fetid breath.

Again a twig snapped.

Was it the boys?

Oh, if it was only they—if help were only at hand!

I dared not attempt raising myself to see, the panther was now so near; and so I pressed every energy into the business of listening.

But aside from the slight noise made by the breathing of the blood-lapping brute, I could hear nothing.

Nearer and nearer yet came the panther—now less than two feet away.

Oh, why didn't they shoot, if the boys were there, as they must be—why did they suffer the prolonging of agonies which must have been so palpable to them?

Once again the panther lifted his head and sniffed.

Satisfied that no danger was menacing him, he took to lapping once more.

The sun was nearly down. Looking across the lake I saw its last rays paling on the western hills.

My hope of rescue waned with it.

Long before sunset time came again I should be dead. Of that I now felt certain.

The panther, though, gave me no time for moralizing.

He had reached my wounded side.

The bandages interfered with his pleasure, and with a low growl in impatience he lifted a paw and struck them away.

Then I felt his rough tongue lick the blood from my torn flesh.

A groan of anguish escaped me, he hurt me so.

Answering it with another growl, he lifted his head, poking his foul-smelling nose into my very face.

It is said that the human eye has power to intimidate dumb beasts, even in desperate quarters; but my eyes, full though they must have been of the strength of hopeless despair, had no apparent effect on him.

He seemed to regard me contemptuously, for, drawing in his breath and giving a little snort in my face, he actually spattered a spray of my own blood in my mouth and eyes.

"Quick!" whispered a low voice just outside the shanty.

My heart gave a mighty and joyous leap. Help was at hand after all.

With a more menacing growl, the panther crouched back on his haunches, his head up and his nostrils quivering, listening intently.

But only for a moment.

Either disdain or thirst soon overcame his curiosity.

Again he gave a little snort, leaned forward and resumed lapping away at my now vigorously bleeding wound.

Despair reasserted its reign.

What were the boys waiting for?

No doubt they were there, for I had heard not only the snapping of twigs, but that one whispered word as well.

Couldn't they see that the monster beside me was lapping my life away?

Were they afraid—were they mocking me—why didn't they fire?

That rough, awful, tearing tongue seemed to lick straight through my quivering body, into my very heart. The pain from it made me sick and faint.

Again there were sounds in my ears—ringing sounds, as of many bells; and roaring sounds, as o mighty and adjacent waterfalls—and with these swift and bewilderingalternations of vivid light and total darkness in my eyes. And through it all the cutting, drawing pain from that tireless tongue, each second growing more intense. O God, would it never end——

Crack—bang!

The noise of a rifle and a shotgun, fired so nearly at the same instant that they gave an almost simultaneous report.

Then the pain in my side stopped, and the panther screamed out and clawed the earth as if in mortal agony.

There was a confused murmur of excited voices, the noise of a great deal of rushing about, a great jumble of sounds altogether.

Presently some one's hand was thrust through my shirt and placed over my heart, and some one's voice said: "We were in good time—he is all right." And then so weak was I that with the consciousness of safety came utter unconsciousness of all things.

How Long Other Nations Work.

A Turkish working day lasts from sunrise to sunset, with certain intervals for refreshment and repose. In Montenegro the day-laborer begins work between 5 and 6 in the morning, knocks off at 8 for half an hour, works on till noon, rests until 2, and then labors on until sunset. This is in summer. In winter he commences work at half-past 7 or 8, rests from 12 to 1, and works uninterruptedly from that time to sunset. The rules respecting skilled labor are theoretically the same, but considerable laxity prevails in practice; in Servia the principle is individual convenience in every case. In Portugal from sundown to sunset is the usual length of the working day. With field laborers and workmen in the building trades the summer working day begins at half past 4 or 5 in the morning and ends at 7 in the evening, two or three hours' rest being taken in the middle of the day. In the winter the hours are from half past 7 to 5, with a shorter interval of repose. In manufactories the rule is twelve hours in summer and ten in winter, with an hour and a half allowed for meals.

Eleven hours is the average day's work in Belgium, but the brewers' men work from ten to seventeen hours, brickmakers sixteen; the cabinet-makers of Brussels and Ghent are often at work seventeen hours a day; tramway drivers are on duty from fifteen to seventeen hours, with an hour and a half at noon; railway guards sometimes know what it is to work nineteen and a half hours at a stretch, and in the mining districts women are often kept at truck-loading, or similar heavy labor for thirteen or fifteen hours.

The normal work-day throughout Saxony is thirteen hours, with two hours' allowance for meal-taking. In Baden the medium duration of labor is from ten to twelve hours, but in some cases it far exceeds this, often rising to fifteen hours in stoneware and china works and cotton mills, in sawmills to seventeen hours; while the workers in the sugar refineries, where the shift system is in vogue, work twenty-four hours; and in too many of the Baden factories Sunday work is the rule. In Russian industrial establishments the difference in the working hours is something extraordinary, varying from six to twenty. It is remarkable that these great divergences occur in the same branches of industry within the same inspector's district and among establishments whose produce realizes the same market price.

Has a Big Dog.

One of the striking figures in the Russian palace at Gatschina is the great Danish hound that stretches his powerful frame in the hall leading to the private apartments of the czar. This great dog is said to be the largest of its species in the world, and was presented to the czarina about four years ago by her father, the King of Denmark. It is said that the czar took a liking to the animal from the start, and never goes any long journey without his company. Having but little confidence in those about him, he seems to centre his faith in the dog as a guardian of unfailing fidelity, and the dog apparently reciprocates the attachment. It was reported last summer, when Nihilist rumors were rife and documents of a threatening nature found their way to the very table of the czar's private cabinet, that the autocrat of all the Russias permitted the hound to sleep in the hall adjoining his bedroom. For some unexplained reason the dog became very suspicious of one of the guardsmen, and growled continually when this man was put on duty as a sentinel in the palace. Nothing could be shown and nothing was suspected against the man, but to satisfy the dog he was withdrawn from sentry duty. In the case of another sentinel it was reported in St. Petersburg that the hound leaped upon him and nearly tore him to pieces the first time he saw him. The czar, hearing the cries for help, went to the door of his apartment and hastily called the dog, which obeyed his summons. The sentinel was found to be sadly lacerated. The czar directed that the injured man should be cared for and compensated, but also ordered that he never be permitted to enter the palace again. The autocrat has faith in the sagacity of the dog, which he has named Peter, after the founder of Russian greatness.

TO any Mother sending us her name and address on a postal card, we will send two sample tins of Nestlé's Milk Food, sufficient for four meals. Nestlé's Food requires the addition of water only in its preparation. The best and safest diet to protect infants against Summer Complaints.

Talk with your physician about it.

THOS. LEEMING & CO., Sole Agents,
25 St. Peter St., Montreal

Spontaneous Combustion.

The origin of many a fire remains a mystery, and no doubt many an innocent man or woman lives under the suspicion of incendiarism, when the true cause of the combustion was spontaneous ignition. For the benefit of those who have not made the matter a study, the following list of substances and conditions has been compiled.

Cotton-seed oil will take fire even when mixed with 25 per cent of petroleum oil, but 10 per cent of mineral oil mixed with 10 per cent of animal or vegetable oil will go far to prevent combustion.

Olive oil is combustible, and mixed with rags, hay, or sawdust will produce spontaneous combustion.

Coal dust, flour dust, starch, flour (especially rye flour) are explosive when combined with certain proportions of air.

New starch is highly explosive in its comminuted state; also sawdust in a very fine state when confined in a close chute and water directed on it. Sawdust should never be used in oil shops ar warehouses to collect drippings or leakages from casks.

Dry vegetable or animal oil inevitably takes fire when saturating cotton waste at 180 degrees F. Spontaneous combustion occurs most quickly when the cotton is soaked with its own weight of oil. The addition of 40 per cent of mineral oil (density 890) of great viscosity, and emitting no inflammable vapors, even in contact with an ignited body at any point below 339 degrees Fahrenheit, is sufficient to prevent spontaneous combustion, and the addition of 20 per cent of the same mineral oil doubles the time necessary to produce spontaneous combustion.

Patent dryers from leakage into sawdust, etc., oily waste of any kind, or waste cloths of silk or cotton, saturated with oil, varnish, or turpentine.

Greasy rags from butter and greasy ham bags.

Bituminous coal in large heaps, refuse heaps of pit coal, hastened by wet, and especially when pyrites are present in the coal; the larger the heaps the more liable.

Lampblack, when slightly oily and damp, with linseed oil especially.

Timber, dried by steam pipes, or hot water, or hot-air heating apparatus, owing to fine iron dust being thrown off, in close wood casings or boxings around the pipes, from the mere expansion and contraction of the pipes.

The Baby.

One little head of golden hair,
Two little cheeks so round and fair,
Two little lips with fragrant sighs,
One little nose and two blue eyes,
Two little hands as soft as a peach,
Two little feet with five toes each,
Two little smiles and two little tears,
Two little legs and two little ears,
Two little elbows and two little knees,
One little grunt and one little sneeze,
One little heart, but no little sins,
Plenty of skirts and lots o' pins,
One little cloak and plenty of frocks,
One little hood and two little socks,
A big disposition to haul and to pull,
One little stomach that's never full,
One little mouth of the rose's tint,
One little bottle of peppermint.

Singers and public speakers chew Adams Tutti Frutti Gum to preserve and strengthen the voice. Sold by all Druggists and Confectioners 5 cents.

TRAVELLING IN INDIA.

To the Englishman in India Darjeeling is a word of fascinating sound. It stands, for rest, for recuperation, for health, for life. It is redolent with happiest associations, with reminiscences of days spent in clambering over rugged mountain sides or in gazing long and at the meditatively mighty Alps of Asia. In the Government offices and stores of Calcutta *punkahs* are swinging, yet even with this help the unfortunates tied to the city find themselves hardly able to draw breath. In the bazaars of the native quarter the black-skinned Hindus have suspended trading for the time, and are coiled up out of the sun's reach, fast asleep. Out on the plains of Bengal the ground is cracking with heat and the parched jungle is seared as if hot currents of wind from forest fires had passed over them. The atmosphere seems to serve as a lens. The sun's angry rays are focused with a concentrated power on India. The whole land is a stifling Gehenna.

But if you get on an eastern Bengal train headed toward Darjeeling, in twenty-four hours you will find yourself translated into an earthly paradise. Many an invalid, despairing of life, has been quickened and regenerated by the

BRACING HIMALAYAN AIR.

Many a careworn worker in the Government or the army, in the mission or the counting room has found relief for vexed nerves and tired head in the shaded glens and by the purling brooks of this hill station. Simla, in the northeast of the Punjab, the other mountain resort, is the seat of the Indian Government during the hot weather. Day in and day out army officers and officials high in the civil service throng its groves and its gardens. There the Viceroy's court is held with a magnificence worthy of the great Rajahs of Oude, or of the Mogul Emperors at Delhi. The cycle of balls and receptions and entertainments is unending. Only when the cold weather sets in again are the festivities transferred to the capital on the Hoogli. But at Darjeeling the turmoil of fashion troubles one not. Society's claims are at a minimum. You can wander along the babbling Teesta and through the deep forests of *deodar*, or Himalayan cedar, undisturbed; if perchance you climb Sencha to get a glimpse of far-away Everest in the afternoon sun, you need not feel hurried be the remembrance of some stately dinner y be eaten at 8 o'clock, in faultless dress and with icy conventionality. The atmosphere of Darjeeling is restful. There reigns the peace of nature which passeth all understanding.

The railway from Calcutta runs straight as the crow flies, across the

FEVER-BREEDING JUNGLES

of Bengal to the base of the Himalayas. In the paddy fields the *ryots* are ploughing with the same primitive plough which their Aryan forefathers used before they left the home of the race to pour down through the northwest passes into the plains of Rajputana. At every station along the road crowds of "gentle metaphysical Hindus," as Sir Edwin Arnold calls them, are squatted, awaiting for the down train. This is the season when great multitudes of these lidia brown men come up from all parts of Inthe to bathe in the sacred Ganges. Each one has a pack on his back, and, in addition, a bottle, often with the irreligious inscription, "Base's Pale Ale" upon it, which he hopes to bring home full of the muddy Ganges water. This he may keep for personal use or may sell to those unable to make the pilgrimage, for great is the efficacy of holy water, and great is the traffic in the Ganges brand. Their dress consists of two long pieces of white cotton cloth, uncut, unsewed. The one is wound around the head in an enormous turban, the other about the body, being caught up under the legs. You would think a village cemetery had given up its dead to see them in the evening flitting noiselessly about in these ghostly garments. Skeletons they are, too. Thin chests, spare legs, unmuscular arms. Fifteen millions of them perished in the great famine of 1770, and only eight years ago they were dying in the Madras Presidency like flies in cold weather. For we are in a land where the seven lean kine and the seven hungry ears are no fable; where eating is a luxury rather than a common, imperative necessity. The moon is full. As the train rushes through the jungle you can

HEAR THE JACKALS,

half a mile away in the tall grass, crying in shrill unison. Their bark can hardly be distinguished from that of the coyotes I have heard in Idaho. An elephant, with his native master on his back, shakes along the highway with solemn, ponderous gait. On the sixteenth hour after leaving the capital the train stops at Siliguri, and we get out for the night.

India has an institution which the rest of the world might adopt with profit. It is called the dak bungalow, and is an inheritance of the days when railways were unknown, and when hotels in the interior were unthought of. In every town is a large, low house, with massive walls, through which little of the intense heat penetrates, built by the Government many years ago for the refreshment of travellers. A sojourner can occupy a room for twenty-four hours, but at the expiration of that time is obliged to give it up to the next comer. The *Khidmutgar*, or native in charge, prepares an excellent meal at nominal rates, and receives a fee for the room also. But the bungalow is not a money-making institution. The Government is quite satisfied if it covers expenses. Many a traveller, worn by a long day's jolting in an Indian bullock cart, has sought rest and shelter from the heat in one of these little oases. And even to-day, when a superb railway system with complete sleeping accommodations has really rendered the dak bungalow superannuated, there are many who still enjoy getting off and taking a quiet night's rest in the old style.

In the morning our "gentle metaphysical" *Khidmutgar* woke us up at 6 o'clock, gave us *chota hazree*, or early breakfast, and helped us to the train. From Siliguri the road begins to climb the foothills of the Himalayas. As we get further along, our engine puffs and pants, tugging

UP THE STEEP ASCENT.

The road itself twists and winds over the mountain side like the great serpent Midgard, which encircles the world of the Eddas. The air becomes more bracing. The wet tatties of *kuskus* grass, which send their delicious currents of cool air through the car, often reducing an outside temperature of 110° to 90° are no longer required. Neither is the dark glass of the windows, so completely does the changing atmosphere neutralize the heat and glare of the sun. As we get higher up the scenery takes on a Swiss character. Hardy Bhutanese mountaineers pass with huge baskets on their backs, such as you see in the passes of the Grisons or at Chamounix. Little children run alongside of the cars where the ascent is slow, tossing in flowers—not edelweiss, however, but a beautiful amber blossom which grows in the Himalayas. At the various stations you will notice the Gurkha police—stout, tawny-skinned little fellows. During the Sepoy mutiny they were a tower of strength to the Government. In fact, with the exception of the tall Sikhs, whom Sir John Lawrence sent down from the Punjab to the siege of Delhi, they were the only native troops on whom the English could thoroughly rely. In the Afghan wars, and in the last trouble with the Thibetans, too, they fought with great *élan*. The Thibetans had been told by their Grand Lama that the hour was at hand when the English should be driven out of India. They had the promise, too, of the help of the tremendous glaciers and furious thunder storms of the Himalayas. The stars in their courses were to fight against Sisera. Even the natives on the south of the mountains began to fear that the time of the English had really come at last. But the Viceroy simply sent a detachment of Gurkhas into the mountains. Battles were fought in the clouds. The Thibetans were driven headlong through

THOSE TERRIBLE PASSES,

which rise now 11,000 feet and fall again to a bare hundred above the sea level. The force of nature were of as little assistance to them as their poor old seventeenth century matchlocks, mounted on tripods and fired only by the efforts of three men. The result of the war was merely to give one more proof of the power of English arms.

Darjeeling is only 300 miles from Lassa, but the passes are well guarded, and woe to him who tries to penetrate into the hermit land. Yet even here we are able to study Thibet in miniature, for there is quite a colony of Thibetan immigrants who have settled in Bhutan, and have imported temples, monasteries, and their peculiar religious rites from their northern home. They have even gone so far as to set up another Grand Lama, called the Dhamma-Raja somewhere in Nepaul, who is as bitterly execrated, and as frequently anathematized by his Thibetan rival as any anti-Pope of the fourteenth century, for of course there can be only one Grand Lama, as that personage is an *avatar* of Buddha, and Buddha can inhabit but one mortal at a time. The theory of the Lamaship is exactly that of the French monarchy—"Le roi est mort: vive le roi." When one Lama is poisoned, for poison is the normal cause of death, his soul departs into his successor. The only difficulty is to find the successor. A parcel of babies are brought out before a court of priests. The goods and chattels of the dead Lama, mingled with the property of other men, are displayed in their presence. If one of the children by an infantile gesture points out anything belonging to the dead churchman, it is taken as an indication that the soul of the latter has entered into him, and he is chosen Grand Lama. One of the necessary qualifications, however, is the death of the mother three days after the child's birth. But there are usually no difficulties on that score, for poison is as freely used in Thibetan affairs as it was in papal politics at the time of the Renaissance.

Just outside of Darjeeling is the Thibetan village, consisting of a few grimy stone huts, roofed with Standard Oil cans of tin flattened out and laid one next the other. Inside one of the houses are congregated fifteen or more priests busily reading from sacred books. They read aloud and together, or rather all at once, and the effect is not unlike the buzzing of a beehive or the whirr of a cotton mill. At frequent intervals an old woman pours out tea for their refreshment. In one corner of the room is a little altar, on which are offerings of rice and of dough cakes. Their famous prayer wheels are there, too—some large as beer barrels and turned on an axis, others of the size and shape and appearance of a baby rattle. They are

COVERED WITH WRITING.

Each revolution records a prayer. The priests stop reading to look at the stranger; the people of the village crowd round laughing and chatting, kindly, simple-hearted folk they are, a few grades higher in civilization than the "leaf wearers of Orissa," or than their distant kinsmen, those wild hills people of Assam, who have no words for expressing distance, but reckon the length of a journey by the number of plugs of tobacco they chew on the way!

However, we came to Darjeeling primarily, to see neither hill tribes, nor droning priests, nor Gurkha soldiers; but for two long days the mountains were hid from view and the rain poured down as it does only in northern India. At Cherri Punji the rainfall has reached a maximum of 805 inches, and 600 is not uncommon. In fact, our "white squadron" would float with ease in the sea which falls each year upon the provinces lying immediately under the Himalayas. If you had been here yesterday you would have doubted it not a moment. The rain came down in continuous sheets, as if thick cross sections of a lake were falling. The clouds, too, were portentously grand. They seemed like Valkyries, or like that never-ending train of souls which the great Florentine saw blown hither and thither in the second circle of the pit. As a study of clouds it was magnificent, but it was not mountains. At times the gray masses would break, and through the rifts the snow peaks could just be seen. Then they would close up again, and our hearts would sink. In the evening of the second day it seemed as if we should have to leave, after all, without a glimpse of Kinchinjunga's gleaming crest.

The next morning, however, dawned clear and cloudless. The masses of mist had sunk into the valleys during the night, leaving the mountain tops unobscured. There they were, the great giants of the Himalayas—Chumalari, Dwalagani, Chamango, Kinchinjunga—ranged along the horizon in

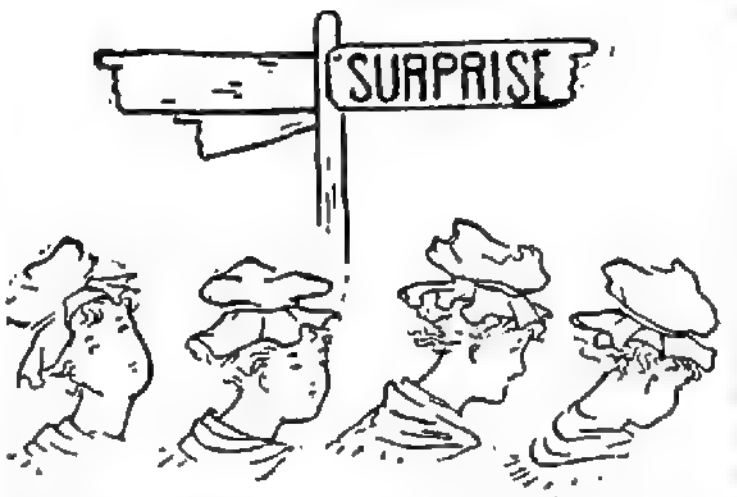
A STUPENDOUS PHALANX.

Take Mont Blanc and pile the Great St. Bernard upon it, and Kinchinjunga soars far above them both. Mount Shasta and Mount Tacoma are mere pigmies beside it. Popocatapetl falls 11,000 feet short of its magnificent height. The Schreckhorn, the Grimsel, and Mount Washington combined barely equal it. And so we might go on piling Pelion upon Ossa and still we could scarcely give an impression of the awful heights. The mighty conceptions of the Hindoo theology were born of meditative lives passed under these snow-capped peaks.

"The indestructible Brahm, inscrutable. It is not born nor doth it ever die; it has no past or future; unproduced, unchanging, infinite, eternal." Thus runs the "Song Celestial," and in the presence of the snowy range one asks involuntarily if the lofty abstraction was not suggested by these great symbols of nature. The conception of Utsarpini and Avassarpini, the two eternally recurring cycles of time, of a duration such as to defy all human comprehension; the conception of great Vishnu, the Unconquerable Preserver, striding in three immense steps across the universe, the tremendous calculation of birth and rebirth, lakhs upon lakhs of transmigrations, each lasting an hundred thousand years, which are involved in their notions of metaphysics—all partake of the solemn vastness of Himalayan scenery. In the Brahmana are certain chanters entitled *Aranyakas*, so profound in their mystic contents that they may be read only in the solitude of deepest forests. Better would it be if they were read here.

To get a glimpse of Everest you have to go about seven miles from Darjeeling to a high eminence called Tiger Hill. From this point Kinchinjunga is distant only forty miles, and confronts one in all its impressiveness. But Everest is far off on the western horizon, and little would one imagine that it is the loftiest point on the earth's surface. Indeed, many are now questioning its pre-eminence. For to the north, and beyond the trough in which the Brahmaputra (the Son of Brahm) rolls on its eastward course, stand Mount Kare-Korum, supposed to be a few hundred feet higher even than Everest's 29,002. From Tiger Hill these famous two odd feet seem to be almost all that is visible of Everest. Take a piece of white note paper and mark off one corner, and you will get some notion of how it looks. For greatly does it disappoint one, and eagerly does one turn back to the great white throne of Kinchinjunga and to its seas of glass. Here we have scenery such as one hears of now here out of the Apocalypse. Even the Thibetans are awestruck, and have hung up prayer cloths, strips of yellow, red, or blue cotton, which flutter in the wind from tall poles of bamboo. Down in the valley it is still night, though the sun has reddened the snow for an hour past. Another hour, and the cocks below will begin crowing, and the tardy light will dawn on these nether regions. Then the clouds will rise to meet the sun, and will hide, as with a curtain, the abode of snow. As we walk away we think of the old Vedic psalmist in the dawn of history, singing of "Him whose greatness the snowy ranges and the sea and the Aerial River (i. e., the Milky way) declare." ERNEST GORDON.

The National Bank of Denmark has issued new 10-kroner bank notes, the old ones having been successfully counterfeited. The new bills are brown and printed on the back, while the old ones were not.



THIS WAY for saving white linens & cottons without that hard wearing out toil of wash day. "THE SURPRISE WAY" of using SURPRISE SOAP, does the wash without boiling or scalding and does it thoroughly, making them clean and sweet. Once started in the SURPRISE WAY you will never stop, it is so easy. You save half the hard work. You save your hands, your clothes, your money.

Your Grocer Keeps It. READ the Directions on the Wrapper.

Remarkable and Strange Story.

Just as day was dawning the other morning, William F. Parkes, who is nearly 70 years old, or that portion of him which still lives, was found by Henry Murphy, a grave-digger, lying unconscious upon Parkes' own grave, in a remote part of a St. Louis cemetery.

The unconscious man had but one arm, no legs whatever, and a portion of his left shoulder had been cut away by surgeons' knives. He had fallen from his little wheel chair into his grave, and had evidently lain there all night. The dead portion of Mr. Parkes lay buried in a rosewood coffin in the grave upon which he was found. He had come, as was his custom, to decorate and care for his own grave, and had fainted while trying to pull up a very stubborn weed

Mr. Parkes was carried to the gatehouse, and afterward to a neighboring residence.

With the help of a physician he was revived after an hour's hard work. After a few hours' rest Mr. Parkes was taken to his home, in a humble little abode hardly half a mile from the cemetery gate.

The story of Mr. Parkes' life and his queer mania is indeed a remarkable and interesting one. If all of him is dead and buried, but in the rosewood coffin, which he purchased himself, there is still room enough for the rest of him when life passes away. He was his own undertaker, and one shroud will suffice for him, yet he will have two funerals.

Mr. Parkes was born in a suburb of Detroit, Mich., a little less than seventy years ago. His father was well-to-do. When he graduated from school—the story is told by himself—he refused to attend college, and spent all his time breaking colts and training trotters.

When but 20 years old he married Bessie Woodruff, whom he had known since infancy. This was but the commencement of his matrimonal career.

Mr. Parkes lost his first wife a year after he married her, and shortly after her death he met with his first accident. While riding a half-broken colt one day the horse suddenly shied and threw him to the ground, breaking his left leg. The surgeon who was called to attend him set the leg wrong, and it was necessary to break it again The operation was not a success, and blood-poisoning set in. His foot swelled and mortified, and in order to save his life the doctors amputated it.

They thought they had stopped the progress of the poison, but in a few days it became apparent that it was extending further up the leg. A week afterward they amputated the leg at the knee. After a month of suffering the wound healed up, and a short time after that the deadly poison again commenced to work. After a lengthy consultation the physicians decided to cut the leg entirely off. This they did, and by doing so saved Mr. Parkes' life.

The doctors wanted to take the pieces of the leg to dissect, but young Parkes insisted that they should be buried. After much arguing his wish was gratified—his leg, in three pieces, being buried in a neighboring cemetery.

When Parkes finally recovered he married his dead wife's sister, who had nursed him during his long illness. Mr. Parkes decided to go to Saratoga Springs for his health and take his young bride with him. He was never to reach the place.

When half way to his destination the sleeping-car that carried him and his wife jumped the track and a disastrous wreck occurred. Mr. Parkes' remaining leg was crushed and mangled and he was taken from the wreck unconscious. Clasped tightly in his arms was his young bride, but she was dead. A horrible gash in her white forehead told the rest of the story.

Young Parkes' father was hastily notified, and he insisted that his son should be sent home. Notwithstanding his precarious condition, his wounded limb was bandaged and he was conveyed to his father's house, twice a widowed man.

For many long hours the best surgeons that could be procured labored to save his remaining leg. At the end they were compelled to amputate the leg close to the body. The grave was opened and the leg buried with the other, leaving Mr. Parkes a man without legs.

He was now almost entirely helpless, and for a year he remained in his father's house, almost without a hope, and longing for death. Summer came, and a unique wheel-chair was made for Mr. Parkes, and he propelled himself for short distances about the neighborhood.

Among the boarders at an adjoining farm was Miss Bessie White. She was a consumptive, and had but one arm, that member having been crushed by a fall. Her father was wealthy, and she had considerable money in her own right. Young Parkes met her. They both were unfortunate, and their feelings were akin. Three weeks afterward they were married by the village parson.

Parkes' life seemed to brighten, and for two years—the brightest of his life—he lived with his young wife in Detroit. Then her fata disease asserted itself, and after a lingering illness of three months she died. She left him $20,000 and a little baby girl.

Parkes went back to his father's house, sad and entirely dejected. He hired a nurse for his baby and determined to devote the remainder of his life to her welfare.

The nurse, a widow named Mrs. Maria Lawler, was still young and handsome. Parkes fell in love with her and soon asked her to become his wife. She refused, but for six months he fought his suit with such persistence that he conquered, and they were married by a Catholic priest, Mrs. Lawler having been brought up in that denomination.

Mr. Parkes bought a neat little cottage near his father's farm, and in it he installed his wife and child. A few months afterward his father became very ill, and young Parkes remained constantly beside his bed.

One night, when he was watching his dying father, a servant whom he had hired came home to his cottage intoxicated, upset a kerosene lamp in his room, and set the house afire. Mrs. Parkes and the baby were sleeping soundly, and before assistance arrived they both were smothered to death. Just as the sad news was brought to Mr Parkes, who sat at his father's bedside, his aged parent raised himself, uttered a few incoherent words, and fell back dead.

Parkes' father and his wife and child were buried on the same day. It was a sad day for Parkes. After the graves had been covered and the last sad words spoken, Parkes was placed in a carriage to be taken to a now utterly cheerless home As the carriage was crossing some railroad tracks an engine came screeching along, the horses became mad with fright, and, despite the efforts of the driver, they dashed down the road at headlong speed. Parkes was within, utterly helpless. Suddenly the carriage collided with a tree, smashing the vehicle instantly killing the driver, and throwing Parkes out, breaking his left arm in two places and crushing it.

He was carried home unconscious, and when he was himself again the doctors had amputated the arm close to the shoulder. It was buried with the other portions of Mr. Parkes.

For many years he remained in his mother's house, passing the time the best he could. Two years ago his mother died, and shortly afterward he sold the farm and came to St. Louis. He bought the little cottage he now owns and determined to pass the remainder of his life there.

When he was settled he purchased a handsome rosewood coffin, placed it in his parlor and sent for the remainder of his body. When they arrived he purchased a dress suit, dressed the legs in the trousers, the arm in one coat sleeve, and placed them in the coffin in their natural positions. The rest of the suit he is saving until the rest of him is dead.

Once a week Parkes determined he would visit his own grave, decorate it, and keep it in good order. He had a little chair made, so he could propel himself by turning a crank.

On his second trip to ... grave Mr. Parkes was run over by a runaway horse and his left shoulder was severely injured. The doctors were compelled to take out a bone and cut away a large portion of the flesh. The grave was opened again and the bone and flesh placed in the coffin at Mr. Parkes' direction.

He is a familiar figure to all the workmen in the cemetery and they called him "the man who is dead, but living."

When he was found unconscious this morning the physician declared that he had but a short time to live, and he now, although apparently in good health, seems to think that the time is not far off when what remains of him will be ready for the grave and his remarkable life will be ended.

An Interesting Book.

Robert Hunter, M. D., of New York, the celebrated consumption specialist, has just published a very interesting little work entitled "The Story of Consumption." It treats of this most insidious disease under the headings: Its true theory now established; its treatment through the stomach; its treatment through the skin; its treatment through the lungs the only rational treatment; criticisms of Dr. Koch's lymph treatment. This concise and valuable little treatise may be had upon application at 101 Bay street Toronto.

Scientific and Industrial.

The distinction is now said to belong to Bombay of possessing the greatest piece of solid masonry construction that the world has seen in modern times. It appears that for years past the water supply of Bombay depended upon works known to be defective, involving the possibility of a water famine in that great Eastern seaport, and in view of this a consultation of eminent engineers was held, under the direction of the Government, with the result that a large dam was determined on, to enclose the watershed of the valley which drains into the sea south of Bombay. This gigantic structure, designed and accomplished by the superior engineering skill of T. C. Glover, is two miles long, 118 feet in height, and 103 feet wide at the base, with a roadway on the top twenty-four feet wide, the stonework along costing $2,000,000. The lake of water which this dam imprisons is some eight square miles in area, and sixty miles of pipe perform the service. Twelve thousand Hindoos were specially trained by Engineer Glover for employment on this dam.

A French firm have had built for them on the Clyde what is said to be the largest sailing ship in the world, 360 feet long, 48 feet 9 inches broad, and 30 feet deep, with gross tonnage of about 3,750 and dead-weight carrying capacity of 6,150 tons. There is a double bottom, with capacity for 1,000 tons of water ballast, while amidships there are several watertight compartments, for 1,200 tons of water, the cubic capacity of these compartments, eight in number, being nearly 43,000 feet—equal to carrying 1,200 tons of water ballast or cargo when the ship is laden, and efficient pumping arrangements are provided. The mizzenmast is a single piece, 140 feet in length, and the lower and topmasts in the other cases are also each in a single piece, the lengths above deck varying from 159 to 168 feet, and the diameters showing 17 to 30 inches, that of the topgallant masts being 10 to 16. The length of the lower yards is 82 feet, of the upper yards 77, and the bowspirit is 50 feet long and 12 to 30 inches in diameter.

Engineers pronounce as simply perfect the Cramp method of building large boilers with thick plates for high pressures. These plates are in the first place pickled in a wooden bath containing a five per cent. solution of sulphuric or hydrochloric acid, after remaining in which for about six hours they are removed and thoroughly scrubbed with hickory brooms, while a strong stream of fresh water is played upon them; they are then immersed in a bath of lime water to neutralize any remaining acid, and again washed with clean water. All holes are drilled, and the edges of the plates planed and bevelled for calking; the shell plating is bent cold to the proper curvature in the rolls, and the flanging is done by a hydraulic flanger, the plate being heated to a bright cherry red, a length of about eight feet being flanged at each heat; furnace mouth plates are flanged in cast-iron dies at a single heat. After the flanging of tube plates, &c., is completed they are reheated and the plates straightened on a cast-iron surface plate, being finally annealed by cooling in the open air from a cherry-red heat. The riveting is performed by a Tweddle hydraulic rivoter, using a pressure of 1,500 pounds per square inch on the flange, which gives a stress of about ninety tons upon the rivet.

The twisted wire nail—a cross as it were between a screw and the ordinary plain wire nail—is said to be working its way into popular favor, and is believed to represent as great an improvement upon the plain wire nail as that useful invention is over the old cut nail; for while the latter tears and crushes the fibres of the wood as it is driven and its tapering shape destroys the greater portion of its holding power when it is partially withdrawn, the plain wire nail, on the contrary, being pointed and smooth, does not crush the wood fibres as does the cut nail, but presses them aside; and as the diameter of the nail is the same throughout its length, it fits as tightly and holds as firmly on being partially drawn as when driven home. The twisted wire nail not only crushes the fibres of the wood less than the two other forms of nails, but by its screw shape possesses a much greater holding power than the other forms. The nail in question is of English origin; but quite similar to this screw modification of the wire nail is the recent American idea brought forward, viz., the making of a wood screw that will drive nearly as well as a nail, and yet can be withdrawn by means of a screw driver as readily as any screw.

As is well understood, in the ordinary construction of double-expansion steam engines, and in all the compound locomotives that have thus far been built, a single low-pressure cylinder of about twice the sectional area of the high-pressure cylinder is used with each high-pressure cylinder—an arrangement which frequently necessitates a low-pressure cylinder of rather cumbersome diameter, and on this account is regarded with special disfavor by some locomotive engineers: some of the English compound locomotives are constructed on the plan of having only two cylinders, one high and one low pressure. But a radical departure from the ordinary practice in this line has lately been announced, the plan consisting in the substitution of two low-pressure cylinders of about the size of the high-pressure cylinder for the one large low-pressure cylinder, according to the well known arrangement. In the carrying out of this method the pistons in the low pressure cylinders are coupled by their rods to a single crosshead, and they move together.

A wood-carving machine, which is a reality an embossing machine, pressing any desired figure or form of wood engraving into a plain wood surface, has passed its experimental stage, and is now in use with large and practical results. This machine produces perfect imitations of hand carvings of all designs, on any length, width, and thickness of stock, and in the most satisfactory manner. The apparatus is simple in construction, occupies only two by four feet floor space, and is noiseless, automatic in action, and free from dust or dirt. It will perfectly finish from one thousand to two thousand lineal feet in ten hours, and from one thousand to two thousand pieces of panelling per day.

A liquid glue for joining wood to metals may be prepared, says M. Heeze by a mixture of 100 parts clear gelatine, 100 parts cabinet makers' glue, 25 parts alcohol, and 2 parts alum, the whole mixed with 200 parts of 20 per cent. acetic acid, and heated on a water bath for six hours; it possesses great resistive power.

No act, however long, is safe that does not match a thought that is still longer.—[Parkhurst.

Hamilton Spectator:—A large dog came to the city treasurer's office to-day to buy his own tag. He had an envelope in his mouth containing the money and a letter stating that his name was Oakey Fly, that he lived at Derby cottage, Wellington street south, and had earned the money himself carrying messages. He got his tag and departed.

Mrs. Newed: "I always put some Pearline in my wash water. Do you ever use any?"

Mrs. Oldun: "Oh, yes, Pyle's."—*The King's Jester.*

"August Flower"

For Dyspepsia.

A. Bellanger, Propr., Stove Foundry, Montagny, Quebec, writes: "I have used August Flower for Dyspepsia. It gave me great relief. I recommend it to all Dyspeptics as a very good remedy."

Ed. Bergeron, General Dealer, Lauzon, Levis, Quebec, writes: "I have used August Flower with the best possible results for Dyspepsia."

C. A. Barrington, Engineer and General Smith, Sydney, Australia, writes: "August Flower has effected a complete cure in my case. It acted like a miracle."

Geo. Gates, Corinth, Miss., writes: "I consider your August Flower the best remedy in the world for Dyspepsia. I was almost dead with that disease, but used several bottles of August Flower, and now consider myself a well man. I sincerely recommend this medicine to suffering humanity the world over." ®

G. G. GREEN, Sole Manufacturer,
Woodbury, N... J., U. S. A.

The Heroine of Manipur.

The Queen has requested her presence at Windsor, and honors and tributes of various kinds are showered on every side upon the young heroine of Manipur—the girlish woman of twenty-two who went through the awful disaster and has come back to tell the tale. Not just yet, though; it is too near, too terribly real to be discussed in all its details; but some future day when the dark picture has somewhat paled and when Mrs. Grimwood can think quietly of the fatal days that ruined her happiness suddenly and completely and brought death and destruction into the peaceful little camp, she hopes to write a full account of the disaster.

We picture her, the young and comely three-year-old wife of the late British Resident at Manipur, remaining with her husband when danger threatened, although it had been arranged for her to come to Europe during last April. Then, when the sad disaster had come which we so much deplore, Mrs. Grimwood, herself badly wounded in the arm, displayed all those qualities which only a devoted woman could display. Although

THE BULLETS WERE FALLING

around, she tended the wounded in the cellars of the Residency and found them food, quite oblivious to her own needs. Then when the Residency was evacuated, the trials that had to be borne recall the days of the Mutiny. Starting in only her house shoes, Mrs. Grimwood soon wore these out, and had to don a pair of ammunition boots. She was ten days without taking her clothes off, and one can imagine the relief experienced when the refugees encountered a body of Ghoorkas. At that time Col. Butcher had two cartridges left—one for the unfortunate lady and the other for himself, if capture was imminent. Mrs. Grimwood is still suffering from a sprain incurred on this memorable journey.

It is a pathetic figure, that of the girl-widow, dressed in deep mourning, which makes her tall, slender figure appear taller than she really is. The face is still pale and thin. But it is not the pallor and not the fragility which make it so pathetic. There is a look in the large blue eyes and an expression round mouth which it is always sad to see in one so young. And no smile steals over the fair face; never once do the eyes lose the

LOOK OF SADNESS,

and very often when she speaks the tears are in her voice and brim over in her eyes. She is so natural and simple, as she sits in her low chair with the rows of books behind her; but there is that dignity about her which is said to denote what is generally called "highest breeding," and which is innate refinement and can never be acquired.

"I cannot say much about it yet," she says very quietly, and with a deep sigh.

"It is too near. Later on, when all the present excitement about is is over, I hope to write it all down, from first to last and publish it in book form. But not yet.

"Yes," she went on, musingly and with a far-away look in her eyes, "it is so near, though sometimes it seems as if it were such a long, long time ago since we lived there quietly and peacefully. We were on perfectly friendly terms with the Senaputti; I often rode out with the princes, and there was nothing whatever to warn us of what was coming. When they began to fire at the Residency we had to fly. We stayed as long as we could, but there was nothing else to be done in the end. We had to leave in a terrible hurry; there was no time to pack or take anything, else I should have tried to take my jewelry and valuable things that could easily be carried. I had not even my hat—absolutely nothing except the clothes I wore. My shoes and stockings, which were very thin, were in rags long before we got to British territory, and I had to walk barefoot. My clothes got soiled and torn, and I had to throw away everything I could do without, and all day long we were marching along, trying to get further away. When we were in the jungle it was a little better; but in the open, with the sun pouring down, it was terrible. For the first day and a half we had nothing at all to eat, except roots and leaves that we could find. Sometimes we got food from the natives when we reached a village; but they were not always friendly to us, and when they were hostile we could do nothing but.

BURN THEIR VILLAGES

in sheer self-defence. Fortunately, I know the surroundings well, and I could be a guide to the officers and men with me, all of whom were strangers to me.

"Can you imagine what it was to be the only woman with a number of soldiers, under such circumstances, where privacy of any kind is an impossibility? But they were, one and all, more thoughtful than almost a woman could be. They took off their coats at night that I might be warm; they thought of a thousand little things that would make it a little easier for me; and I truly believe that one and all of them would at any moment have laid down their lives for me. I shall never, never forget what I owe to them." For a moment her voice broke as Mrs. Grimwood said this, but she recollected herself almost immediately and went on.

"The first thing I heard after we reached our territory was what had really happened; and what I heard was the worst I had to fear.

"A dear friend came to me in her carriage outside the town. She gave me clothes, and I stayed with her, and she did everything that kindness could do. I got very ill indeed, but I believe that illness saved my reason. I am now getting better and stronger, thank you; but my ankle is still very bad; it takes time to get over such journeys and such experiences.

"No, fortunately, I have no children. If there is anything that could have made things worse than they are it would have been if I had had a little child with me. What would have become of it?"

"And you have been out in Manipur for some time, Mrs. Grimwood?"

"Yes; I was married when I was eighteen and went there with my husband. All had been pleasant and friendly so far, and then all at once this came, and all was changed."

Three-Score Years in Prison.

The other day, writes a Naples correspondent, after sixty years of imprisonment, part of which was passed in the prison hospital, the Brigand chief Domenico Nocchia was liberated, and passed through Naples to Rome, where it is probable, as he has no living relative, that he will be placed in some asylum, for he suffers asthma and some disease of the leg. This old brigand chief was born 83 years ago, near Viterbo, where at 14 years of age he killed the syndic and his brother, a priest, because he had heard that they wanted to have him arrested. After the murder he fled and joined a band of brigands, leading the life of a highwayman and housebreaker for many years, during which, he asserts, more than a million francs passed through his hands. When he was at school previously at Montefiascone he had been the companion of Pope Leo, and being a good arithmatician, was at that early age made to teach his fellow-scholars. When he became a brigand he used to dress like a superior officer, and quietly frequent the towns of Piedmont, Tuscany, &c. Of the Neapolitan provinces only the Abruzzi were favoured by his visits. It was a sweetheart of his who finally enabled the gendarmes to arrest him without shedding of blood. The price that was set on his head was 35,000 francs, which the gendarmes gained. He was taken together with five companions, who were all beheaded; but Nocchia was saved by Prince Orsini, President of the Senate, because when the Prince had one evening been stopped and robbed by the band, Nocchia had set him free and restored all that had been taken. Nocchia was, however, condemned to prison for life, but did not desist to commit crimes. In 1841, being vexed with the reproaches of the chaplain because he refused to kneel and kiss the crucifix, Nocchia killed the priest by a stratagem. On July 2nd, 1835, he had been irritated by a dentist failing to extract a torturing tooth, and had treacherously sharpened a large nail, and killed the dentist with two stabs, and if he had not been disarmed, as he said himself, who knows how many others he might have killed. In 1856, having made a compleat ed calculation of all the expense of the Crimean war within ten days, while his prison companions had not been able to manage it in a month, he gained a prize of fifty scudio from the commanding colonel. Twice he tried to commit suicide; once at Pesaro, when he swallowed a blister that had been put on a companion's arm, but, he said without result, as it was as if he had merely eaten a pasty. The second time he had cut a vein in his arm, but this, too, failed. All these things he related in his dialect, with surprising vivacity for an old culprit of 83 years of age.

A commanding officer of a prominent British regiment having requested a drill sergeant to ascertain the religious views of some new recruits, the latter were paraded and the sergeant cried out: "Fall in! Church of England men on the right; Roman Catholics on the left; all fancy religions to the rear!"

A Convict's Pet.

Some years ago a poet lived in Paris who had a kind heart and possessed considerable influence among rich and respectable people. He was sitting one day at his desk writing a poem when his servant brought him a letter from an old friend asking him to find employment "for the bearer." The poet told the servant to show the bearer into his study. He was an elderly man, tall, stoutly built, and scrupulously neat, with a full gray beard, and he looked about fifty.

"My friend tells me," said the poet, "that you have lately been a bookeeper with a tradesman in Rue St. Denis?"

"Yes, sir," was the answer.

"Why did you leave your situation?"

The man hesitated and then said with an effort, "I left because of an unfortunate discovery."

"But," said the poet, "what was the discovery? I must know, because if I recommend you to a place I shall take a certain responsibility."

"I will tell you, sir," said the man, looking full in his face as if he had suddenly taken a resolution to speak frankly. "I was in that house six months and no one had had any fault to find with me, when one day they heard of it—found out that—that I had been a convict at the galleys."

HIS ONLY FRIEND.

"Ah, indeed! you were a convict at the galleys," said the poet, in much the same tone as if he had been saying:—"Ah, indeed! So you danced last night at court ball." "And how have you been living since you left your situation?"

"On a little money that I saved when I was in prison,"

"I thought," said the poet, "that convicts were forbidden to take money from visitors."

"So they are, monsieur. But they all do it if they can get a chance. It seems no great harm to take it if we can do so without discovery."

"How do you manage it?" persisted the poet, who was curious to learn something of a convict's experiences.

"We had several ways," the man replied. "Mine was one not often used, but it always interested visitors. Some of us used to tame pet mice and teach them to bring us any coin thrown down for us by a visitor. We always kept these mice in our clothes, where they would nestle all day without stirring, and when a visitor dropped a little coin for a prisoner the mouse, at a faint chirrup from its master, would come out of its hiding place, slip down the leg of his trousers, secure the coin and run back to its master's breast the way it came."

"What an ingenious trick!" said the poet, much interested, but hardly able to believe the thing was true. "I should like to see it done," he added presently.

"You can, monsieur."

"What! Do you carry any trained mice about you?"

"Only one, monsieur, but I never can part from her. She is the only true friend I have left," he added sadly.

"Will you show me?"

"Certainly, monsieur. Please to throw down a coin—a cent, five cents—what you think proper."

THE PET IN PERIL.

The poet threw down a cent piece, which rolled along the floor. The man gave a slight chirrup with his lips and the sleeve on his left arm was agitated. Then the mouse came sliding down the leg of his pantaloons and appeared a moment later on the carpet. But, to the great suprise of both men, it stood still and seemed inclined to run back to its hiding place.

Its master, seeing its hesitation, chirruped again more loudly. The mouse obeyed. The coin had rolled under a piece of furniture in one corner of the study. Just as the little mouse was about to pick it up a piteous squeal was heard. Alas! the poet's great Angora cat had been lying asleep under the table.

When the convict saw what peril threatened his little friend he turned as pale as death and gave a cry of terror.

Poet and convict sprang at once to the rescue. The cat was driven away, but not before he had seized the prey in his sharp claws. The poor little mouse lay still with a drop of blood like a shining carbuncle on its glossy breast.

His master picked it up and held it for a moment in his hands.

Then he laid it on the writing table, drew himself up to his full height, doubled his fists and sprang upon the poet, who received his attack with great composure, only saying, "Was it for murder you were sent to prison?"

At these words the poor fellow recovered himself.

"Let us see my poor friend," said the poet, "if your poor little mouse is certainly dead."

* * * * * * *

I am sure that all who read this story and who sympathize with the convict in his sorrow for the injury to "his only true friend" will hope the little mouse got well, though it is hard to cure a wounded animal. I wish I could inform them, but I do not know. The story is a true one, and he from whom I had it could not tell. But this I know, that the poet was ever after a true friend to its master, and got him a situation in a bank where he remains to this day an honest man.

How Tigers Become Man-Eaters.

On the 13th, at the village of Hebool, in the Ankola sub-division of the district of Kanara, a large tiger was killed under the following strange and tragic circumstances, says a correspondent of the *Times of India*. Shortly after sunset a woman of the cultivating class was gathering fallen fruit under a small clump of mango trees on the edge of a rice field not more than 100 paces from her dwelling. Suddenly from a shallow dry ditch, which ran close by the spot, a tiger, which had apparently stalked the woman under its cover, sprang on her, seized her by the back of the neck, and bore her to her to the ground. Her shrieks of agony brought out a neighbour whose house was not more than 50 paces away, and who then saw the tiger standing on the high ground above the ditch at some little distance from the body of his victim. There the animal seems to have remained until the arrival of the patel and a Mahomedan with a loaded gun. They had heard the outcry of the eye-witness from where they were sitting in the patel's house, not less than a quarter of a mile distant. The Mahomedan, with commendable promptitude, coolness, and pluck, succeeded in stealing near enough to the tiger to kill him with one shot. An examination of the corpse showed no other marks of injury save those caused by the teeth of the tiger. He had lingered neither to drink the blood nor to taste the flesh. For some time past he had been freely slaughtering cattle in the neighbourhood, but had never attacked a human being, and was apparently unwounded and in good health. May it not, then, be fairly surmised asks the correspondent, that in the uncertain light, owing to the dark dress and stooping posture of the unfortunate woman, the tiger mistook her for a quadruped, and was himself for the moment taken aback and alarmed at his own act! That he would soon have recoved himself and have returned to his meal had he been undisturbed there can be little doubt.

Purifies the breath and preserves the teeth, Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum. Sold by all druggists and confectioners. 5 cents.

In a case heard at the Clerkenwell Sessions recently the witnesses included a Protestant, a Roman Catholic, a Jew, a Buddhist and a Mahomedan. Each of these witnesses took the oath in his own way, and it was only the Mahomedan who caused inconvenience. The Court library did not include a Koran.

The Cod
That Helps to Cure
The Cold.
The disagreeable taste of the
COD LIVER OIL
is dissipated in
SCOTT'S
EMULSION
Of Pure Cod Liver Oil with
HYPOPHOSPHITES
OF LIME AND SODA.
The patient suffering from
CONSUMPTION.
BRONCHITIS, COUGH, COLD, OR WASTING DISEASES, takes the remedy as he would take milk. A perfect emulsion, and a wonderful flesh producer.
Take no other. All Druggists, 50c., $1.00.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

THE BOWSERS.

"Do you pass a carpenter shop on your way downtown?" asked Mrs. Bowser the other morning as Mr. Bowser was ready to leave the house.

"Why?" he cautiously asked in reply.

"We ought to have a screen-door to the kitchen. There's where all the flies come in. We can use one of those doors we brought with us, but we'll have to have a carpenter to hang it."

"We will, eh? I beg to differ. I don't propose to pay no carpenter three or four dollars for doing what I can do in half an hour. I'll fix it myself."

"But don't you remember, Mr. Bowser - don't you remember that you"

"That I what?"

"You tried to hang a screen-door last Summer in Detroit and you got so mad you nearly tore the house down."

"I did, eh? That's a pretty yarn for you to stand up there and spin! In the first place, I never tried to hang a screen door and the in second I never got mad."

"But you - you" she stammered.

"Nothing of the sort! I don't even remember that we had a screen-door. I never tried to hang one. I never got mad. I never even saw a fly around our house in Detroit. Change of climate seems to have had a very queer effect on you."

"But won't you send up a carpenter?"

"Not by a jugful! I shan't have anything to do at the office this afternoon, and if there's a bit of tinkering around the house it will be fun for me."

He returned at noon, having a heavy parcel with him, and when Mrs. Bowser asked about the contents he cut the string and replied:

"Just a few tools. Come handy to tinker with. Every man ought to keep a few tools and do his own repairing. I think I saved us at least $200 last year."

"Well, I hope you won't fly mad over your work. A screen-door is a very particular thing to hang."

"Ch! it is! You've hung lots of 'em, I presume!"

I know that it takes a skillful workman,"

"You'd better write a book and call it: 'What I Know About Screen-Doors.' I ought to feel awful proud to think I have such a smart wife! Run right in, now, and begin on the first chapter of your book!"

Mr. Bowser descended to the cellar, where he found four screen-doors of different sizes. He selected one he thought would fit and carried it up. It was six inches too high. The next was four inches too short. The third was almost long enough to make two such doors as he wanted. He had the fourth one, which was almost a fit, in the back yard, when Mrs. Bowser came out to say:

"If you had first measured the opening and then measured your doors, you wouldn't have had to lug up but this one."

"Wouldn't I? Perhaps you understand my object in bringing up the extra ones? Perhaps it is the duty of a husband to explain every little move he makes?"

The door had to be sawed off about an inch at the top. Mr. Bowser brought out a couple of kitchen chairs, made a scratch on the door with a nail, and was about to use the saw, when she asked:

"Aren't you going to strike a line across there?"

"For what reason?"

"If you don't you can't saw straight."

"Can't I? Perhaps I am blind!"

When he finished sawing off the strip and held the frame up to the opening it was plain that he had run his saw at an angle.

"I told you so," she quietly observed.

"Told me what!" he replied, as he turned on her. "Do you suppose I don't know what I'm about? Do you imagine I wanted a straight top on that door? If you know so much go ahead and finish the job!"

Mrs. Bowser went into the house, and Mr. Bowser held the frame up again to see that he would be obliged to tack on a strip or leave an opening for all the flies in New York State. He was sawing a piece off one of the other doors to make this strip when Mrs. Bowser appeared and said:

"You'll spoil that door, too Mr. Bowser. Why don't you take a piece from this box? If you had put a straight-edge on the other and marked it you would have been all right."

"Mrs. Bowser," he began as he laid down his saw, "am I a purblind child five or six years old, who must be brought in when it rains, or am I the man of the house, forty years of age and generally supposed to have sense enough not to go down under a pile-driver to eat my dinner?"

"But you'll never get that door fit," she protested.

"If I don't no other man on earth need try!"

She went in again and he sawed off a strip and nailed it on the other door. Then he held it up to find the frame half an inch too long. Mrs. Bowser reappeared and was about to say something, but he glared at her so savagely that she went back without a word.

"The infernal old kitchen is either lifting up or settling down!" he growled as he held the door up. "I've got to saw a piece off the bottom to make a fit, and she'll either fit or down comes the shanty!"

He sawed off a piece and got what he called a fit. He smiled and chuckled over his success, and had the hinges on when Mrs. Bowser came out to ask:

"What good is a door there if you leave all those cracks?"

"Cracks! Cracks! You can't find one!"

"Look here—and here—and here! Mr. Bowser, even the bumble-bees of New York would have no trouble in flying in there! And how are you putting that spring on?"

Mr. Bowser laid down the hammer, the gimlet and the screwdriver, and after wiping off his flushed face he stood erect and pointed into the kitchen. Mrs. Bowser disappeared without a word. Then he inspected and found cracks.

"Confounded old door-way is out of plumb, and that's the matter!" he growled, as he set to work to unhinge it. When he got the door off he racked it this way and that and tr'ed it again. More cracks than before. He took it down and sprung on the top with all his might, and this time, as he held it up, there was a crevice through which a sparrow could have flown. He started to lay it flat on the ground, but fell forward, tumbled over himself and sprawled on his back.

"What's the matter?" asked Mrs. Bowser from the back door.

Mr. Bowser slowly arose, looked all around for the axe, and not seeing it he jumped at the screen-doors and kicked with both feet until they were reduced to strings and strips. Then he went up to Mrs. Bowser, panting and perspiring and pale-faced, and hoarsely whispered:

"This is the last time—the very last! Next time you coax me into doing any such infernal puttering work around the house I'll go—go, never to return!

"When did I coax you?"

"Never you mind! It's all right!"

"But I say"—

"Just—keep quiet! I am neither blind nor deaf. If we live together ten billion years longer don't you ask me to even bore a hole in a table-leg for a castor! This is the limit. I'm dangerous from this on!"

All "in a Minute."

Did you ever stop to think what may happen in a minute? No. Well, I will amuse you by telling you some things that will happen in this space of time.

In a minute we shall be whirled around on the outside of the earth by its diurnal motion a distance of thirteen miles. At the same time we shall have gone along with the earth on its grand journey around the sun 1,080 miles. Pretty quick travelling, you say. But, that is slow work compared with the rate of speed of that ray of light which just now reflected from that mirror. A minute ago that ray was 11,160,000 miles away.

In a minute, all over the world, about eighty new born infants have each raised a wail of protest, as if against thrusting existence upon them; while as many more human beings, weary with the struggle of life, have opened their lips to utter their last sigh.

In a minute the lowest sound your ear can catch has been made by 690 vibrations, while the highest tone reached you after making 2,228,000 vibrations.

In a minute an express train goes a mile, and an omnibus thirty-two rods; the fastest trotting horse 148 rods, and an average pedestrian has got over sixteen rods.

Each minute, night and day, the telephone is used 595 times, and the telegraph 136 times. Of tobacco, 925 lb. are raised, and part of it has been used in making 6,673 cigars, and some more of it has gone up in the smoke of 2,292 cigarettes.

Chicago is promised gas at fifteen cents per 1,000.

One single cut with the whip at the wrong time will not be forgotten by some horses during a whole season, and may cause the horse to become timid and irritable—may, in fact, ultimately ruin him, causing him to prove unreliable, both as regards gait and everything else considered as exceptionally valuable.

Beauty's Friend

CANADA'S FIRST AND ONLY
COMPLEXION SPECIALIST

Ours b LeRoy

Certificate of Chemist.

MRS. C. LEROY,
DEAR MADAM—I have examined Grecian Remedies you sent me, and can certify that they are well calculated for the purposes they are intended to serve; and also that they contain no injurious ingredients.
Yours very truly,
STUART W. JOHNSTON,
Chemist, Cor. King & John Sts.

Ladies who desire to
REMOVE SUPERFLUOUS HAIR
without pain or discoloration send for
. . . Grecian Hair Remover . . .
It is the only reliable preparation on the market. Guaranteed or money refunded. Send for price list and "Beauty's Friend." Examine this list of
. . . Complexion Remedies . . .
Face Bleach Complexion Cream Face Powder
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"BEAUTY'S FRIEND" Is an interesting book, treating of all matters pertaining to personal beauty.
Free this month to all callers, or sent by mail on receipt of 9 cents postage, and Mention this Paper.

MRS. C. LeROY, 171 Queen St. West, TORONTO, CANADA.

For the Home Dressmaking.

Children grow so rapidly it is seldom that a garment can be a worn a second season without alteration and enlargement. There never was a better time than the present for remodeling these little articles as yokes and sleeves can be made of different materials, and a plain band, or one with vandyke points, lengthens them nicely at the bottom.

A lovely little gown, recently shown in one of the best stores, offers suggestions for remaking. The dress itself was medium blue Henrietta with plain waist buttoning in the back, but cut out V-shaped in front to show a shirred undervest of cream surah. This also formed the sleeves, which had a cuff of the wool goods. The skirt was plain and full and had a four-inch band of the silk with one of the wool goods the same depth below. Rows of feather-stitching in pale yellow silk ornamented the cuffs, belt and bottom of skirt.

The sleeves wear out and the front of the waist soon soils, but by renovating after this model a nice dress may be made to do duty another season. The band in the skirt may be of any depth to make the required length.

Plaids both in wools and cottons are much used for children. The skirts of these should be cut bias and box-plaited all round though a little more fullness should be laid in the back. Make leg o'mutton sleeves with cuffs of velvet and full waist with velvet jacket fronts in Zouave style.

For ginghams trim with white embroidery or linen lace. A pretty and serviceable suit of plain and striped gingham has a full skirt of the plain goods with a deep bias band of the stripe. These full skirts are gathered only enough to set well at front and sides, the rest of the fullness being massed in the back. The full waist and sleeves are of the plain with yoke and cuffs of the stripe; collar and sash of plain goods. The crinkled seersuckers are nice for common wear, but they as well as all other ginghams should be washed before making, thus preventing much trouble and annoyance later.

Thin dresses are more elaborately made, ribbons, sashes and flounces being lavishly used. White lawn and mull flouncings make up prettily with yokes, jacket-fronts and cuffs of all-over embroidery to match. An open-work embroidery in which narrow ribbon can be run is very dressy.

One charming little costume has a skirt of embroidered mull flouncing, enough being cut off the top to make the sleeves and bagged waist. The waist is unique, having a narrow, deep, rounding yoke of tucks edged with a graduated frill of embroidery outlining it back and front and lying over on the shoulders. The dress is completed by a wide silk sash of any color suited to the wearer. White is alway in good taste. When the flouncing is edged with vandyke points these are not cut out, but facing put on the under side.

An odd little dress is of cream China silk with blue spots, straight from neck to hem but plaited in back and front to within two inches of the waist line to form a sort of square yoke. Over this is a tiny Figaro jacket of plain blue silk, reaching nearly to the waist line in the back but rounded off and open in front to show the tucks. Two full rosettes of blue ribbon, with ends reaching nearly to the bottom of the skirt, fastened the jacket on each side, and have a strip of ribbon between them across the bottom of the tucks. The collar is of the blue silk.

The full sleeves are like the skirt, high on the shoulder and fitted at the wrist by a hem through which a narrow ribbon is passed, and tied on the outside in such a way as to leave a ruffle falling over the hand.

Children do not understand taking care of themselves, and schoolrooms are often damp and chilly while the air is warm outside. So it is well to keep them in woolen suits till summer is established.

H. MARIA GEORGE.

A Word to Mothers.

Good mother, maker of numerous pies, mender of numerous hose, overseer of a great province—a household—rest a little, advises a writer in Living Issues. Have a chair by the stove and when you peep into the oven sit while you look, yea, even a moment after; you will work all the faster for the short change of posture. While mending have your chair in the cosiest corner, where good light will come in, and let the sun strike upon you if possible, so that you may get the strengthening, health-giving influence of it. Drop your hands occasionally and let them rest. Let your eye wander out through the window glass as far as possible and rest your eyes by looking at something interesting out of doors. Don't rule all the time. Drop the reins of household government for a little while, unbend yourself and sit down on the rug and play with the children, and, as it were, become again a child. Economize your strength. Sit when you can. Do not hold the baby when it can rest and grow just as well in its crib. By resting when you can, by planning the work to be done, and by being systematic and orderly in all things a woman's work at home is more easily done.

Savannah claims the oldest American theatre.

A desperate encounter with a lunatic took place recently in a hotel in Cookstown, county Tyrone. A guest, a commercial traveller, became suddenly mad, barricaded himself in a bedroom, and smashed up the furniture and threw it out of the windows. When the police forced the door, he was found in a nude condition, and continued throwing broken crockery at the police until overpowered.

Literary Item.

De Style: "I say, old man, you're married; can't you suggest some acceptable and appropriate present for me to make my chu n, who is to be married next week?"

Benedict: "Certainly, my boy. Why do you think of a copy of Milton's 'Paradise Lost'?"

The Pill For the People.

Murilla, Sta., Ont., Jan. 13, 1880 W. H. Comstock, Brockville, Ont.

DEAR SIR,—Have been selling your Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills for the past eight years; they are the only Pill for the people. After having used them once, they always come back for more.

Yours truly,

JNO. MCLEAN.

Ex-Queen Natalie is suing her husband, ex-King Milan of Servia, in the French courts for 3,000,000 francs, which she claims as part of her personal fortune.

Ayer's Hair Vigor restores color and vitality to weak and gray hair. Through its healing and cleansing qualities, it prevent the accumulation of dandruff and cures scalp diseses. The best hair dressing ever made, and by far the most economical.

Thos. Sabin, of Englington, says: "I have removed ten corns from my feet with Holloway's Corn Cure." Reader, go thou and do likewise.

Mothers And Nurses.

All who have the care of children should know that Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry may be confidently depended on to cure all summer complaints, diarrhœa dysentery, cramps, colic, cholera infantum, cholera morbus, canker, etc,, in children or adults.

The French Board of Trade reports that during June the imports increased 56,724,000f. and the exports decreased 1,944,000f.

Ease by day and repose by night are enjoyed by those who are wise enough to apply *Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil* to their aching muscles and joints. A quantity easily held in the palm of the hand is often enough to relieve the most exquisite pain.

Latest reports indicate a heavy deficiency in the European rye crop.

Amos Hudgin, Toronto, writes: "I have been a sufferer from Dyspepsia for the past six years. all the remedies I tried proved useless, until Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure was brought under my notice. I have used two bottles with the best results, and can with confidence recommend it to those afflicted in like manner."

Mme. de Bonnemain, the well-known mistress of Gen. Boulanger, died of consumption in Brussels on Thursday.

Just think of it—you can relieve the twinges of rheumatism, or the most painful attack of neuralgia—you can check a cough, and heal bruised or broken skin, with a bottle of DR. THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL, costing only 25 cents.

All butter tubs should be soaked in strong salt brine for two or three days before packing and then filled with butter to within one half inch of the top; then cover with a cloth and a paste of fine salt and water, which should be pressed against the tub so as to exclude air from the butter.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR. BIRTH MARKS Moles and all facial blemishes permanently removed by Electrolysis. DR. FOSTER, Electrician, 391 Yonge street, Toronto.

James Cullen, Pool's Island, N. F., writes: —"I have been watching the progress of *Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil* since its introduction to this place, and with much pleasure state that my anticipations of its success have been fully realized, it having cured me of bronchitis and soreness of nose; while not a few of my 'rheumatic neighbors' (one old lady in particular) pronounce it to be the best article of its kind that has ever been brought before the public. Your medicine does not require any longer a sponsor, but if you wish me to act as such, I shall be only to happy to have my name connected with your prosperous child."

Angry words are fuel to the flame of wrath, and make it blaze the more fiercely.

Stick to the Right.

Right actionsspring from right principles. In cases of diarrhœa, dysentery, cramps, colic, summer complaint, cholera morbus, etc., the right remedy is Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry,—an unfailing cure—made on the principle that nature's remedies are best. Never travel without it.

Of Course It's a Woman.

"The hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world."

The mother, sitting beside and rocking the cradle, often singing her sad lullaby, may be thus shaping, as it were, the destinies of nations. But if diseases, consequent on motherhood, have borne her down, and sapped her life, how mournful will be her song. To cheer the mother, brighten her life, and brighten her song, Dr. Pierce of Buffalo, has, after long experience, compounded a remedy which he has called his "Favorite Prescription," because ladies preferred it to all others. He *guarantees* it to cure nervousness, neuralgic pains, bearing-down pains, irregularities, weakness, or prolapsus, headache, backache, or any of the ailments of the female organs. What he asks is, that the ladies shall give it a fair trial, and satisfaction is assured. Money refunded, if it doesn't give satisfaction.

The earth is gradually growing larger from the fall of meteoric matter. An astronomer estimates that the globe is annually pelted with 146,000,000 projectiles

Sarah Marshall,

King St., Kingston, says: "I was afflicted with chronic rheumatism for years and used numerous medicines without success, but by the use of 6 bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters I was entirely cured."

"I am acquainted with the above named lady, and can certify to the facts as stated."—Henry Wade, Druggist, Kingston, Ont.

John Burns, Talbotville, died last week of blood poisoning. He cut his toe; blood poisoning set in, and he died after one day's illness. He leaves a wife and six children.

NO ONE BUYS A "PIG IN A POKE"—in other words, purchases on mere guesswork—who buys for his or her relief Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure. The fact is too well known to leave room for any peradventure that it is a sovereign curative for Indigestion, Costiveness, Impurities of the Blood, Kidney and Female troubles, and other infirmities.

A German engineer has been heavily fined for hypnotising a girl, thus causing her to go mad.

A HINT WORTH READING. Life loses half its zest when digestion is permanently impaired. Surely then a speedy means of restoring this essential of bodily comfort is worth trying. Every rank, every profession, bears its quota of evidence to the beneficent influence upon the stomach, and also upon the liver, bowels and kidneys, of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, or celebrated Blood Purifier. What is the wise course suggested to the sick by this testimony? We leave them to decide.

The German emperor has sent many costly presents for distribution among civic officials and members of the Queen's household.

Health in Herbs.

Health-giving herbs, barks, roots, and berries are carefully combined in Burdock Blood Bitters, which regulate the secretions, purify the blood and renovate and strengthen the entire system. Price, $1 a bottle, 6 for $5. Less than 1 cent a dose.

Chinese despatches report renewed rioting at Wuhsich, where two Englishmen were murdered.

Of all the emulsions prepared from Cod Liver Oil there is none that equals SLOCUM'S OXYGENIZED EMULSION of PURE COD LIVER OIL. All druggists sell this valuable preparation and the cures it has accomplished in cases of consumption, catarrh, asthma and all ulmonary difficulties are well attested facts.

Since the emancipation of slaves in Brazil the blacks refuse to be servants and domestic affairs are in a bad way.

MESSRS. PARKER AND LAIRD, of Hillsdale, writes:—"Our Mr. Laird having occasion to visit Scotland, and knowing the excellent qualities of DR. THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL, concluded to take some with him, and the result has been very astonishing. We may say that in several instances it has effected cures when ailments had been pronounced incurable by eminent practitioners."

Referring to the condition of Quebec finances La Minerve, the Conservative organ, claims that since the advent of Mr. Mercier to power the annual expenditure of the province has been increased by an average of $1,000,000 a year.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR. BIRTH-MARKS. moles, and all facial blemishes permanently removed by Electrolysis. DR. FOSTER, Electrician, 391 Yonge street, Toronto.

He Did Not Call.

The man who tried Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, and was sure of the $500 reward offered by the proprietors for incurable case never called for his money. Why not? O, because he got cured! He was sure of two things: (1) That his catarrh could not be cured. (2) That he would have that $500. He is now sure of one thing, and that is, that his catarrh is gone completely. So he is out $500, of course. The makers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy have faith in their ability to cure the worst cases of Nasal Catarrh, no matter of how long standing, and attest their faith by their standing reward of $500, offered for many years past, for an incurable case of this loathsome and dangerous disease. The Remedy is sold by druggists, at only 50 cents. Mild, soothing, cleansing, deodorizing, antiseptic, and healing.

A sponge bath One taken on credit and never paid for.

If the ladies would abandon cosmetics and more generally keep their blood pure and vigorous by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, naturally fair complexions would be the rule instead of the exception, as at present. Pure blood is the best beautifier.

"What makes a woman marry?" asks an article in the North American Review. And we answer, man.

PALE, WOEBEGONE INVALIDS suffering from poverty of the blood, bilious sufferers and those whose circulation is depraved, should use without delay Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, the celebrated blood purifier, which stimulates digestion, increases the nutritive properties of the blood, and expels impurities from the system.

A remarkable pheasant was hatched on Brotherton policies, Johnshaven, Kincardineshire, some little time ago. It had four legs, all growing distinctly from the back, and the full number of claws on each foot. This freak of nature lived and ate for ten days.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS for the blood.
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BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS for the blood.

It is reported that a big pork-packing establishment will be started at Moscow in order to supply the European market. Chicago hog merchants scout the idea as impracticable.

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator has no equal for destroying worms in children and adults. See that you get the genuine when purchasing.

In the vicinity of Bombay rain has fallen plenteously and the crops are looking better but in many parts of India rainfall has been very scant and famine is feared.

Hacking coughs lacerate the lungs beget and consumptions, fills our cemetreies. If nipped in the bud with *Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil*, the destructive malady is deprived of its power. Pain is also subdued by this benign healing agent—corns, sores, frostbites, burns, and other troubles.

If it is cowardly for the strong to oppress the weak, it is no less mean and base for the weak to impose upon the good nature and generosity of the strong. There can be tyranny in both ways.

Mr. T. C. Wells, Chemist and Druggist Port Colborne, Ont., writes: "Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure sells well, and gives the best of satisfaction for all diseases of the blood." It never fails to root out all diseases from the system, cures Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, etc., purifies the blood, and will make you look the picture of health and happiness.

Sealing schooners are returning to Victoria, B. C., in response to orders.

How to cure Indigestion and Dyspepsia chew Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum before and after meals. Sold by all druggists and confectioners. 5 cents.

It has been estimated that Sarah Bernhardt has saved more than $1,000,000 in the course of her successful career on the stage.

Forewarned is Forearmed.

Many of the worst attacks of cholera morbus, cramps, dysentery, colic, etc., come suddenly in the night and speedy and prompt means must be used against them. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is *the* remedy. Keep it at hand for emergencies. *It never fails* to cure or relieve.

Archbishop Dennison's Famous Toast.

"Here's health to all that we love,
Here's health to all that love us,
Here's health to all those that love them,
That love those that love them
That love us."

Do you notice what a large circle this wish for health includes? and will you notice the reference is not to the wine cup, but to a standard medicine, "Golden Medical Discovery," that can bring health to the large number of friends we each love. True, it is not a "beverage" and does not inebriate, but is a health-giving *medicine*, a blood-purifier, liver invigorator and general tonic—a remedy for Biliousness, Indigestion, and Stomach troubles. It cures Consumption in its early stages, Scrofula, Bronchitis, and throat diseases.

James Such of Calgary and Mrs McGillivray of Winnipeg have eloped to the Pacific coast.

F. Beneows, of Wilkesport, writes: that he was cured of a very dangerous case of inflammation of the lungs, solely by the use of five bottles of DR. THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL. Feels great pleasure in recommending it to the public, as he had proved it (for many of the diseases it mentions to cure) through his friends, and in nearly every instance it was effectual.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25 cents a bottle.

A special to the Montreal Star says Sir Charles Tupper has no desire to leave London.

Mr. Henry Marshall, Reeve of Dunn, writes: "Some time ago I got a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery from Mr. Harrison, and I consider it the very best medicine extant for Dyspepsia." This medicine is making marvellous cures in Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, etc., in purifying the blood and restoring manhood to full vigor.

"No, Harry, I am sorry; but I am sure that we could not be happy together. You know I always want my own way in everything." "But, my dear girl, you could go on wanting it, after we were married."

An Interesting Book.

Robert Hunter, M. D., of New York, the celebrated consumption specialist, has just published a very interesting little work entitled "The Story of Consumption." It treats of this most insidious disease under the headings:—Its true theory now established; its treatment through the stomach; its treatment through the skin; its treatment through the lungs the only rational treatment; criticisms of Dr. Koch's lymph treatment. This concise and valuable little treatise may be had upon application at 101 Bay street, Toronto.

Outing belts have silver buckles designed to accompany special suits.

Why suffer from weak nerves, want of appetite, and general debility? letting the loss of sleep and rest impoverish the system and thin the blood, when such a really meritorious remedy as Northrop & Lyman's Quinine Wine may be had at any drug store. This article is recommended by the highest members of the medical faculty in cases of indigestion, general debility, loss of appetite, and nervous affections of all kinds. It is also specially beneficial to children and delicate females, and to business men, students, and those who have much brain work. We would say, Never be without it. It will strengthen you, keep your system in regular order, and enable you to successfully grapple with the work you have to do. It's pleasant to the taste, and contains nothing injurious to the most delicate constitution. Remember to ask for the Quinine Wine, prepared by Northrop & Lyman, Toronto, and we are sure you will be satisfied that you have full value for your money. Druggists sell it.

Staylate—"Yaas, when I was in Newport I was on the go all the time." Miss Bored—"How you have changed since then!"

COWLING'S PILLS
CURES
SICK HEADACHE
Sold by all Druggists at 25c. a Box.

Something About Mosquitoes.

"I stood on the bridge at midnight," the anything but genial "mosquito," "musketo," "musquito," "musquetoe," "moschito," "moschetto," "mosquetto," "muschetto," "mushetto," or "musquetto," sings on these cool, damp evenings. For such a very little pest the "mosquito," has more names and in more languages than any other living thing. Scientists variously call her the *culex pipiens*, *culex Americanus*, the *cousin*, the *maschiron*, and the "humming gnat." The Century Dictionary describes the insect of many aliases as "one of many different kinds of gnats or midges, the female of which bites animals and draws blood." Persons given to attribute to the female sex all the gentleness and amiability there is in the world will bear this in mind.

Mr. Mosquito is an easy-going, gorgeously arrayed creature, with neither the disposition nor the ability to bite animals and draw blood. He is a sort of Turveydrop in the insect world, who seems to have no higher object during his brief life than "to show himself about town." His life, to be sure, is a short one but then it is full of indolence and luxury He is expected to pay certain delicate attentions to his infinitesimal sponse, which she rewards when tired of him by giving him a short, sharp and fatal prod of the remarkable lance which she carries concealed in her proboscis. He is not provided with such a weapon, and is as much at her mercy as a boxer at that of a skilled swordsman. He is of gentle and perhaps amiable character. He lives on a strictly vegetable diet, which may account for the absence of the bloodthirsty and ferocious spirit of his spouse. She can, at a pinch, lead the life of a vegetarian; but what she wants is gore, piping hot gore, human, if she can get it, but never overlooking any chance. The toughest hide that ever covered a horse or a steer does not intervene between the lady mosquito and her vampirish thirst. It is even doubted that Col. Mosquito is given to vocal efforts. If he ever does join his consort in a nerve-destroying duet he sings very low and his performance is entirely over-looked, when the restless human appreciates the case with which my lady takes high C and holds it until driven out of the room by the exasperated wielder of a wet towel.

Less is known about the origin of the mosquito's name than of his habits, and Canadians have no monopoly of information upon this latter phase of the subject. All climates claim the mosquito as pest in chief. On the upper waters of the Missouri mosquitoes, after a rainy season, are the greatest impediment to navigation met with. They swarm by millions. Cattle are driven in the river, and they stand with their muzzles alone held above the water, which are black with the pests. Pilots on the boats are forced to burn smudge fires. They are of every conceivable degree of minuteness, and no veil has fine enough texture to exclude them. Arctic explorers all write of sufferings at the hands or rather stings of mosquitoes.

In England mosquitoes are called gnats, and on the Continent of Europe *cousins*, *mascherons*, and other names. The gnat belongs to the genus *culex*. It is found in most of the temperate and tropical portions of the globe where man has penetrated. About thirty species are known in the United States.

In the human family the female is the more ornamental as well as the more amiable animal. In the insect world, particularly among mosquitoes, the reverse is the case. There are mosquitoes which confine their activities to the daylight hours and lavish their caresses principally on the tender foliage of trees and aromatic plants. These principally inhabit woods and marshes. The other varieties make themselves heard and felt during the night chiefly. The greater portion of their active existence is passed in or near human habitations. These are the varieties with which man is most intimately acquainted.

Entomologists are by no means agreed as to the number of pieces in the proboscis, or "sting," of the common mosquito. This is the instrument which punctures the flesh and serves as a sort of introduction of the mosquito to the human family. Some authorities declare that it has four pieces, others aver that it has six, while still others assert that it has but five. The average layman would be unwilling to place the number below twenty. The proboscis is tubular in form. The lances attached to it, whatever their number may be, are sharper than any instrument known to the surgeon. It is not the size or depth of the wound inflicted which makes the mosquito's "sting" so painful, but rather the secretion which is injected under the skin by the proboscis. This always produces itching.

There is no unanimity among scientists regarding the question of poison in the mosquito's "sting." No poison gland has yet been found in the head of any of these insects which have been examined. The wounds have been known to swell and become inflamed in many cases. In some delicate skins, indeed, ulcers are said to have been produced, but on this latter point many etomologists throw doubts. It is certain, as millions of victims will very feelingly testify, that the wounds are often painful, and always decidedly unpleasant. The saliva injected is believed to be slightly acrid. This quality, aggravated with the action of the barbed joint on one blade of the "sucker," causes irritation, which is sought to be allayed by scratching, but which in reality makes the wound the more inflamed and painful.

Unhappily, the mosquito's "sting" is not so irritating to the victim's flesh as its "song" is to his nerves. Concerning the manner in which this sound is produced the naturalist is almost as much in the dark as the most ignorant and thoughtless non scientist. The ordinary person, it is true if questioned on the subject, would unhesitatingly answer off-hand that it is made by the respiratory organs, as the vocal music of man and many of the lower animals is made. The naturalist, however, would not make this mistake. For whatever produces this sound, it appears tolerably certain that it has no necessary connection with the breathing apparatus. Kirby, a well-known British entomologist, attributed it to the friction made by the base of the wings against the chest in flying. Other naturalists equally skilled and observant, ascribe it to the rapid motions of the winglets, the motions of the poisers, or the vibrations of the thorax caused by the contractions of the muscles of the wings. The wings, indeed, move rapidly enough to produce a buzz of a fairly robust and pronounced character. One authority estimates that they vibrate fifty times every second while flying. Let 100 or 200 of these songsters be flying at one time within a dozen feet of person's head—and twice or thrice as many as that are often flying within a space smaller than that in a woods, beside a brokoa or in a garden—and it would be wonderful if the air were not vocal with sound.

Notice to Prize Winners.

Successful competitors in applying for their prizes, must in every case state the number of the competition in which they have been successful, and also the number and nature of the prize won. Attention to these particulars will facilitate matters, and save a good deal of time and trouble. Prize winners must invariably apply in the same hand-writing in which the original answer was sent, so that the letter and application may be compared before the prize is given out. The following sums must accompany applications for prizes, whether called for at the office or delivered by express or freight:—Pianos, $20; Sewing Machines, $2; Silver plated Tea Service, $1.50; Gold Watches, Silk Dresses $1; Other Dress Goods, 50c; Cake Baskets, 50c; Rings, 10c; Books, Brooches and other small prizes, 10c; Family Bibles, 50c; Dickens' and Eliot's Works, 50c; Tea and Dinner Sets, $1.00; Water Pitchers, Berry Dishes, Salvers, Lamps, 50c; Knives, 25c; Guns, $1; Breakfast Cruets, Spoons, 20c; Music Box, $2; Forks, 10c.

We have had the above notice standing in the JOURNAL for several months, and yet in previous competitions we have had and are having daily no end of trouble to find the names in our lists of winners, who have neglected to comply with these simple requests. Those who do not in future state clearly and distinctly the name of the prize they are applying for, number of it in the competition as well as the number of the competition (given clearly at head of this list,) we will positively not take any notice of their letters. Now no one need be offended as all have fair warning. It is surely only right and proper that each person receiving a prize will at once on its receipt acknowledge it by the very next mail. It will help us and not hurt the prize winner in the least to show the prize to their friends and neighbours and tell us when writing just what they think of the prize they win. All applications for prizes must be received within thirty days after the list has been published.

It takes about three seconds for a message to go from one end of the Atlantic cable to the other.

For fourteen years a "Son of the Marshes" in Scotland has been trying to get a sight of a wild animal in the act of guarding its young in time of danger. He has tramped day after day for that purpose, but without success.

WORTH THEIR WEIGHT IN GOLD

Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills.

Dr. **Morse's** Indian Root Pills.

Dr. Morse's **Indian** Root Pills.

Dr. Morse's Indian **Root** Pills.

Dr. Morse's Indian Root **Pills.**

☞To save Doctors' Bills use Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills.

THE BEST FAMILY PILL IN USE

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS

Keep the Works in good order.

NORMAN, ONT., January 15, 1890.

W. H. COMSTOCK, Brockville, Ont.

DEAR SIR,—Your "Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills" are the best regulator for the system that humanity can use. Life is as the time-piece; frail and delicate are many of its works. A tiny particle of foreign substance adheres to the smallest wheel in the works, and what is the result?—at first, only a slight difference is perceptible in its time-keeping, but wait you; as the obstruction grows, the irregularity becomes greater, until at last, what could have been rectified with little trouble, in the beginning, will now require much care in thoroughly cleansing the entire works. So it is in human life—a slight derangement is neglected, it grows and increases, imperceptibly at first, then rapidly, until what could, in the beginning, have been cured with little trouble, becomes almost fatal. To prevent this, I advise all to purify the system frequently, by the use of Morse's Pills, and so preserve vigor and vitality.

Yours faithfully,
H. P. ATWELL.

The Travellers' Safe-Guard.

AMAGAUDDUS POND, N.S., Jan. 27, '90.

W. H. COMSTOCK, Brockville, Ont.

DEAR SIR,—For many years, I have been a firm believer in your "Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills." Not with a blind faith, but a confidence wrought by an actual personal experience of their value and merit. My business is such that I spend much of my time away from home, and I would not consider my travelling outfit complete without a box of Morse's Pills. Yours, &c.,
M. R. MCINNIS.

A valuable Article sells well.

BORACHOIS HARBOR, N.S., Jan. 13, '90.

W. H. COMSTOCK, Brockville, Ont.

DEAR SIR,—This is to certify that I deal in Patent Medicines, including various kinds of Pills. I sell more of the Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills than of all the others combined. Their sales I find are still increasing. Yours, &c.,
N. L. NICHOLSON.

Pies and Tarts.

The average woman if asked to define her ideas of plain, wholesome living would be likely to include boiled beef, wheaten bread and quite possibly fruit pies, and reject braised meats, sponge cakes, ice cream and all other ice deserts as savoring of extravagant and "rich" cookery. There is nothing more difficult to influence than any established prejudice in a matter of household habits. The most learned and convincing treaties may be written to demonstrate the want of nutriment in boiled beef, yet the average "plain" housekeeper will boil her beef to the end of time and make her boast that she does not take any interest in new-fangled methods of cookery. Yet the scientific fact remains, based on laws that are entirely irrefutable, that there is more nutrition in a piece of beef boiled. It is a point as simple to the dietician as that two and two make four, and as difficult to demonstrate to the prejudiced or ignorant housekeeper as that arithmetical problem might be to a Patagonian savage. There is no more extravagant and unwholesome dessert than the dish of pie. Piecrust as ordinarily made is sodden and oily, with none of the lightness that is characteristic of French puff-paste—a parody on that delightful compound which has no possible excuse for existence save the ostrich-like stomachs of its consumers, which consent to absorb anything in food that comes in their way. As a matter of fact, no fruit pie can be made juicy as it should be without the under crust becoming more or less sodden. The English and French custom of baking the under crust first and filling it afterward like a tart is the correct method. It gives the cook a chance to cook a light pastry without having it soaked before it is cooked The American method of inclosing the raw fruit in the paste, often adding some water to produce juice, is a culinary blunder. Properly made, a fruit tart is a pleasant but hardly an economical dish. It requires more time, is more difficult to make, and is certainly more expensive than a quart of cream; and is no way to be compared with it as a factor in nourishment.

A simple sponge cake, made, as it is, largely of eggs, is a more nourishing dish than any pie that can be made unless it is a custard pie made by that old-fashioned rule, "with a self-formin' crust." This was the favorite rule of an old colored "mammy" of our acquaintance, who has long since passed to the land where good cooks go. Her pie was a pie to which unqualified praise could be given because it was never inclosed in any water-sodden crust. It was a chief d'œuvre and she guarded the secret of making it with jealous care. In reality, it was a custard baked in a pie dish, with a delicate film-like crust at the bottom, just sufficient to hold it together when it was cut and served in triangular pie form. This crust was probably formed by stirring a teaspoonful of corn starch in the custard, which would sink to the bottom and give the effect of this slight crust.

Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum is entitled to especial praise and recognition the American Analyst. Sold by all druggists and confectioners. 5 cents.

THE LADIES HELPER
French Pills

For all diseases peculiar to female Irregularites, removing all obstructions from whatever cause, sent by mail on receipt of $3 per box. Address—

J. E. HAZELTON,
Graduated Pharmacist,
308 Yonge St., Toronto.

The D. & L. **Emulsion** of **Cod Liver Oil**

AND THE

Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda.

No other Emulsion is so easy to take.
It does not separate nor spoil.
It is always sweet as cream.
The most sensitive stomach can retain it.

CURES

Scrofulous and Wasting Diseases.
Chronic Cough.
Loss of Appetite.
Mental and Nervous Prostration.
General Debility, &c.

Beware of all imitations. Ask for "the D. & L." Emulsion, and refuse all others.

PRICE 50C. AND $1 PER BOTTLE.

Victoria's Father in America.

About seven miles west of the center of Halifax, near the head of Bedford Basin, is a beautiful spot, now much used as a picnic ground, which every Haligonian knows as "The Prince's Lodge." It is part of the estate in old times leased by Sir John Wentworth to the Duke of Kent for his royal residence during the seven years that that prince, the father of Queen Victoria, lived in Nova Scotia. Sir John Wentworth had his country mansion there, and called it, in allusion to Romeo and Juliet, "Friar Lawrence's Cell." The duke enlarged the original house until it was a fine two-storied villa, somewhat in the Italian style, with extensive wings at the north and south, and a great hall and drawing-rooms in the center.

Back of the house were stables for his horses, and the grounds, though rustic, and having all the marks that nature had originally put upon them, contained many charming surprises. His Royal Highness, who was at this time commander of all the forces in North America, had a telegraph battery on an adjoining hill, by means of which he could send his orders to the citadel in town. In the neighborhood of the lodge were artificers of various sorts, so that the place was like a little feudal town. Indeed, the Prince himself used to put his hand to the jack plane or drive the cross-cut saw, and I fancy there was little that went on that he did not personally oversee.

He was a strict disciplinarian, but was very kind and affable in social life, and especially interested in young men, for whom he often did much. His life had not been a luxurious one, and he inherited many of the simple tastes of his father, plain old "Farmer George," which, on the whole, commended him to Nova Scotians. Society in Halifax in those days was very gay, and it is said that the Prince, by his moderation in the use of wine, and by refraining entirely from cards, had a good influence over the young men of the town. To cure intemperance among his men, it is said he used to make them turn out at 5 o'clock in the morning for drill, which, of course, made late hours away from the barracks impossible.

His punishments were very severe. For one poor soldier he ordered 1,000 lashes on his bareback, and on the grounds of the lodge is shown a cave where another was confined for two or three years until he died. Once or twice, it is said, men committed suicide from fear of his punishments.

Prince Edward's friend and companion during his Nova Scotia life was a clever French woman, Mme. Alphonsie Therese Bernadine Julie de Montgenet de St. Laurent, Baroone de Fortisson, whom he first met in Martinique, and who, when he married the Queen's mother, retired to a convent.

The Halifax people were dazzled by the presence of royalty among them, and when the Prince's seven-year term had expired it took society a long time to settle down to its normal condition. In 1800 the Duke of Kent began the erection of the present citadel in Halifax, first removing the old insecure fortifications, and then building the massive walls that now enclose the fort. A conspicuous monument of his Royal Highness still remains in the square wooden clock tower below the glacis, directly above the middle of the town.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Preservation of Fruit.

Executive World's Fair Commissioner Ezra Meeker, of Washington state, has got hold of a process for preserving fruit in its natural color and condition which, he says, will make Washington's fruit exhibit the most novel at the fair. It is thought the preservation process will apply to vegetables as well, and the commissioner says he will try it. David Hummon, of Fillmore, Andrew County, Missouri, brought the secret to Washington. He is visiting his brother, William Hummon. He showed a Ben Davis that was three years old and a Willow Twig apple which he said was picked in his Missouri orchard in the fall of 1887, nearly four years ago. The fruit looked almost as fresh and eatable as on the day it was picked. Hummon says the inventor of the process, which is a chemical one, is a man named Conrad Hartzell, of St. Joseph, Mo., a former neighbor. He says Hartzell, until recently, did not realize that the discovery was worth anything, and had used it for years to preserve his own fruit through the winter and following summer without thinking much about it. Hummon brought a few apples to Washington to show his brother, and from a neighboring rancher the news reached Executive Commissioner Meeker.

To Get Rid of Rats.

The house of a St. Louis, Mo., man was recently overrun with rats. He tried traps, but not a rat did he catch. He placed poison where the rats could not fail to find it, but the pests refused to partake. At last he mixed cornmeal and flour in equal parts and to the mass added a third of its weight of dry plaster of paris, stirred in a little sugar to sweeten it to taste, and set the pan containing it in the cellar, placed near by another pan full of water.

The theory was that the rats would eat abundantly of the rats mixture which would make them thirsty, and they would go and drink, and the plaster they had eaten would set and inspire them with a yearning to die at the earliest opportunity. The receipt worked like a charm. All night long he could hear the rats squealing and fighting in the cellar for a chance to get to the meal pan, and he chuckled to himself as he thought how miserable they would be after their repast. In the morning the dish was empty, the water was all gone, and he waited for the rats to die. He had not long to wait. They died plentifully enough, and as time passed he knew from the odors which arose from every wall and floor that his experiment in rat killing had succeeded.

Weighty Avalanches.

A statistical memoir, issued by the Italian Government, enables us to form some idea of the great destruction caused annually by avalanches in the Alpine districts of Italy and the Tyrol. In the single districts of the Val di Susa, two avalanches fell on January 18th, 1885; one at Denvies, between Exilles and Salbertand, was estimated at about sixty metres long and six deep, and slid down the slope a distance of about a kilometre. Its volume is supposed to have been 360,000 cubic metres, and the weight of snow composing it 45,000 tons. It destroyed sixteen houses and killed forty-three persons. The second avalanche of January 18th, which fell near Venaus, was 150 metres long; its volume was about 3,000,000 cubic metres, and it bore nearly a quarter of a million tons of snow. But although the slide extended to nearly four kilometres, only twenty-four houses were wrecked by it and six persons killed. A third avalanche, which fell at Mafiotto, and was computed to contain little less than 1,600 tons weight of snow, was much more destructive, killing seventeen persons and destroying eighteen houses.

The Bicycle.

Everybody will agree with that most admirable publication, the *Youth's Companion*, that the bicycle has come to stay. It certainly has established itself among the permanent utilities. In war and in peace it will alike be found useful. Not that it has ever been tried, to my knowledge, in war, but it has figured to advantage in sham battles and pretty well every modern army has its bicycle corps. A couple of seasons ago I was present at a military exhibition in the South of England at which the silent steed was made to play a very prominent part. It was shown how it could be used to silently and swiftly steal upon an enemy; how with a little dexterity it might be used as a shield when approaching a fort or in any position where a cover is needed; how it might be enveloped in a light net and made almost bullet proof; how useful it would prove in carrying dispatches and messages and how it could be practically applied in military service in many other ways. As the *Companion* says, already bicycles and tricycles are extensively used in England as economical substitutes for horses, needing no barn and feed, no grooming and no medical care. With such a machine the storsp easily makes his calls in the most distant parts of his parish. The country doctor finds it still better suited to his needs, ready at the most sudden and urgent call, and able to wait at the patient's door with no risk from cold however long the visit. With its aid, too, the traveller explores the country on roads far removed from railways, and in its most picturesque parts. The bicycle must have a great future. But its utility is not confined to the more practical ends of locomotion. It furnishes a new means of valuable exercise. This exercise is exhilarating. It is in the open air, and the rider is not forced to it for his health, but drawn to it by anticipations of pleasure.

Women are employed as hod carriers in Austria, and get twenty cents a day for their labours.

It is stated that the retirement of Prince Bismarck was decided upon by Emperor William, and that the old Emperor also selected Gen. von Caprivi as his successor.

A New Leaf.

"I am going to turn over a new leaf," he said feebly, his pallid lips wearing just a ghost of a smile.

"Still delirious," said the doctor with professional gravity.

"No," said the sick man's wife—she was also his nurse and sole watcher, "Jim is in his right mind when he begins to turn a new leaf."

"Oh, that's a habit of his, is it?" asked the doctor kindly, as if he didn't know what everybody else knew, that poor, weak, shiftless Jim Worthen was always going to do something that he never did.

"I've seen it all since I've been lying sick." It was Jim's feeble voice now. "I've been such a worthless, selfish husband to you, Nellie—such an idle, good-for-nothing fellow!"

"No, no, Jim," protested his wife, crying softly, "you were always kind to me. It wasn't your fault that things went wrong."

"Oh, I can see now as I never saw before, how I have wasted the great opportunities of life. But I'll turn over a new leaf—this time I am in earnest."

He had done it many times. All the fair white leaves of his life he had turned over, and now the recording angel had them in his keeping, soiled, blotted, illegible, nothing to compute from their poor mortal arithmetic but the time he had wasted.

Hush! the sick man is talking. Not turning the leaves over now, but backwards, for in his troubled sleep his pale lips move, for he babbles of his boyhood's days—of a deep still tarn in the woods where the trout leap—a place that he only knows of. His wife smiles. He is dreaming, she says.

When he awakes with a start, he looks strangely at them all:

"Why-why-where am I? Where is mother?"

His faithful wife is forgotten. Another face—one that has been under the graveyard mosses for years—is in his memory now.

"I thought she was here," he said faintly, "Oh, I remember now. I was sick and dreaming. Let me get up. I want to begin all over again. I have turned over a new leaf."

"Yes, dear Jim."

Nellie held his wan white hands in hers. He did not feel the tears that were softly dropping upon them.

"We'll go home first and visit the old folks. I never took you home, Nellie, and they'll be glad to see us. I've been the prodigal son, but they'll forgive me. What was that mother used to read? "In my Father's house are many mansions." There'll be room for me there, for I've turned over a new leaf—it's—all white and clean—a—new leaf—"

"Jim, oh, Jim!"

His eyes gently closed—he had turned the new leaf.

About Finger Nails.

Fortune-telling by means of the finger nails, onychomancy, as it is called, was not uncommon in ancient times. The practice was to rub the nails with oil and soot or wax, and to hold up the nails thus prepared, against the sun, and upon the transparent horny substance, were supposed to appear figures or characters which gave the answer required. In more recent times people have been found predicting by means of the nails of the hand, and telling the disposition of persons with certain descriptions of nails. According to these sages a person with broad nails is of gentle nature, timid, and bashful. Those whose nails grow into the flesh at the points or sides are given to luxury. A white mark on the nails foretells misfortune. Persons with very pale nails are subject to much infirmity of the flesh and persecution by neighbors and friends. People with narrow nails are ambitious and quarrelsome. Lovers of knowledge and liberal sentiment have round nails. Indolent people have generally fleshy nails. Small nails indicate littleness of mind, obstinacy, and conceit. Melancholy persons are distinguished by their pale or lead-colored nails; and choleric, martial men, delighting in war, have red and spotted nails. A man whose left thumb nail bears the fresh impress of an eight ounce hammer will quarrel with his own shadow.

Delicately Tinted Lamb Chops.

"Now," said Mrs. Wilson, of the West End, to her young lady daughter, just home from boarding school, and who was undertaking the marketing for the first time, "don't let the marketman impose upon you and sell you mutton chops for lamb chops. You can easily select the one from the other, for lamb is so much more delicate in color than mutton."

"I would like three pounds of lamb chops, if you please," said the young lady, later, to the white-aproned, white-capped marketman, "and I would like to have it very delicately tinted."

"How will this suit you miss?"

"A shade lighter, if you please."

"Evidently, you'er not of the fashionable color," said the meat-seller, after the departure of the maiden, addressing himself to the rejected mutton; "guess I'll have to bleach you. But who ever heard of buying by the shade, any-way?"

Sage and Savory.

Indolence abhors exercise.

The spark of envy kindles the fires of hate.

It is easier to refuse another than to deny self.

If pains is taken satisfaction should be given.

Hope will not revive until confidence has been restored.

Even those who live highare not out of harm's reach.

The wrong-doer may succeed in eluding justice only to be overtaken by remorse.

He whose wit is his livelihood can ill afford to be out of humor.

The eye telegraphs its message of love; the tongue expresses the sentiment.

The man who wants nothing could not possibly wish for less.

It would seem absurd for one to plead that the vengeful things one has said about another were uttered in spite of one's self.

The Government of Persia has prohibited the exportation of corn from that country. The crops in the southern provinces have been destroyed by locusts.

There is only now and then an opportunity of displaying great courage or even great wisdom; but every hour in the day offers a chance to show our good nature.

From 200 to 300 families of Jews are arriving in Palestine each week, and they are entirely destitute.

In 1880 there were 9,951,608 pupils' names registered in the United States; 1890 the number was 12,592,721.

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THE INFALLIBLE REMEDY

For all Affections of the

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Down to a fine point —that's where the making of corsets has been brought to.

Kabo for the "bones"—it can't break or kink.

The B. & C. Corset is boned with Kabo.

The Ball Corset for ease and comfort; the B. & C. Corset for unyielding strength. Each is the best of it's kind.

If you don't think so, after wearing for two or three weeks, return it to us and get your money back.

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ATKINSON'S Parisian Tooth Paste FOR CLEANING THE TEETH. 50 YEARS IN USE.

FITS Send at once for a FREE BOTTLE and a valuable Treatise. This remedy is a sure and radical cure and is perfectly harmless as no injurious drugs are used in its preparation. I will warrant it to cure **EPILEPSY OR FALLING SICKNESS** in severe cases where other remedies have failed. My reason for sending a free bottle is: I want the medicine to be its own recommendation. It costs you nothing for a trial, and a radical cure is certain. Give Express and Post Office. Address **CURED**

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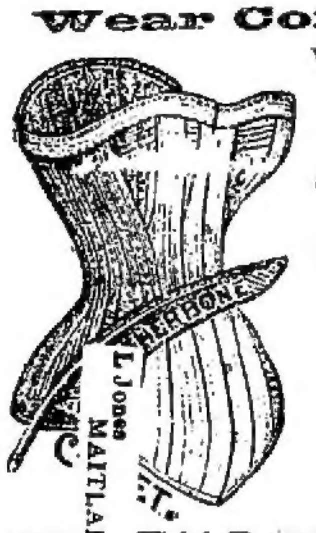

FEATHERBONE CORSETS give to the Figure that Symmetrical Beauty which is a Lady's Greatest Charm.

126eod15 Dec90

Building Houses in Zululand.

The Zulu woman is the architect and builder of the Zulu house, and the style of architecture is known in the colonies as "wattle and daub." It looks like an exaggerated beehive, for the Zulu mind has this peculiarity, that it cannot grasp the idea of anything that is it not round or eliptical in form. There are no squares in nature. To build her house the woman traces a circle of the ground, fourteen feet in diameter, and getting a number of long, limber branches, she sticks them firmly into the ground, and then bends the tops over and ties them with fiber obtained from the numerous creepers or "monkey robes."

Then she twines thicker creepers in and of out these sticks, all around the circle of these spaces, about twelve inches apart, and then taking wattle (a kind of course grass or reed), she thatches the edifice, leaving a small hole at the top for a chimney, and another hole three feet square for a door. In front of this she builds a covered way extending outward about three feet, and the exterior of the house is finished up by a coat of "daub" or mud.

She then seeks the nests of the white ant and, digging them up, obtains a quantity of white clay, which she beats to powder, dries, and then, mixing it with water, kneads it until it is quite smooth. This she spreads all over the ground inside the hut, and beats it carefully until it is quite hard and free from cracks. This floor a good housewife will scour twice a day, with smooth stones, until it is like a piece of polished marble.

The fireplace is near the door, and is simply a ring of this clay to confine the embers in one place. The other necessaries found in a hut are a bundle of spear shafts, some drying tobacco, and several bunches of millet hang from the roof. Grouped around the walls are the three amastu (a species of sour milk) jars, the native beer jars, and open jars for holding grain.

Of course the dense wood smoke rising coats the roof, millet, and tobacco with soot, and long "fingers" of it hang in every direction, but the floor will be clean enough to eat on, and as long as that is so the social Mrs. Grundy of the Zulu is satisfied.

Every man has his price, but brides are given away

The Pope has approved the exhibition of the Holy Coat at Treves, and has sanctioned the forgiveness of sins of the pilgrims who travel thither.

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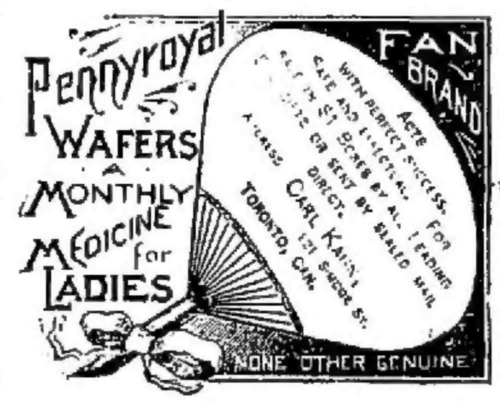

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